POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 12 • 1963 20c

Exclusive:

FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN RICHARD M. NIXON REPORTS ON KHRUSHCHEV'S HIDDEN WEAKNESS

College life: The tormented generation

Nixon and family at the Berlin Wall

erry Lewis millionaire madcap of TV / **Father Teilhard** haunts the Catholic world

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Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. It won't rub off, won't brush off. Loving Care leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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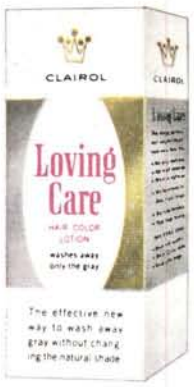

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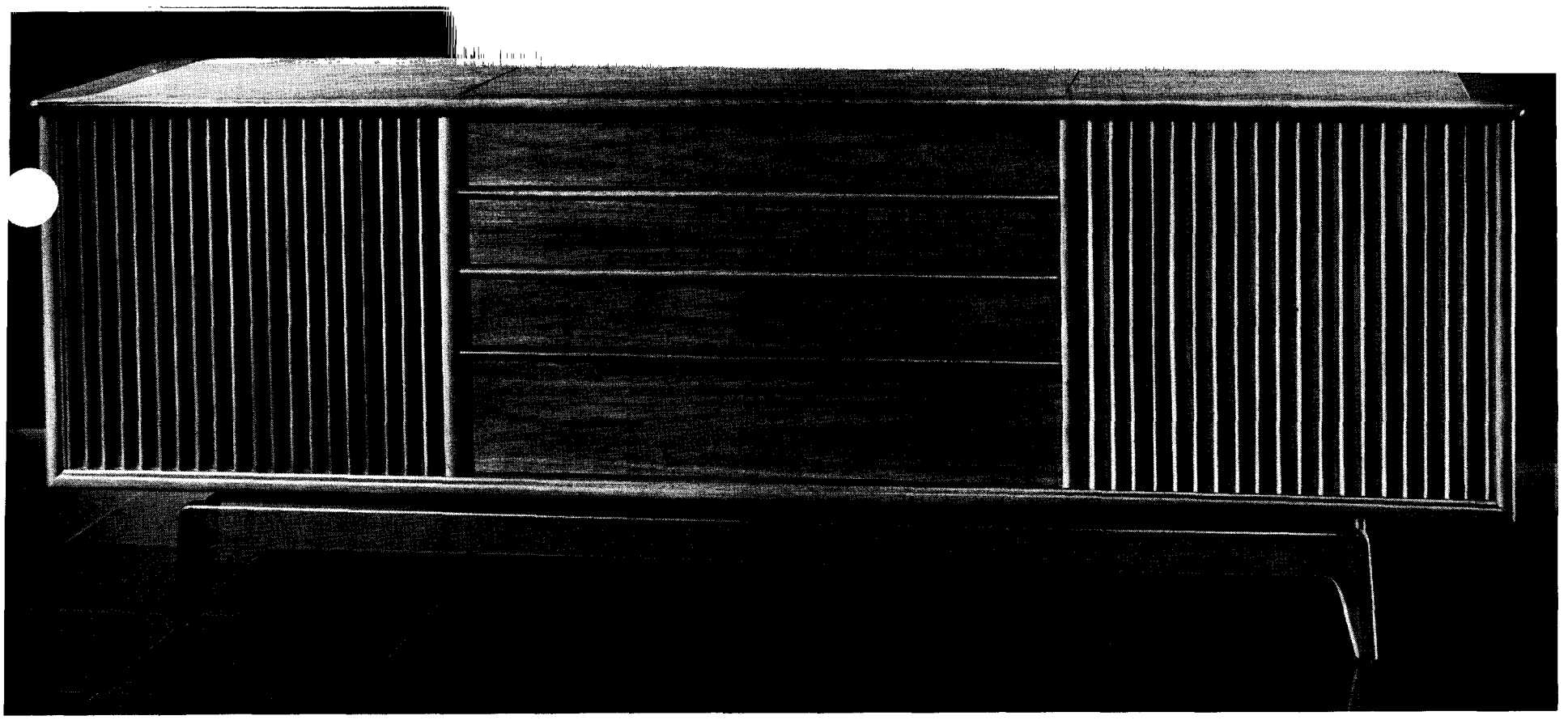

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Most stereo power ever...with no tubes

Most realistic sound ever...with push-button ease!

Here is the most startling advance in sound realism since stereo itself. 46 solid state transistors and diodes replace all tubes...not just those in the amplifier, but every single tube in the sound system.

With this new system, Admiral creates 250 watts of power...the most ever in a stereo console. This tremendous power, missing in ordinary stereo, brings you a sound so beautifully real that words cannot describe it. You must hear it.

The new Admiral solid state amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner are so reliable that Admiral guarantees them for five years*...instead of the usual 90 days.

Completely new...from the inside out! New feather-light Vari-Gram tone arm has a "custom touch" slide to adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. You use the least pressure necessary for maximum fidelity, minimum record wear. Professional audio control center... with push-button tuning. Handcrafted 75-inch cabinet of selected woods with 8 speakers...gives greatest sound separation in console stereo!

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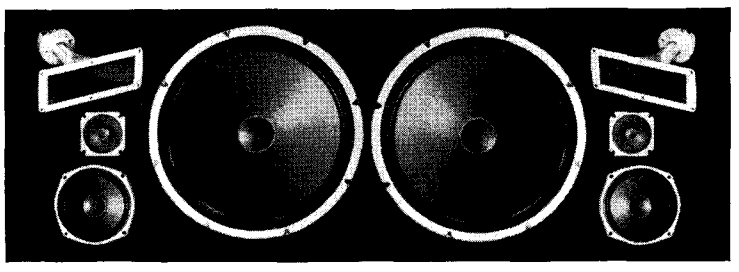
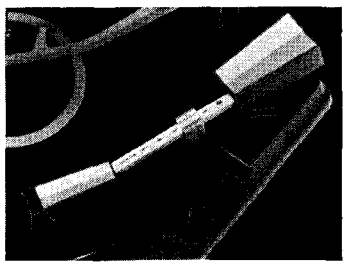


New Admiral 8-speaker sound system creates thrilling sound realism with the greatest stereo separation ever achieved in a home console. Included in the eight perfectly matched and balanced speakers are: two exponential horns for the finest purity of highs...two 3½" tweeters for brighter "brilliance" of treble tones...two 6" mid-range speakers for outstanding, life-like "presence"...and two giant 15" woofers for rich, deep bass tones. This new 8-speaker system with Admiral designed cross-over network...brings you the most spectacular sound ever heard from a console stereo instrument.



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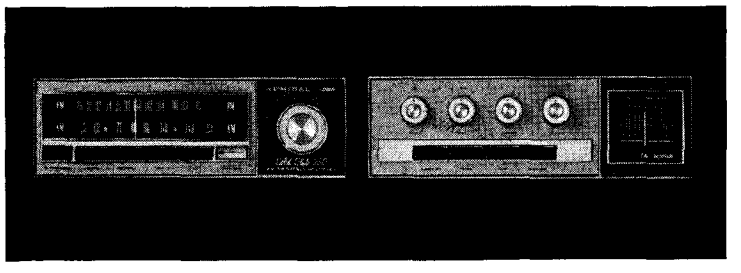

New Admiral Solid State Tuner and Amplifier—advanced sound systems without a single tube. The new Solid State 250-watt amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex tuner create amazing sound realism instantly. No warm up! No damaging heat! No sound distortion! Professional controls include complete push-button tuning ...large, lighted control panels...visual balance indicator and tuning meter. Enjoy long-distance AM reception, static-free FM stereo multiplex with AFC to automatically "lock in" stations, automatic bass and treble boost!

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Shown above: The Kingshaven, Model Y6191. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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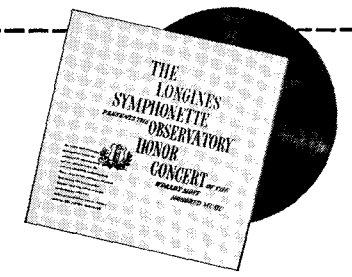

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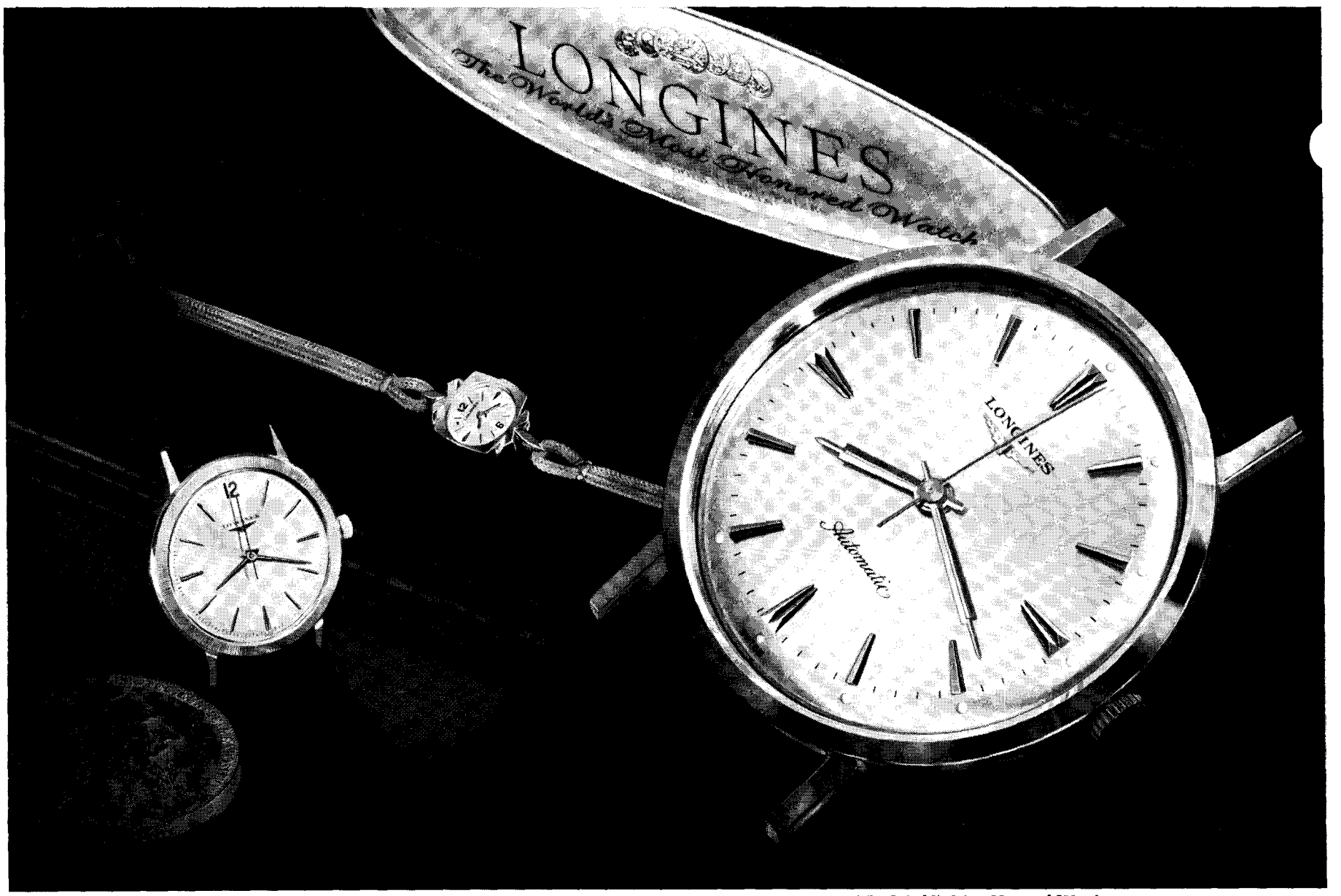

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POST

OCTOBER 12, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 35

Articles

The country needs featherbedding (Speaking Out) . . . by A. H. Raskin 10
Affairs of state . . . . . by Stewart Alsop 18

Khrushchev's hidden weakness . . . . . by Richard Milhous Nixon 23

Nikita Khrushchev is sitting on a powder keg in Eastern Europe, and he knows it. For the 97 million Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Germans, Bulgarians and Rumanians walled into the Communist ghetto await only an opportunity to rise against their Russian rulers. Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who traveled throughout the region last summer, reports in his first of a series of Post articles that it is in their empire of "captive nations" that the Soviets are most vulnerable. Here, too, he concludes, lies our own greatest potential strength, "and our goal must be nothing less than to bring freedom to the Communist world."

Our tormented college kids . . . . by Morton M. Hunt and Rena Corman 30
A wolf in the family . . . . . by Jerome Hellmuth 38
The priest who haunts the Catholic world . . . . . by John Kobler 42
Photographs by Philippe Halsman
Yale finds a coach . . . . . by William N. Wallace 74
Alaska: Can it survive as a state? . . . . . by Robert Schulman 78
The search for Jerry Lewis . . . . . by Edward Linn 83

Fiction

The non-stop piano player . . . . . by R. C. Phelan 54
The battle of the Villa Fiorita (Part 2 of 3) . . . . . by Rumer Godden 60

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 72
Hazel 80
Editorials 88

The authors. Free-lancers **Morton M. Hunt** and **Rena Corman,** who explore the heavily populated world of mentally and emotionally disturbed collegians, are the authors of *The Talking Cure,* an introduction to psychoanalysis soon to be published. . . . **Jerome Hellmuth,** whose life has been devoted to the guidance and teaching of children, is now trying to educate adults in the lovable ways of the housebroken wolf. . . . **John Kobler,** who examines the enormous impact one priest has had on contemporary Catholicism, is a contributing writer. Photographer **Philippe Halsman** was a friend of the late Father Teilhard. . . . *New York Times* sportswriter **William N. Wallace,** himself a Yale graduate (and the son of another), frequently reports on New Haven football. . . . **Robert Schulman,** a television documentary producer and former news correspondent in the Northwest, has been writing about Alaska for 10 years. . . . It is certainly to free-lancer **Edward Linn**'s credit that he managed to survive even two days of a six-week tour with the seemingly indefatigable Jerry Lewis and the comedian's favorite traveling companion—a 30-pound package of Indian nuts. . . . This week the *Post* presents the second of three sections of a new book by **Rumer Godden,** the widely acclaimed English novelist.

The cover photograph by contributor **John Zimmerman,** who accompanied the Nixons on their tour of Eastern Europe, shows the former Vice President and his family viewing the tragedy of Soviet oppression on the far side of the Berlin Wall.

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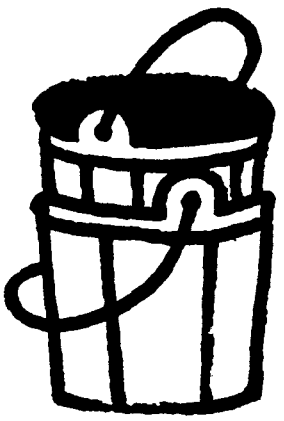

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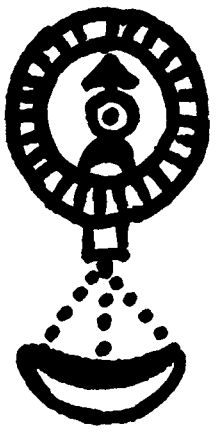

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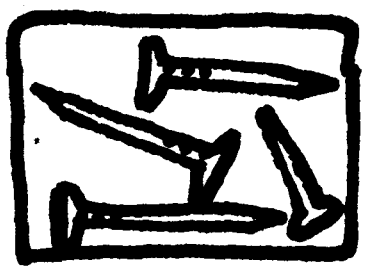

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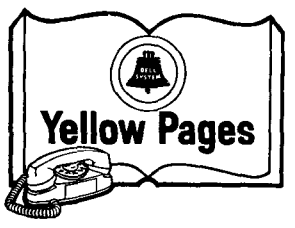
Let your fingers do the walking



LETTERS

Report card

Martin Mayer's article [LAST CHANCE FOR OUR SCHOOLS?, Sept. 14] deserves recognition for illuminating the path toward the new patterns in teaching while also directing attention to the influence of curriculum changes and their impact on professional and industrial activities.

COLVILLE MACDOUGALL
San Diego, Calif.

● There is a crisis in education. But *The Post* is not alleviating this state of affairs with articles that only degrade our schools. Teachers and administrators in our public schools are not inept mediocrities who are determined to do everything in their power to prevent our youth from getting an education.

EDWIN ROLFSON
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

● I read with great interest your excellent report on American education. As a businessman whose company is currently pouring millions into research, we have a vital interest in the development of young people who are adequately prepared to cope with today's scientific methods. For this reason, we have established a $1.5 million assistance grant to some 500 schools across the country. We hope that some of these awards will reach into the underprivileged areas you describe.

BERT S. CROSS, *President*
Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company
St. Paul, Minn.

● That Martin Mayer guy who rote in your Sept. issue on our dum generation is rite. He figgered good when he ended his peece on how we can't let the next generation be as ignorant as there pas and mas. I know I didn't learn how to spel, rite or reed to good but I'm wondering about them guys who pushed a roket almost to the moon—and about the fellas who cracked the atom under that stadium and the ones who made that sub that stays under water for a long time—and about them men who figgered out how to send a picture thru a tube and how to put big books on tiny films.

Maybe I was ignorant as all git out, but a lot of other guys were purty durn smart, if ye ask me.

MRS. RUTH E. VOGT
Birmingham, Mich.

One third off

Several months ago one of your photographers appeared at my son Larry's school and took pictures of him and two other boys performing a chemistry experiment. Shortly thereafter he learned that this picture was to be used in a forthcoming issue of your magazine. Naturally, all friends and relatives were alerted for the great day. Finally, the issue of Sept. 14 appeared, and there on the cover was *the* picture. But one boy had been removed, and you can guess which one it was.

Life is full of disappointments, and even a child must learn to forget; but isn't there some small salve available for this wound? Perhaps you could print a tiny cut of the original picture in your Letters section. It won't help the world situation and it won't settle the next election, but it will certainly make you a hero in the eyes of one nine-year-old boy.

MARTIN L. BORISH
Lexington, Mass.

Chemist Larry Borish: un-covered

Moon Money

In regard to your question, ARE WE WASTING BILLIONS IN SPACE?, by Stuart H. Loory [Sept. 14], personally I think the money could be better spent on more and better schools, more and better teachers, etc. If we cannot solve our problems here on earth, then how can we solve them in space?

STANLEY PRIES
Arlington, Va.

● Mr. Loory is either grossly misinformed or chooses to ignore completely the positive sides of the issue. He constantly distorts the difficulties which are to be expected in the development of our launch-vehicle systems. And his article attempts to stifle the great potential of American industry which is being realized by its participation in the space program. The leaders of NASA are doing a commendable job.

MICHAEL C. PHILLIPS
Inglewood, Calif.

Surgery to spare

Our sincere congratulations to *The Post* and Steven Spencer for the fine article [SPARE-PARTS SURGEONS, Sept. 14] on recent developments in the transplanting of kidneys. We were particularly pleased that Mr. Spencer recognized that, until the many problems inherent in the large-scale transplanting of kidneys are solved, the increased use of the artificial kidney can prevent many of the 2,000 or more deaths from uremia each year.

DANIEL P. RICHMAN, *M.D., President*
National Kidney Disease Foundation
New York, N.Y.

● After reading your article on kidney transplants, I cannot help but wonder what miraculous feats our medical profession will be capable of accomplishing in just another 10 years.

JANET FALK
Forest Hills, N.Y.

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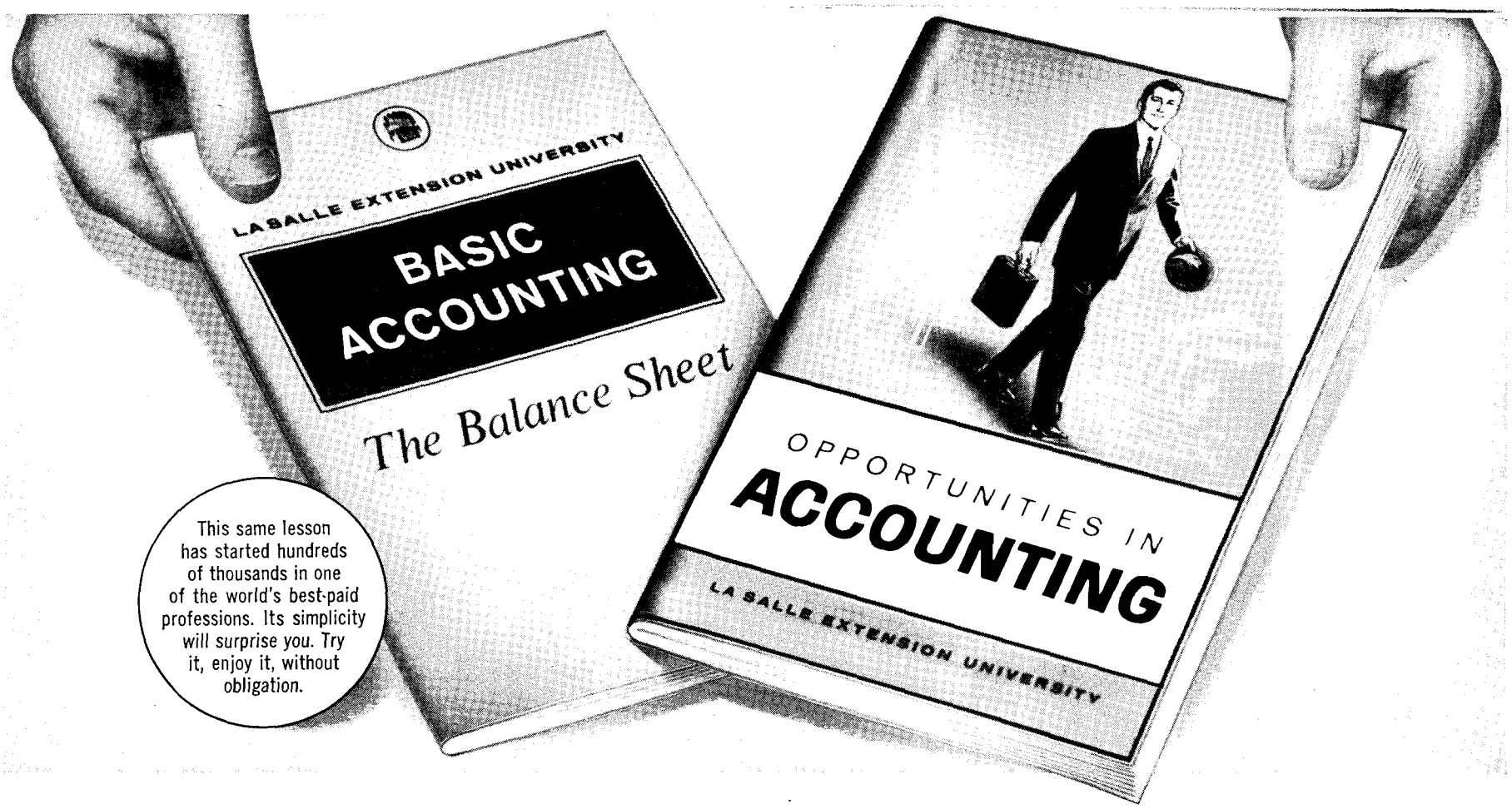
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150 Canadian residents send coupon to LaSalle, Box 1001, Montreal 3, Quebec.

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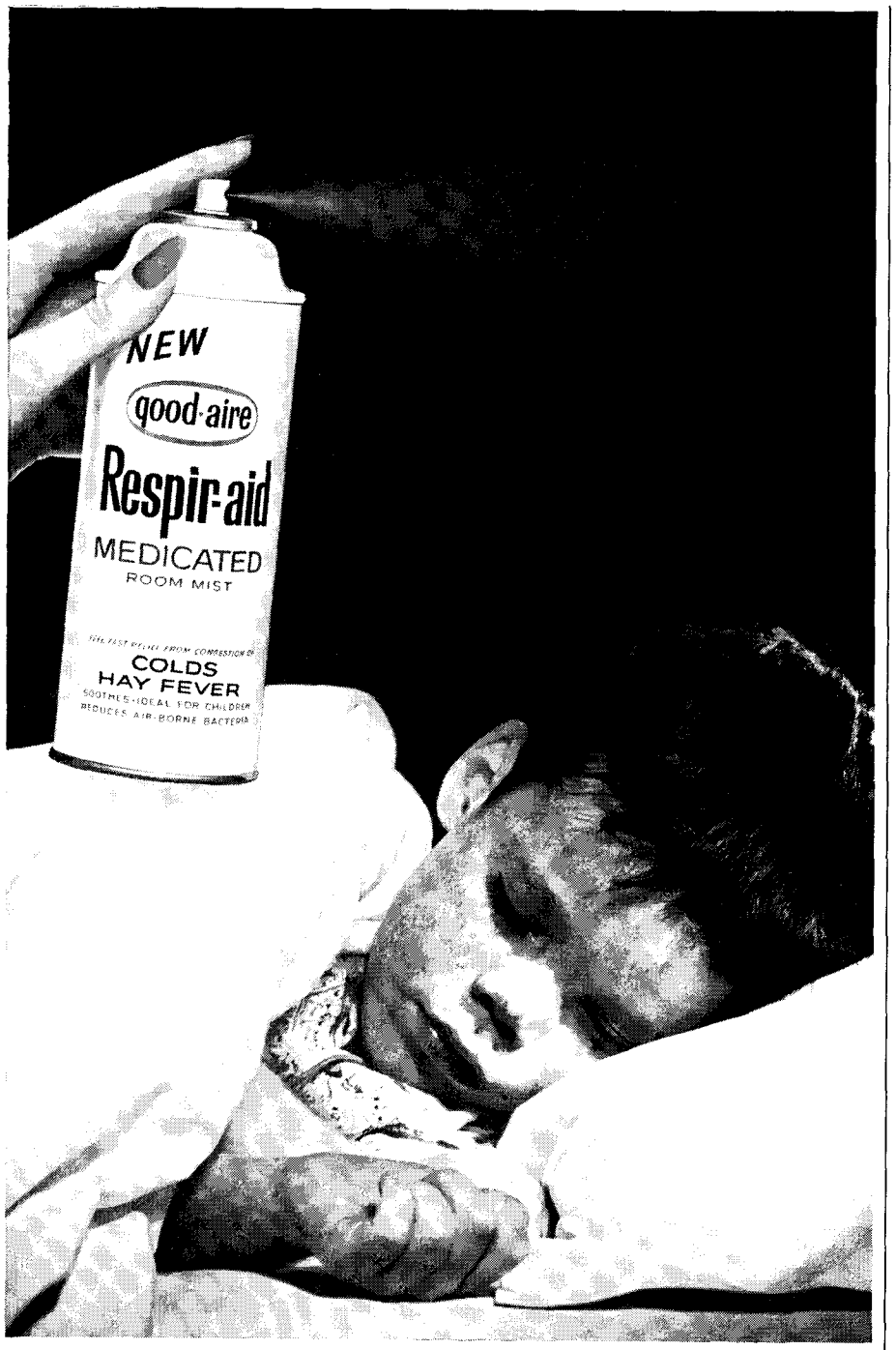


Instant breathing comfort for cold-stuffed heads!

RESPIR-AID® HELPS CLEAR CONGESTION . . . AWAKE OR ASLEEP!

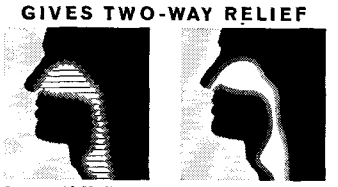
Now you can give your child safe, soothing relief from sleep-robbing coughs, stuffiness of colds. No more need for unpleasant chest rubs; no worry about messy vaporizers, or nose drops that may cause "congestion rebound"! With new Respir-aid Medicated Room Mist you can *spray away* the misery of cold's congestion—let him *breathe in* relief, awake or asleep!

Only Spray that Gives Fast, TWO-WAY Relief! Unlike ordinary sprays, new Respir-aid works TWO WAYS to give fast, safe relief: Respir-aid MEDICATES and MOISTURIZES, to soothe irritated nose and throat membranes, make breathing easier. Sprayed in bedroom, on pillows, bed clothing and pajamas, Respir-aid gives lasting comfort, day or night—*medicates with every breath!*

Works for Every Member of the Family. New Respir-aid's fast TWO-WAY relief works for every member of the family. Its exclusive formula helps in protecting the *healthy* members, too—reduces air-borne bacteria, destroys sickroom odors, freshens the air.

So don't let your family suffer needlessly! Get new Respir-aid Medicated Room Mist *today!*

ONLY SPRAY THAT GIVES TWO-WAY RELIEF



Respir-aid Medicates to open up stuffy nasal and sinus passages, making breathing easier!

Respir-aid Moisturizes to soothe dry, irritated nose and throat membranes, help relieve needless coughing!

HOME PRODUCTS DIVISION—SHULTON

LETTERS

The touch of tyranny

How can it be in our interest to condone a police state dedicated to brutality [LET'S STOP BEING FOOLISH ABOUT DICTATORS, by Ellis O. Briggs, Sept. 14]? Regardless of apparent transitory benefits, shaking hands with tyranny can never help the cause of freedom.

JOAN MELTZER
New York, N.Y.

• If we had more representatives of our country handling the dictator problem as Mr. Briggs did, we would not have so many troubles with them as we do.

MRS. VIRGINIA R. NANCE
Arlington, Tex.

The late, late quiz show

We are pleased no end that THE TV QUIZ IS BACK IN BIZ [by Jack Iams, Sept. 14]! Millions of us non-eggheads will be present every week.

ARTHUR G. MILLER
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

• Please inform *Post's* quiz editor that he, too, has missed the question on the Civil War. Thaddeus Stevens was never a Senator; he was a member of the House of Representatives.

JOHN T. HARLEE
Florence, S.C.

His President's man

We were not impressed with Joseph Kraft's profile of Averell Harriman [THE OLD CROCODILE ON THE NEW FRONTIER, Sept. 14]. Harriman has the same vacillating demeanor as Neville Chamberlain and comes home wav[illegible] a piece of paper which he calls the [illegible] ban treaty and which Chamberlain [illegible] his day called "peace in our time." Let's face it, Harriman has never done anything but grin.

WILFRED HADLEY
Devon, Conn.

• Any man who is loyal to such an extent that he would do *anything* for another—as with Messrs. Harriman and Kennedy—is no public servant but a political hack.

PETER PRINDIVILLE
Venice, Fla.

Her own woman

C. Robert Jennings reports in connection with his profile of Leslie Caron [A WAIF BECOMES A WOMAN, Sept. 14] that, "unlike most movie stars, she answered her phone like other human beings—without benefit of press agent." As a messenger several years ago I delivered a letter for Miss Caron at the Hotel Plaza in New York and almost fainted when she opened her room door and smiled at me. I had expected to be confronted by a maid, secretary, public-relations man and/or guard, but there she was—in person, alone and wholly unprotected, as lovely and radiant as any woman I have ever seen.

ROY FLEISCHE
Bridgeport, Conn.

COMING SOON...in The Post

"Let's be honest with ourselves"
By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Scenes from a movie spectacular
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
The life of Christ

Changing the guard in West Germany
ADENAUER and ERHARD

NEW YORK'S BARBIZON HOTEL
Where the girls are

The high cost of hospitals

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

4–Burt Glinn. • 10–The New York Times. • 18–Wide World. • 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–John Zimmerman. 33–Frank Ross. • 38–From Jerome Hellmuth. • 39–Steve Wilson. • 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51–Philippe Halsman. 54, 55–David Stone Martin. • 60, 61–Des Asmussen. • 74, 75–Jim Drake. • 78–J. R. Eyerman. • 83, 84, 85, 86, 87–William Read Woodfield (Black Star).

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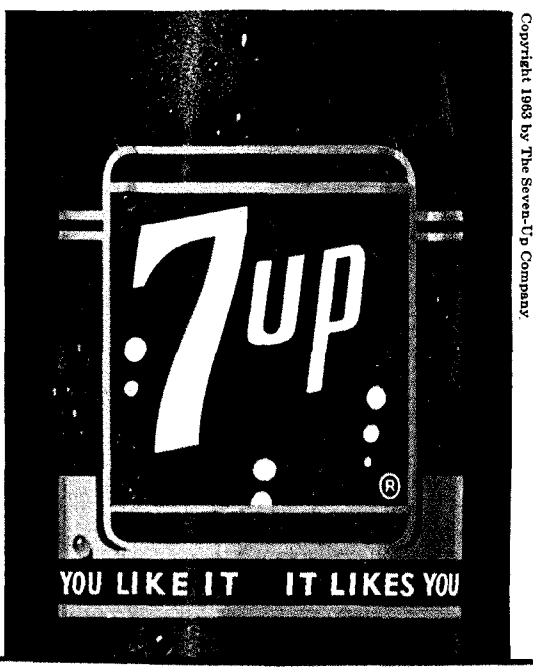
Any thirst you can get, 7-Up can quench! Seven-Up 's all action. It tingles. It freshens. It re-starts the natural moisture in your mouth. That's why 7-Up can quench your thirst quickly and completely. Get real action . . . 7-Up your thirst away.



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New for '64

the price is medium...

the action maximum...

the car is Mercury

Pikes Peak Champi

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One look tells you this is an action car. Even standing still the Marauder seems to be moving. The slender, racy roof is one reason. The thrusting spear-shaped profile is another. And Marauder can keep the promise of its "let's go" look. A 390 cu. in. V-8 is standard. And you can have up to an 8-barrel 427 cu. in. V-8. These are the newest editions of the engine that powered Marauder to an all-time record in the most recent Pikes Peak Climb. Options include: bucket seats, stick shift . . . fully synchronized 4-speed transmission or Multi-Drive Merc-O-Matic. And, for the first time, the Marauder comes in two body styles—a 2- or-4-door hardtop. **'64 Mercurys also available with Breezeway Design.** You can get the same kind of performance and luxury in Breezeway styled Mercurys. These are the Mercurys with the rear window that is protected from the weather and opens for ventilation. So if you want a medium-price car at its finest and hottest—see your Mercury dealer soon. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY

'64 Mercury

No finer car in the medium-price field

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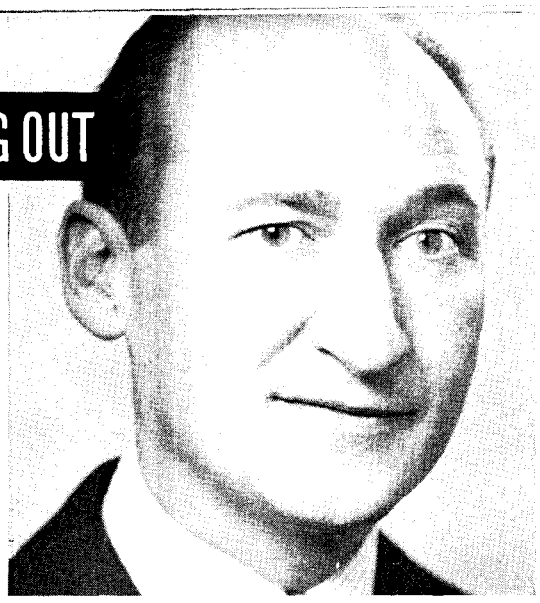
SPEAKING OUT



Mr. Raskin, for many years a New York Times labor reporter, is one of the nation's leading authorities on the state of the unions. In 1961, he became a member of The Times Editorial Board, specializing in labor and national affairs.

THE COUNTRY NEEDS FEATHERBEDDING

By A. H. RASKIN

"Make-work" is so rife even among executives, says this noted labor writer, that eliminating it would bring chaos.

Every Tuesday or Friday some pundit reminds us that featherbedding—the loading of payrolls with men who do no useful work—is killing the country. The surest way to kill the country would be to enforce a law abolishing all featherbedding at once. The result would be a depression worse than any since the '30's—and perhaps a revolution by millions of men and women cast on the industrial junkpile with no hope of ever working again.

We need featherbedding in the United States, and we will keep on needing it until we do something real about solving our No. 1 problem of social neglect—unemployment. For more than five years, while our total national wealth climbed to new highs, we have condemned one out of every 18 of our fellow citizens to walk the streets looking for a job that is not there. If we put into the attack on joblessness anything like the moral fervor we whip up against featherbedding, we could eliminate the waste of human talent that is the cruelest drain on our economy and on the spirit of the excluded ones in our affluent society.

I'm not saying that I don't think there is a lot of useless labor frozen into our industrial structure. Just the opposite. There is so much that it would turn our unemployment problem from a running sore into a fatal infection if we rooted it out overnight. It ranges from stand-by musicians in a Broadway theater to the plumber on a construction site who saws the threaded end off a pipe so he can rethread it on the job—at four dollars or better an hour. In newspaper composing rooms, printers still spend endless hours duplicating advertisements that have come into the shop in finished form, ready to put on the press. The "bogus" type is carefully set, proofread, fitted into forms, double-checked for accuracy—and then thrown away unused.

Some efficiency engineers calculate that our factories, day in and day out, run at 85 per cent or less of the rate of output that would be possible if everyone on their payrolls were really putting in a "fair day's work for a fair day's pay," with no goofing off and no make-work practices. Featherbedding goes on at every echelon. In fact, it is often worse at the executive level than in office or plant. This is especially true where corporate mergers have made it necessary to fuse whole empires of vice presidents, controllers, promotion chiefs and their satellites in a single table of organization.

The farmers have their own rural variety of featherbedding—staggering government subsidies to keep cropland idle and to store surplus commodities. In the industrial sphere a corresponding "solution" would involve spending countless billions to maintain idle workers, or to keep them busy making automobiles, refrigerators and washing machines we would then dump into the sea.

The most publicized of all slumberers in the featherbed are locomotive firemen and the other excess members of train crews, whose fate is currently being decided by a Presidential arbitration board. Their fight for survival brought the nation so close to the paralysis of a total rail tie-up that Congress passed a special law in August, forbidding them to strike for at least 180 days. The railroads insist they will go broke if they have to keep paying these unneeded workers forever. If the arbitrators run on the same track as two previous Presidential boards that studied the same issue, they will agree that the firemen really don't have much function anymore.

But that doesn't mean the board will just tell them to pick up their pay and go quietly. The board will probably recommend that the great majority of the 32,000 firemen stay on the job or on some other railway job until they die, retire or quit. This is what is known as the "attrition" method of abolishing featherbedding. You don't fire the man, but when he goes, the job goes too.

I have no quarrel at all with the argument that featherbedding ought to go when, if ever, we have enough jobs to provide useful, full-time employment for every American who wants it. The more efficient our industry is, the more substantial the benefits it will have to distribute in higher profits for investors, better wages and working conditions for employees and lower prices for consumers. The more efficient it is, the more successful the United States will be in maintaining competitive supremacy over the fast-industrializing countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Obviously, efficiency takes a beating when the payroll is heavy with workers who do nothing, or who do something that has stopped having any point, such as tending the fire on a locomotive with no fire to tend. But, just as obviously, in a society that has enshrined work as man's principal reason for being and that treats the drone as a moral leper, the price of efficiency becomes too high when it is measured by the mass sacrifice of human dignity that goes with relegating armies of workers to the ranks of the unneeded and unwanted.

If all this sounds like a blasphemous twisting of the Puritan ethic, visit the rotting men and rotting communities in the coal-rich hollows of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Kentucky. Talk to the miners made obsolete by the machine, the once-proud men whose high wages and industry-financed pensions made them the soot-smudged aristocrats of American labor only a dozen years ago. Today some scratch out a perilous subsistence in played-out pits—"dog holes," the miners call them—where the seam is too poor to make large-scale mechanization worthwhile. They keep a shotgun by their lunch pails to fend off roving bands of armed pickets from the union they once fought to build. And they pray that the lack of even the most elementary safety precautions won't bring a mountainside down on their heads.

Many more thousands of discarded miners do not even bother to struggle. Torn by technology out of the inky fastnesses in which they have enjoyed the strange exhilaration, the special sense of strength and comradeship in danger that is the spiritual bond of miners the world over, these refugees from the pits are truly displaced persons. For them idleness becomes a way of life. They live on public relief and "on commodities" until they are old enough to start drawing their old-age pensions. Those who try to adjust to work above the ground find that, even in this third year of the Kennedy-sponsored Area Redevelopment Administration, there are far too few jobs.

"They'll be work; they's got to be. You'll see a lot more robbing and stealing if they ain't," is the lament of one West Virginian, forced out of the mines 10 years ago at the age of 29.

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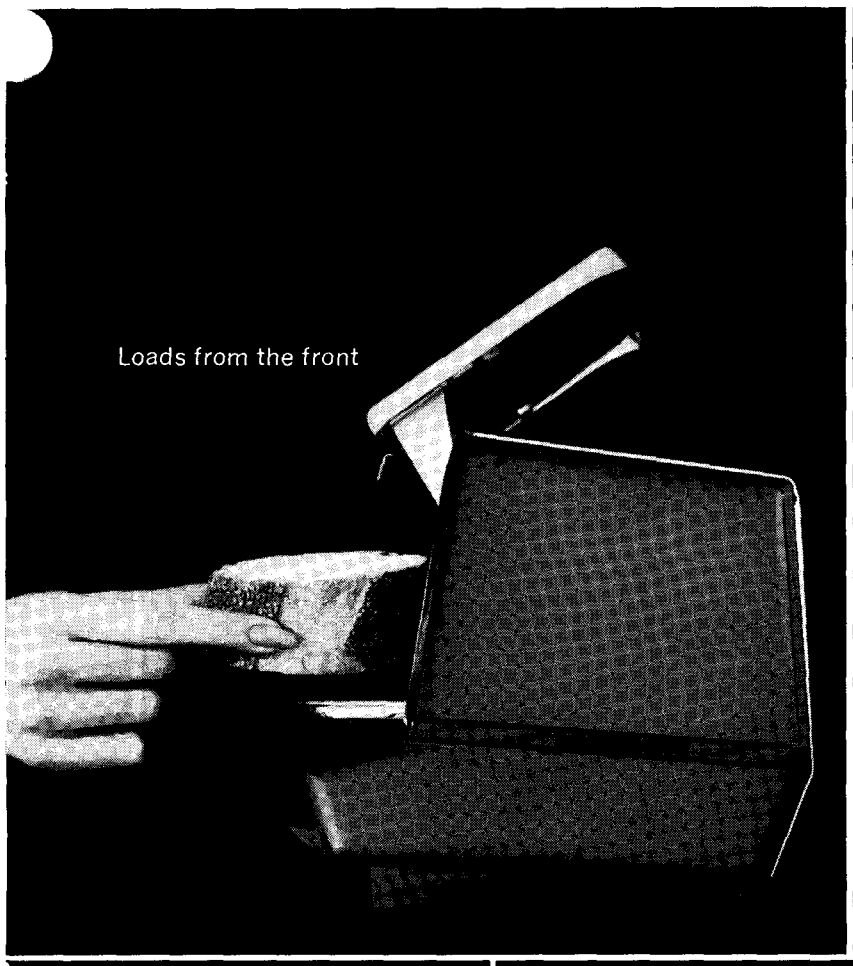
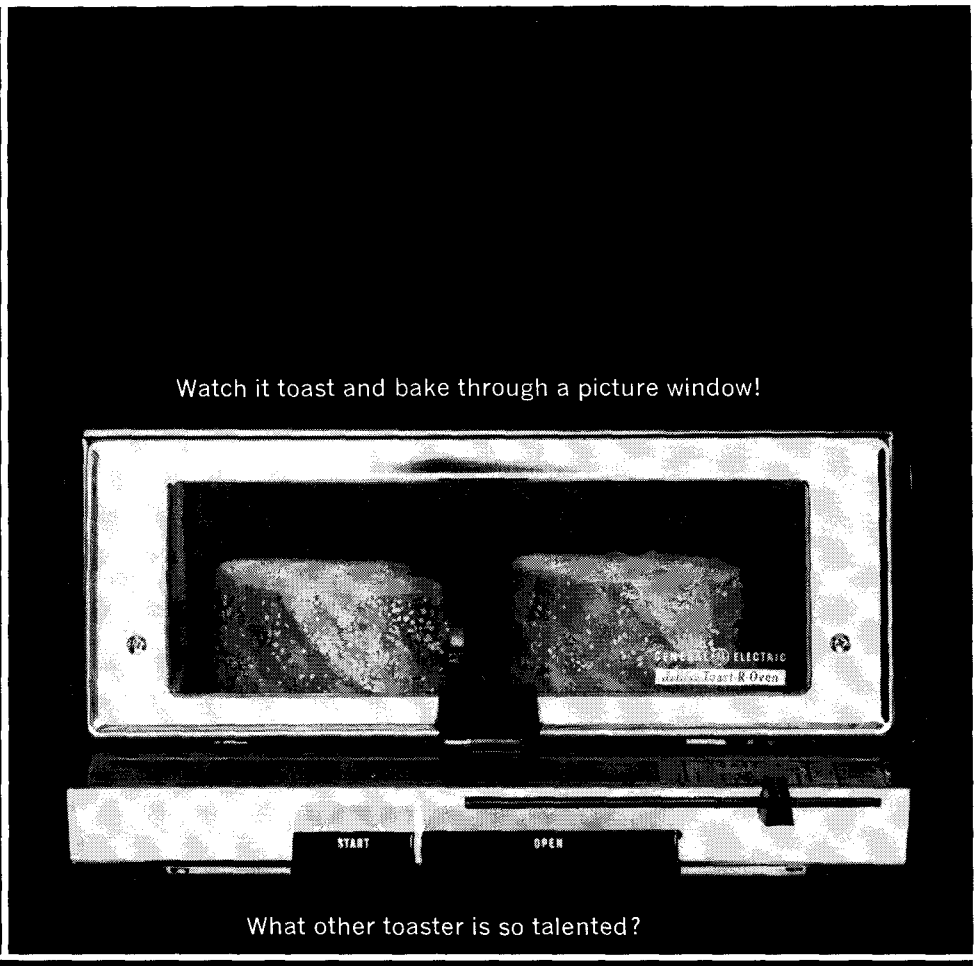
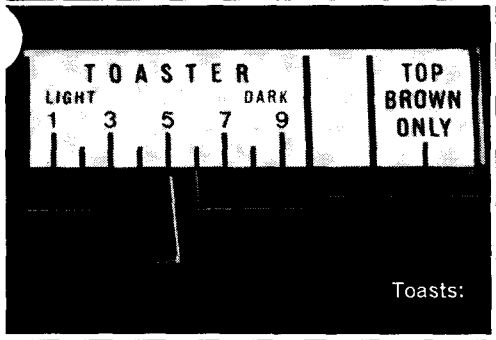
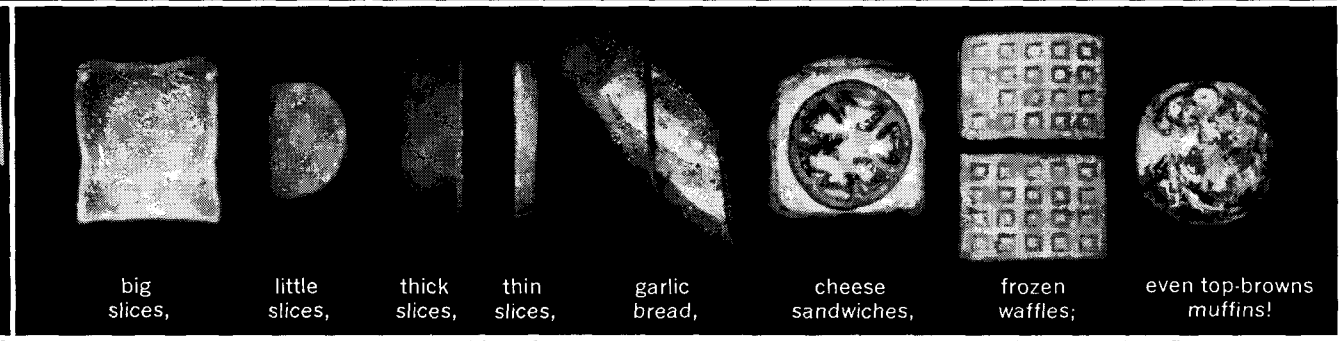
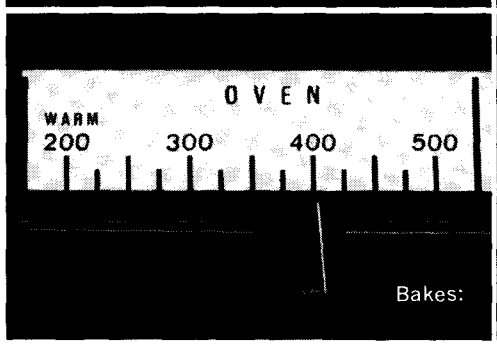
A toaster that bakes? A baker that toasts? It's General Electric's Toast-R-Oven*

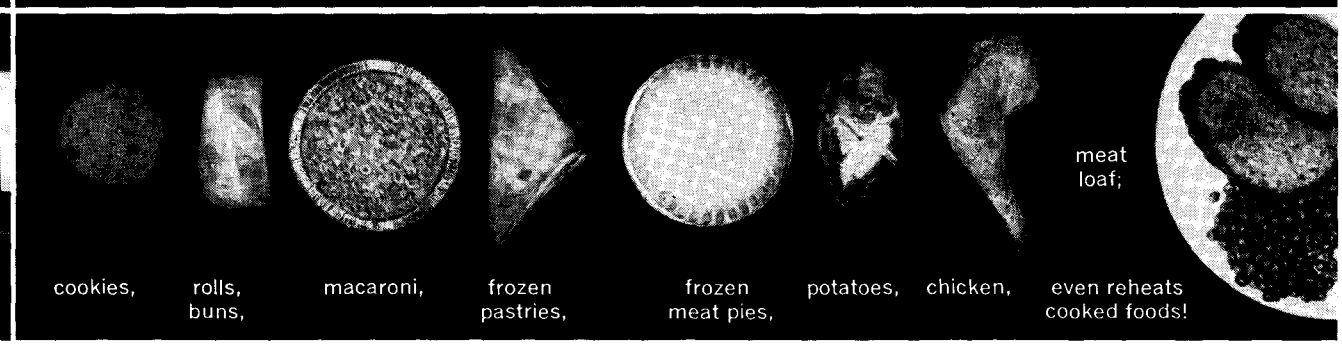




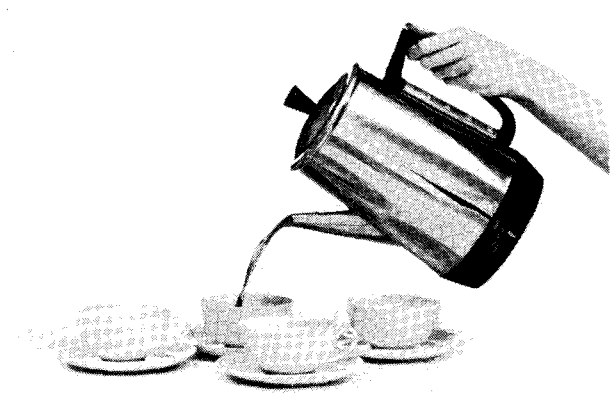






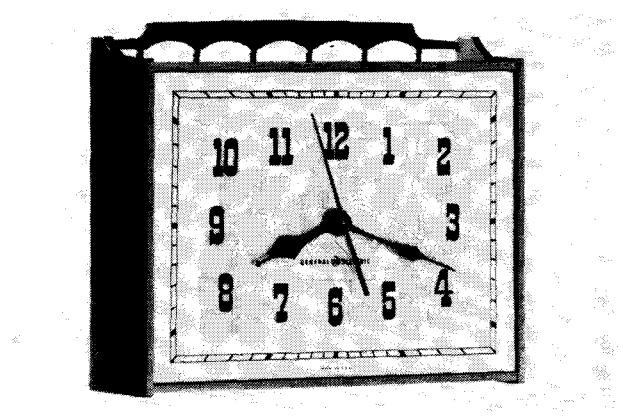


3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you



G-E Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker counts the cups!

G-E Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has Water Window!



G-E "Recipe" Kitchen Clock adds Colonial charm!

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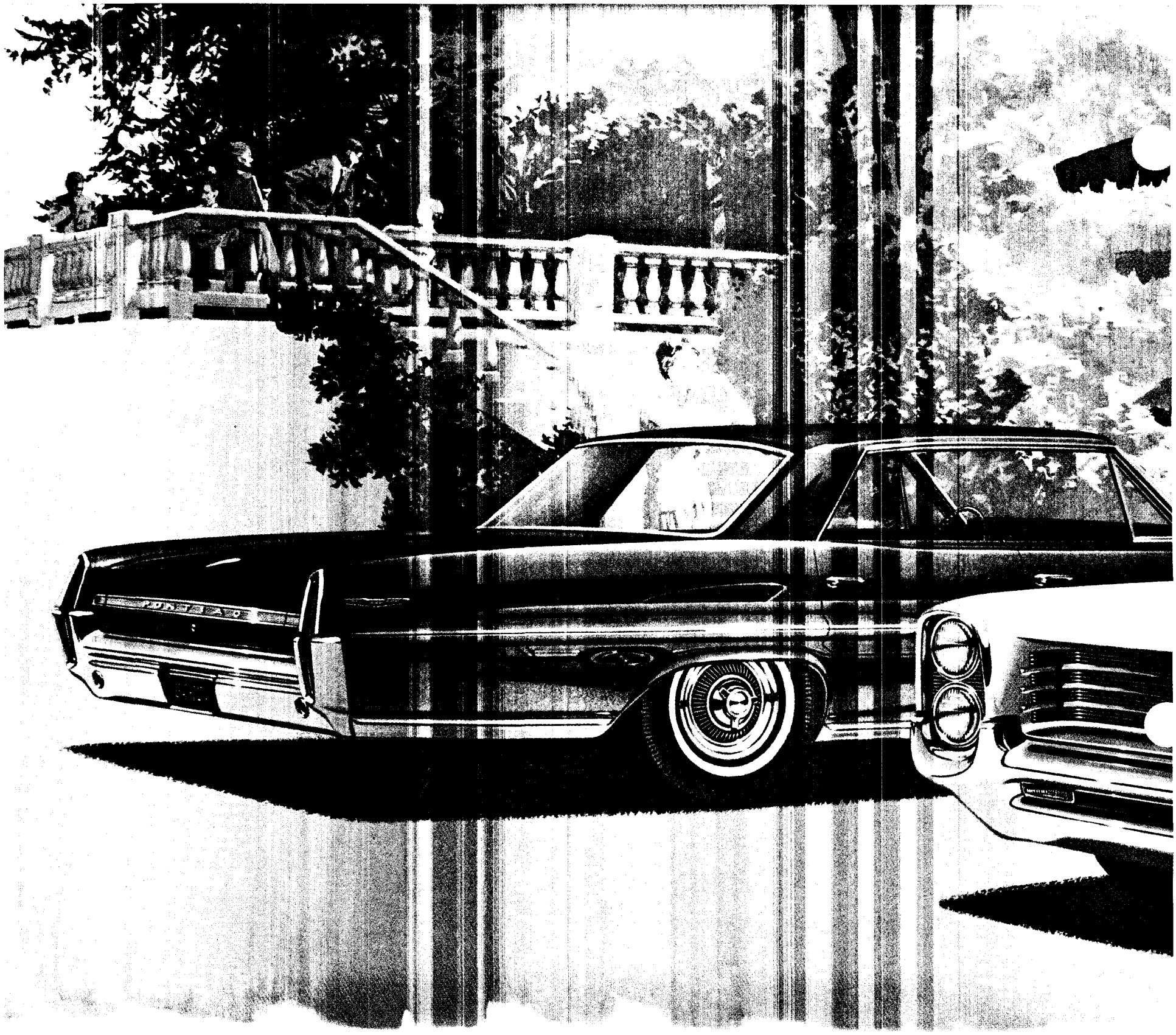

Success car—'64 edition

When you come up with a car that's fantastically successful, do you change everything just because the model year changes? Not if you're Pontiac, you don't. Oh, we refined and smoothed and quieted and sharpened, but basically we didn' *change* anything much. That way, you can enjoy the same smooth Wide-Track ride as last year—only it's a little smoother and quieter. And

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FOREGROUND: BONNEVILLE CONVERTIBLE; BACKGROUND: CATALINA 4-DOOR VISTA
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ou can get your kicks from the same Trophy V-8 spice as last year—only it's a little spicier. And all those Pontiac-admirers will still be around to admire you—only they're a little more wishful.

If you're wondering how quickly you can start enjoying and impressing, there's only one answer: How soon can you be at your Pontiac dealer's?

1964 Wide-Track Pontiac

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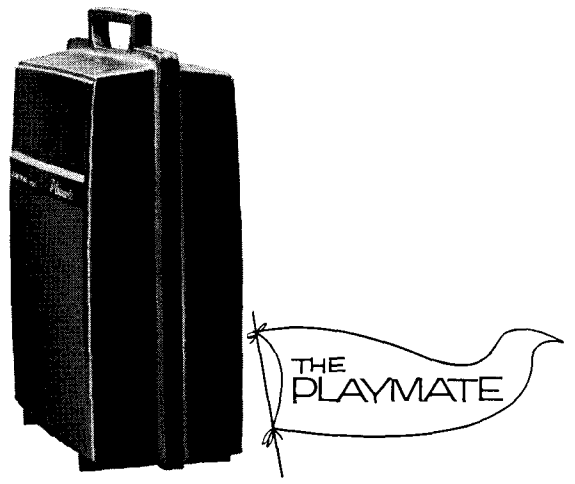

Most compact portable Hi-Fi

with automatic 4-speed record changer!

Make a date with the Admiral Playmate—the slimmest, trimmest, fully-automatic phonograph ever made! It's only 6¾ inches thin—no larger than a single-play model. Yet it has a 4-speed automatic changer that plays all size records—even shuts itself off automatically! Separate tone and volume controls let you balance sound beautifully! A sculptured case that won't crack, chip, fade, peel or tear lets you carry it about care-free! The Playmate is the gift for the campus your teenagers would pick themselves. Surprise them now—in Sea Coral, Cocoa Tan or Beryl Blue—for only $39.95.*

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SPEAKING OUT

How much comfort is it to this hapless ex-operator of a coal-cutting machine, or to thousands of others as badly off as he, to be told that no one would have a job in the mines today if the coal producers had not installed machines to bring out more coal with less manpower and thus keep coal's market from being drowned in fuel oil or suffocated in natural gas?

The fact is that 150,000 mechanized miners can now produce as much bituminous as 700,000 once did. And it is just as much the fact that we do not know what to do with most of the 550,000 men we "liberated" in the process or with their youngsters.

The union leader who did most to encourage mechanization in the mines and to make the average American miner so efficient that he can outproduce seven Soviet miners has some harsh things to say about how we are handling—or rather, not handling—the problem of providing work for men on the unemployment slag pile.

He is John L. Lewis, president emeritus of the United Mine Workers, still full of unsuppressed fire at 83. The organizer of coal and steel and almost all the other great basic industries, he is convinced that the chances for finding employment for the country's four million jobless were never more dim. "I am astonished at the patience of these men," declares Lewis, his voice as resonant of doom as it was 15 and 20 years ago when he defied Presidents and Congress to call his epic coal strikes. "I know, and I know well, that the longer their patience is maintained, the more violent will be the explosion when they reach the limit of their endurance."

And then the great organ that is Lewis's voice takes on a more fateful tremolo: "Witness the history of other countries. All forms of government fall when it comes up to the question of bread—bread for the family, something to eat. Bread to a man with a hungry family comes first—before his union, before his citizenship, before his church affiliation. Bread!"

Well, of course, bread is not the problem—not in a country that has so much wheat it has to pay the farmers not to grow it. But don't shrug off Lewis's words as clinkers from an over-age coal scuttle. Nobody may be starving in America today, but 40 million Americans are living at income standards below those set by Government economists as the cellar for decency. And Dr. Leon Keyserling, who was chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers, estimates that two families out of every five exist under conditions of poverty, even though the United States never before produced so much or had such high levels of profits and personal savings.

It is because we live in this kind of split-level economy, where those who have plenty are only dimly aware of the submerged millions who have too little, that featherbedding serves as an important form of social insurance. It provides a cushion for tens of thousands of workers.

Many experts consider attrition—the elimination of a job as the man who holds it quits or leaves the work force—as the best way to squeeze out featherbedding and to keep the job-killing potential of automation from doing too much social damage. Why is attrition better than bringing the ax down clean once it is officially decided a job has no point? The answer is written in the human wreckage that has become a funeral pyre to technological progress in coal. We worship progress (and we should; it has been the key to all our national prosperity and all our strength), but not when progress means so much misery. We want no repetitions of coal's story of industrial advances spawned in a mass suffering for which we as a society had neither compassion nor cure.

True, we have a shiny new Federal Manpower Development and Training Act that is supposed to take all the people who get jolted out of jobs by automation or other kinds of industrial change, and fit them out with a nice new set of skills that will enable them to get a job someplace else. The only trouble with this program is that it is still moving slowly in terms of workers trained and placed in jobs. Our knowledge of what skills will be needed, in what numbers, where and how long remains pathetically inadequate. And many displaced workers are too old or too uneducated to be very good subjects for retraining, no matter how eager they may be to embark on new careers.

To the staggering social burden that would be created if all the featherbedders were suddenly thrown in with the jobless in this retraining program must be added still other burdens of special complexity and explosiveness. One is the titanic expansion in the number of young people coming into the overfull job market and resenting the No Help Wanted signs that keep them from their first regular paycheck. The other is the need for breaking down the walls that have kept Negroes out of many classes of work—at a time when removal of the walls merely confirms that there are no vacant jobs behind them or, worse, reveals long waiting lists of better-qualified applicants with no place to go. This while automation is closing out an estimated 1.8 million jobs a year, devaluing old skills and making the unskilled and semiskilled into surplus humans.

All of which reinforces my belief that it would be a disaster if we decreed that every useless job must go now. The White House estimates that the loss in goods and services from failure to make full use of our manpower and other economic resources in the last 14 years exceeded $175 billion, or roughly $1,000 for every man, woman and child. Until we can make a real dent in that loss, we ought not increase it by consigning hundreds of thousands or more workers to America's wastebasket. THE END

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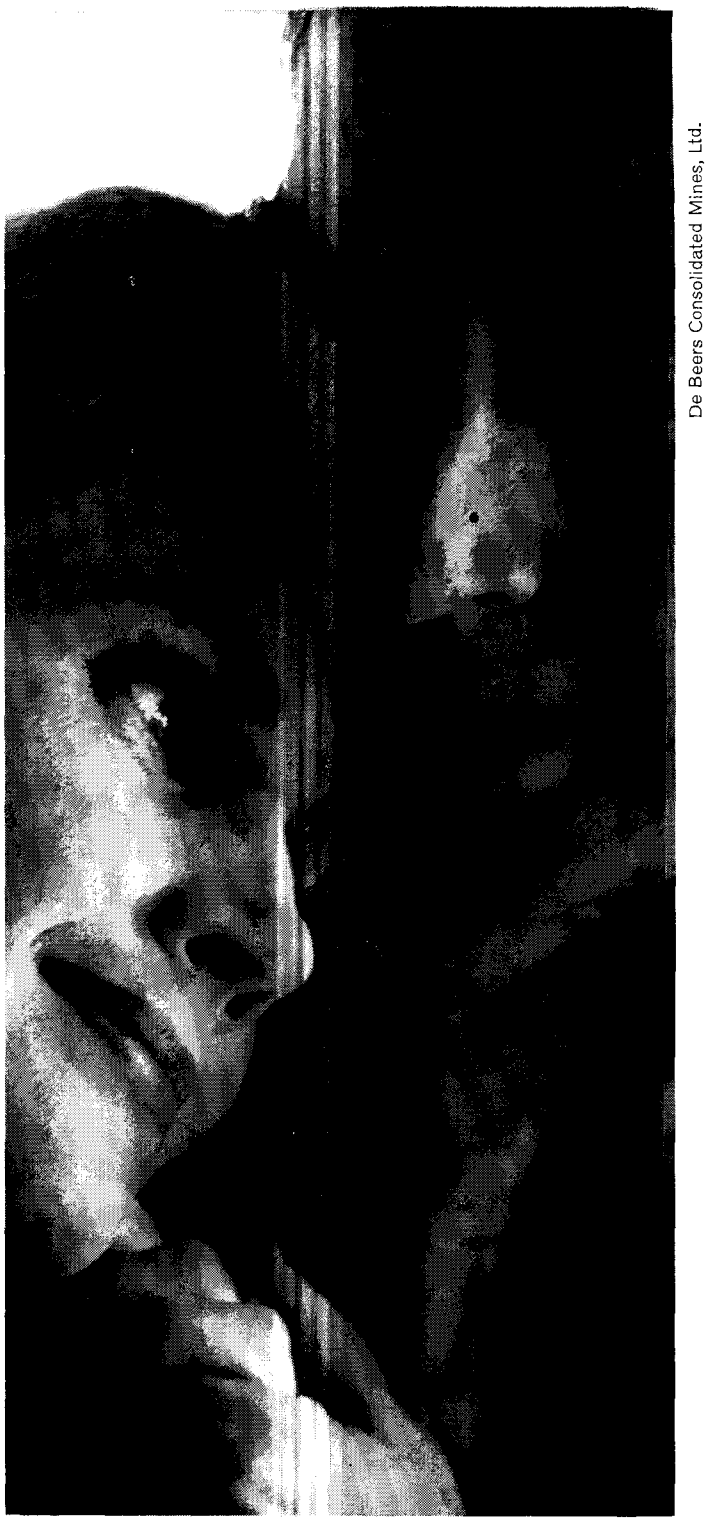
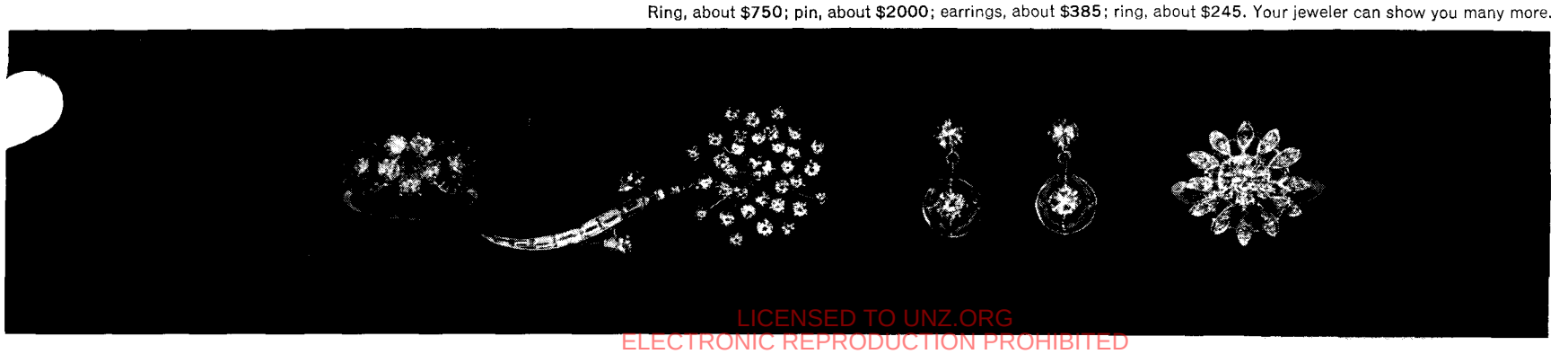


De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Diamonds are the never-stilled voice of love. Their giving may bespeak an occasion. Or, it may mark one moment in a life together . . . unendingly. A diamond is forever. Little matters the size of the diamond in this most cherished of all earthly tokens. For the measure of the diamond's meaning is beyond all worldly values. If you are interested in the pieces shown, let your jeweler write The Saturday Evening Post, P. O. Box 596, Phila. 5, Pa.

Ring, about **$750**; pin, about **$2000**; earrings, about **$385**; ring, about **$245**. Your jeweler can show you many more.



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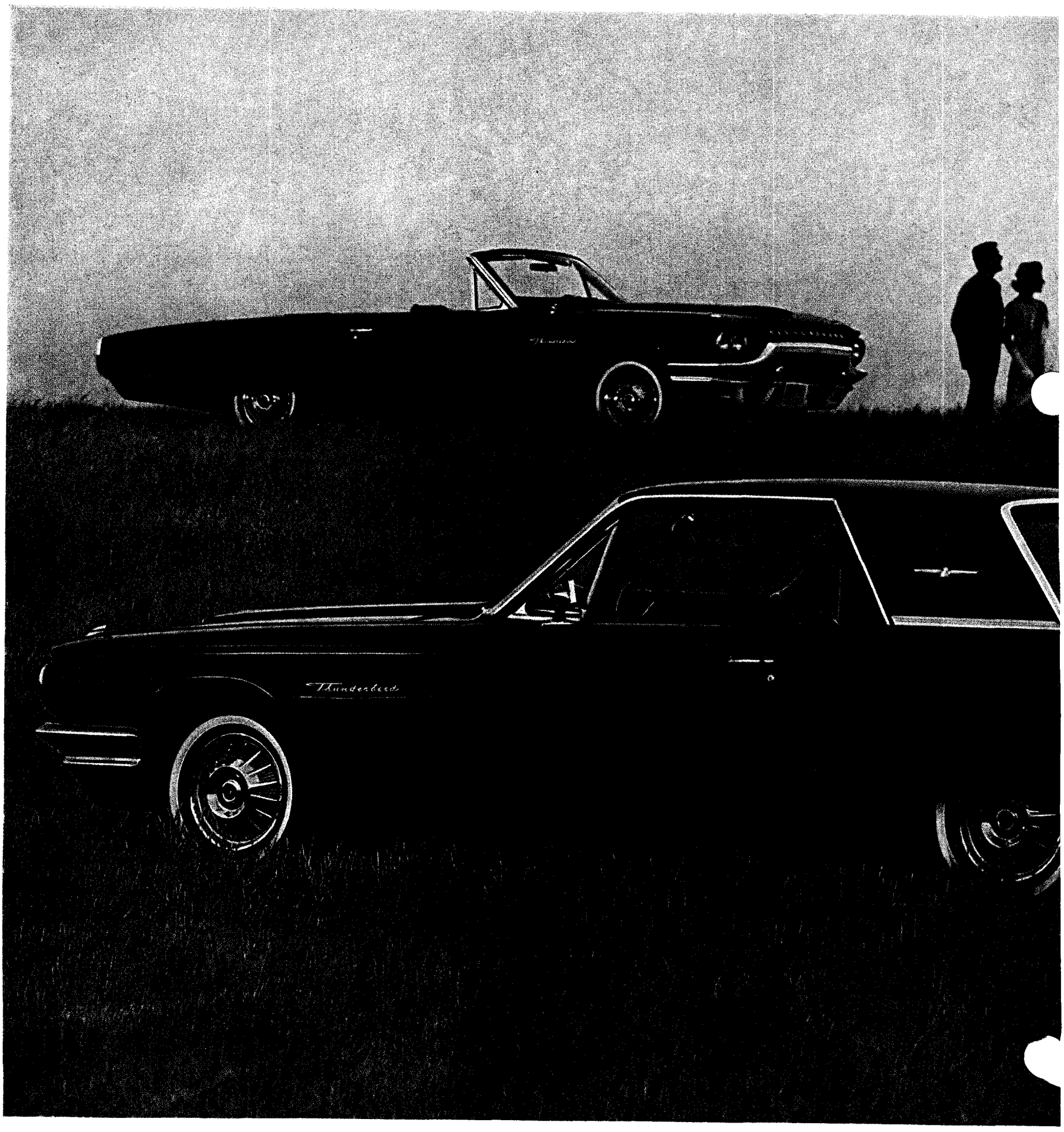
Thunderbird for 1964

So different…so beautifully different!



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There is a completely new Thunderbird for 1964.

New styling sets the Thunderbird mood, a look inside reveals how Thunderbird maintains it. You are surrounded by advances that make even Thunderbird veterans sigh. The new contoured "shell" front seats cradle you luxuriously. The rear seats are joined in one sweeping line . . . "coved" for Thunderbird comfort. Instruments are positioned and lighted for flight-deck clarity.

There is an exclusive Silent-Flo ventilation system. It *pulls* fresh air through the entire car, even with the windows closed.

Other thoughtful details that add to your enjoyment of this new Thunderbird include direction-light indicators on the tips of the front fenders . . . a padded hub for the standard Swing-Away steering wheel . . . a new touring-size luggage compartment.

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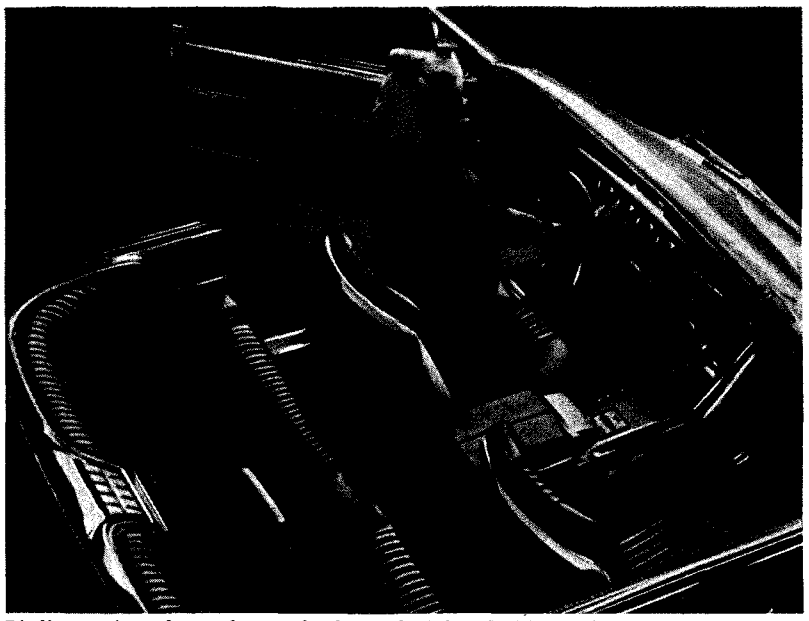
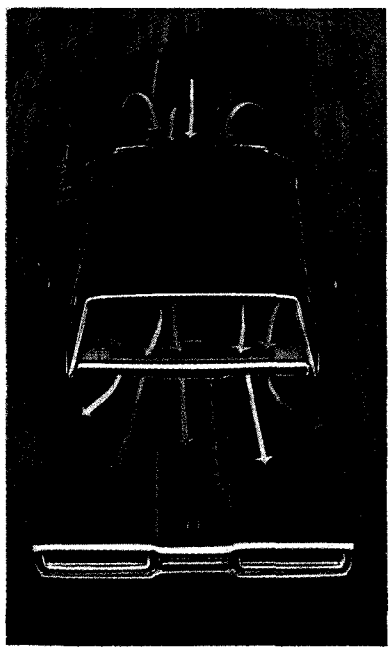
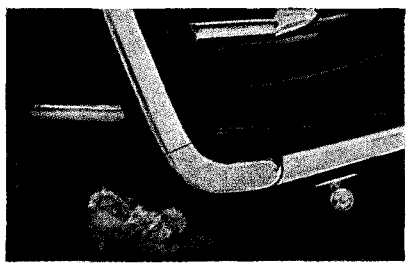


Bird's-eye view of utter luxury for four—the Thunderbird cockpit. (Notice the coved rear seats, the shell-designed front seats.)

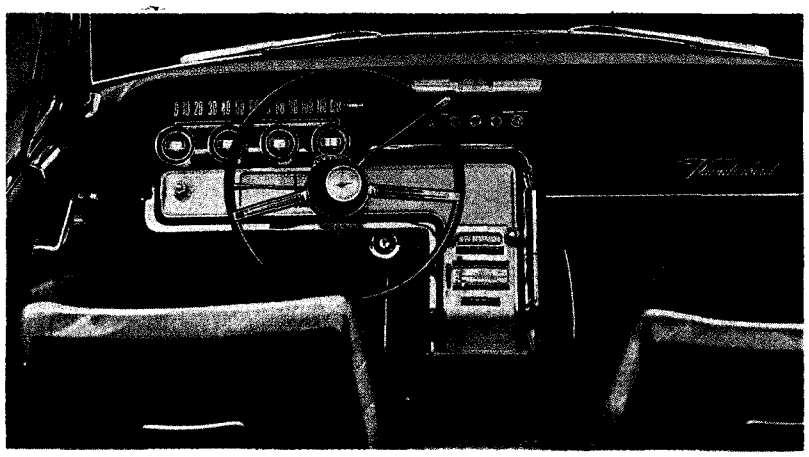


Exclusive Silent-Flo ventilation system *pulls* air through the car.

Optional reclining front seat makes long trips more restful.



Ultramodern seat design allows passengers more rear footroom.



Swing-Away steering wheel welcomes you to Thunderbird's new flight deck.

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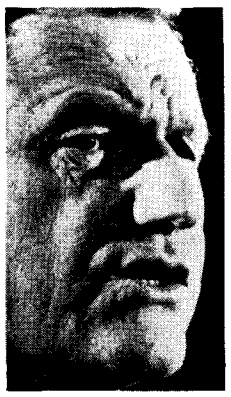
AFFAIRS OF STATE by Stewart Alsop

IS NELSON ROCKEFELLER DEAD?



POLITICS is a cruel business. Like wolves, politicians have an instinct to turn and rend a wounded leader.

Only last spring, when everybody supposed that Nelson Rockefeller would be the Republican candidate for President, even conservative Republicans talked about him with respect, if not enthusiasm. Now they are dancing gleefully on his grave.

"Nelson's dead and he don't know it," says one. "Reminds me of that old ad," says another. "Even your best friends won't tell you." So the talk goes.

Is Rockefeller really dead?

Rockefeller himself clearly does not think so. He is quite aware that, since his remarriage, the odds against him are very long indeed. But he enjoys bucking the odds—he had much more fun, he says, in the 1958 campaign for the New York governorship, when the odds were supposed to be against him, than he did in the 1962 campaign, when he was a shoo-in. And as underdog, Rockefeller is visibly more relaxed than he was as top dog. He no longer needs to make unnatural Goldwaterish remarks to appease the followers of the Arizona senator. But although his manner is relaxed, there is a grim set to Rockefeller's jaw these days, which suggests that it might be premature to pronounce his obsequies.

All the same, it is very difficult to see how he can now get the nomination. And it is very easy to see how he might destroy his last chance of becoming President while at the same time making the nomination of Barry Goldwater inevitable. The fact is that Rockefeller is in a trap.

In retrospect, it is easy to see how he could have avoided the trap. He could have decided either to remarry, or to run for President, but not both. And once he had decided to marry the charming Happy, he could have made a nationwide telecast patterned on the Duke of Windsor's abdication for "the woman I love." This would have gained much public sympathy, and Rockefeller could have played a kingmaker's role in 1964, while biding his time for 1968, when a Republican will have a much better chance anyway.

But it is too late now. If Rockefeller had withdrawn from the race in the spring, it would have seemed an understandable and laudable personal decision. Now it would seem a surrender under fire. And it would have two consequences.

First, it would destroy Rockefeller's last chance to become President, and all his influence in his party. Rockefeller has already pulled out of the presidential sweepstakes once, in 1960; and when a candidate pulls out, his supporters are left nakedly exposed. George Hinman, the likable upstate national committeeman who is Rockefeller's chief agent and most trusted political adviser, has been telling all and sundry that "Nelson's in this thing to stay." Says an old pro: "If Nelson chickens twice, he's through."

The second predictable effect of a Rockefeller withdrawal now or in the near future would be a bandwagon rush to Goldwater which would in all probability hand Goldwater the nomination on the first ballot. This would mean disaster to the eastern, old-money, internationalist, mildly progressive wing of the Republican Party, which Rockefeller represents and which has dominated Republican conventions for a generation. The western, new-money, hard-line-conservative, damn-the-torpedoes nationalist wing, which Goldwater represents, would inherit the party.

Thus, in his peculiar situation, Rockefeller really has no choice but to hang on grimly and bank on defeating Goldwater in the primaries. This is what Hinman has advised and what Rockefeller presently intends to do. But the "primary route" is also quite likely both to kill Rockefeller politically and at the same time to hand the Republican Party over to Goldwater.

The first primary, in New Hampshire next March, is the hurdle which Rockefeller must at all costs overleap. New Hampshire is a high hurdle, a political Becher's Brook, dangerous especially because it looks less dangerous than it is. A politician can lose, where he has good excuses for losing, and survive. But it is fatal for a politician to lose where the advantages are on his side.

New Hampshire ought to be Rockefeller territory. Rockefeller has many ties there, reaching back to his college days at Dartmouth, and New York and New Hampshire are neighboring eastern states. Goldwater ought to be in trouble in New Hampshire. In his imprudent way, the Arizona senator has suggested that the entire East should be "sliced off and set adrift."

Thus the odds ought to favor Rockefeller. They don't, for three reasons. One, of course, is the remarriage. Another is the fact that Goldwater will have the support of most of the party organization. A third reason—and this applies to other primaries—is that the vote is confined to registered Republicans. Republicans who register and vote in primaries tend to be the hard-core party faithful, just the sort of people who passionately admire Barry Goldwater.

Rockefeller and Hinman are busy setting up an organization in New Hampshire, headed by a former governor, and many dollars and much Rockefeller charm will doubtless be dispensed before the vote. But if the dollars and the charm are not enough, if Goliath-Rockefeller is humbled on his own home grounds by Goldwater, the seeming David, no comeback on a national scale is possible for Rockefeller. By the same token, if Goldwater successfully invades the East by taking New Hampshire, the nomination can only be denied him at the cost of fatally alienating millions of passionate Goldwaterites.

In short, whatever Rockefeller does, he risks not only his own political destruction but the eclipse of the kind of Republicanism he believes in. And even if Rockefeller beats Goldwater in New Hampshire, and goes on to win again in California or elsewhere, the nomination is by no means surely his. By the peculiar logic of politics, to placate the disappointed and furious Goldwaterites, the nomination is more likely to go to a third man—a George Romney, a William Scranton, a Thruston Morton, a Mr. X.

This reporter has been unable to find a single leading Republican—other than Nelson Rockefeller—who will seriously maintain off the record that Rockefeller has a serious chance for the nomination. That grimly set Rockefeller jaw represents a lot of power.

But the more you think about the peculiar trap in which Rockefeller finds himself, the more likely you are to conclude that the only sensible thing for a Rockefeller political adviser to do is to find some other way to make a living. THE END

Happy and her husband

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How to cultivate a "Full Service" banker

(FOR FUN AND PROFIT)

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Loans, loans, loans

Granted, other financial institutions besides "Full Service" banks make loans. Some make real estate loans. Some make auto loans. Some make personal loans. But a "Full Service" bank makes loans, loans, loans, *loans*. All kinds of loans, for all purposes, at low bank rates. Fine and dandy, you say. But what if I don't happen to have a "Full Service" banker of my very own? What do I do then?

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Get to know your banker before you need him

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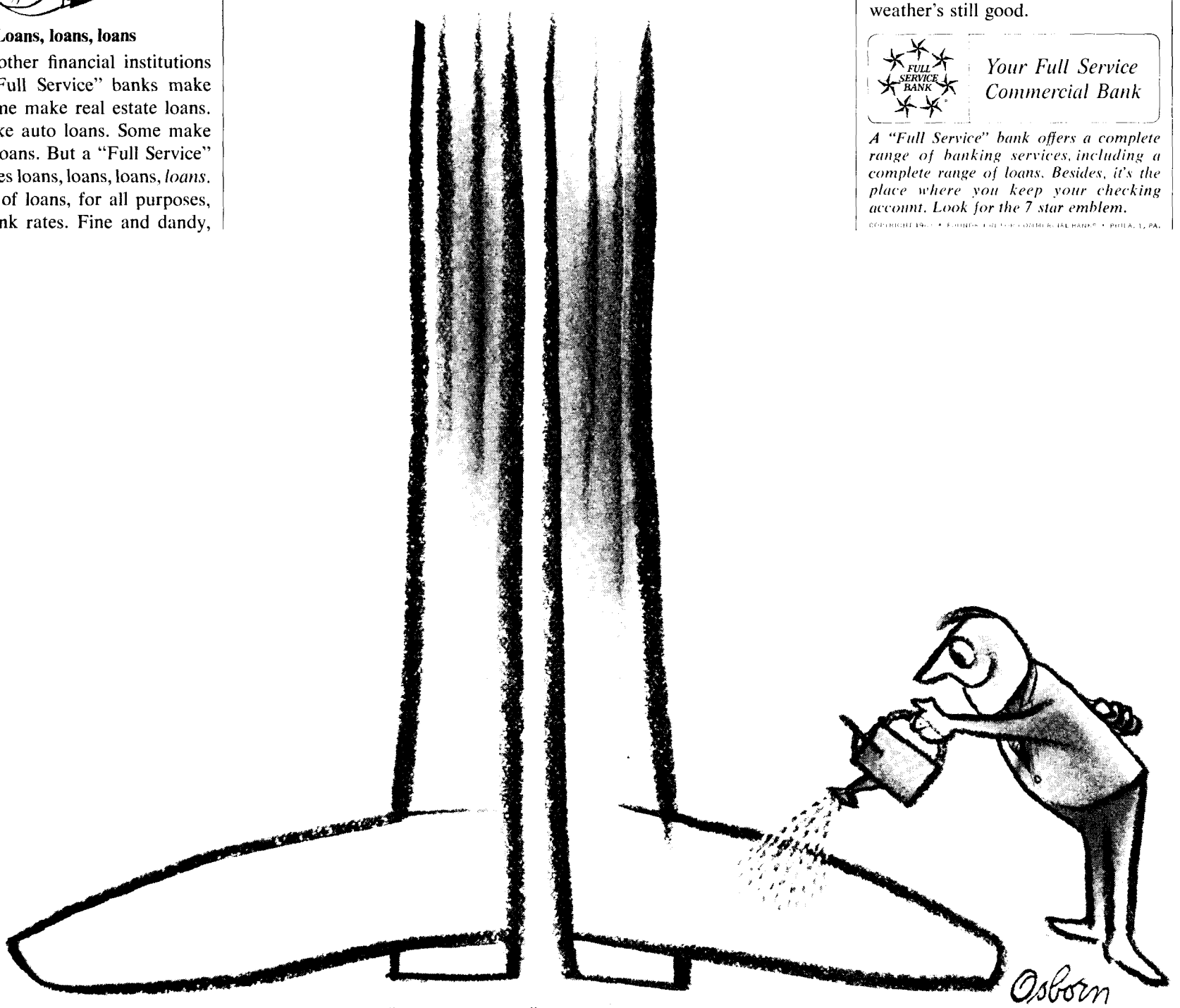

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...now in decorator coppertone finish

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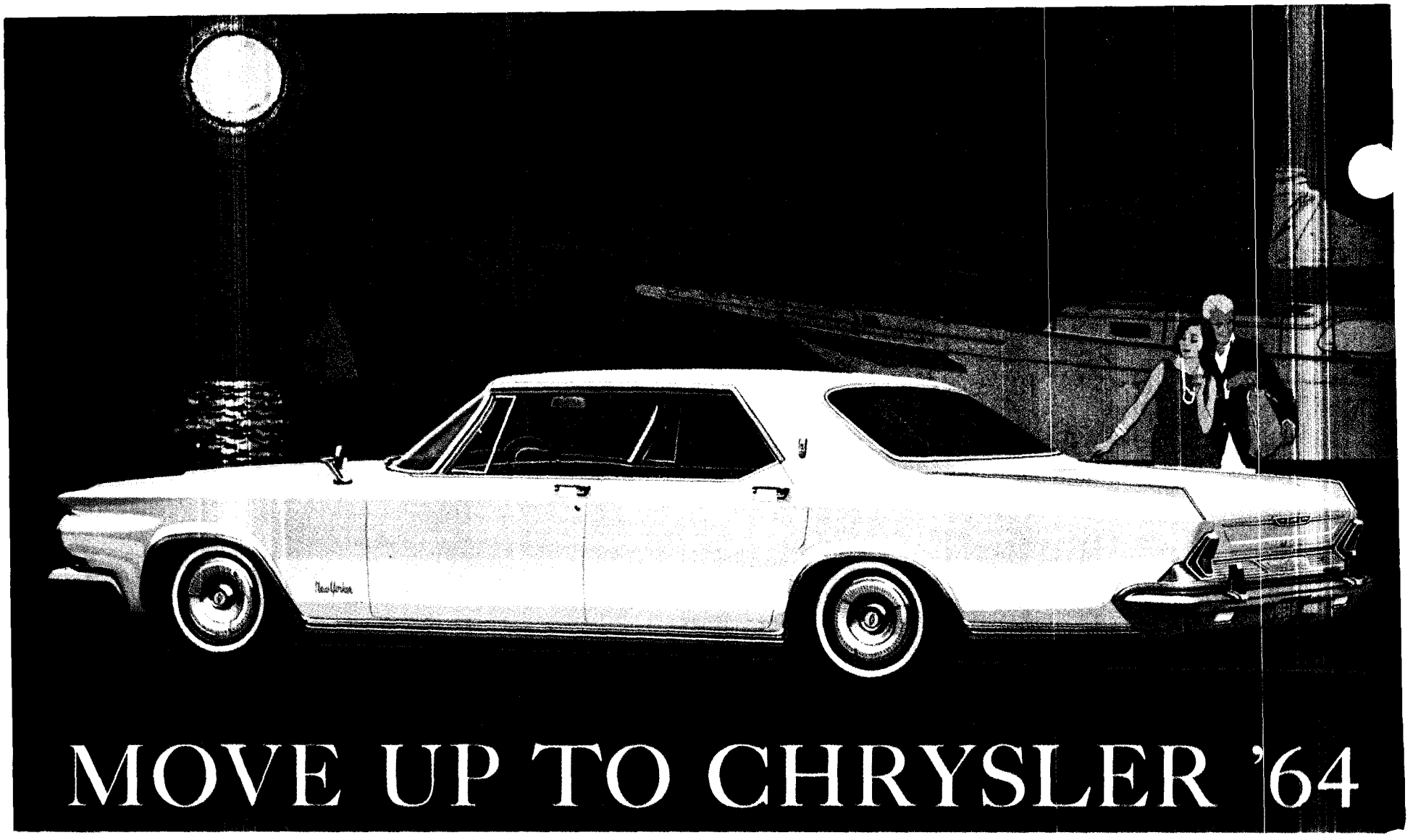

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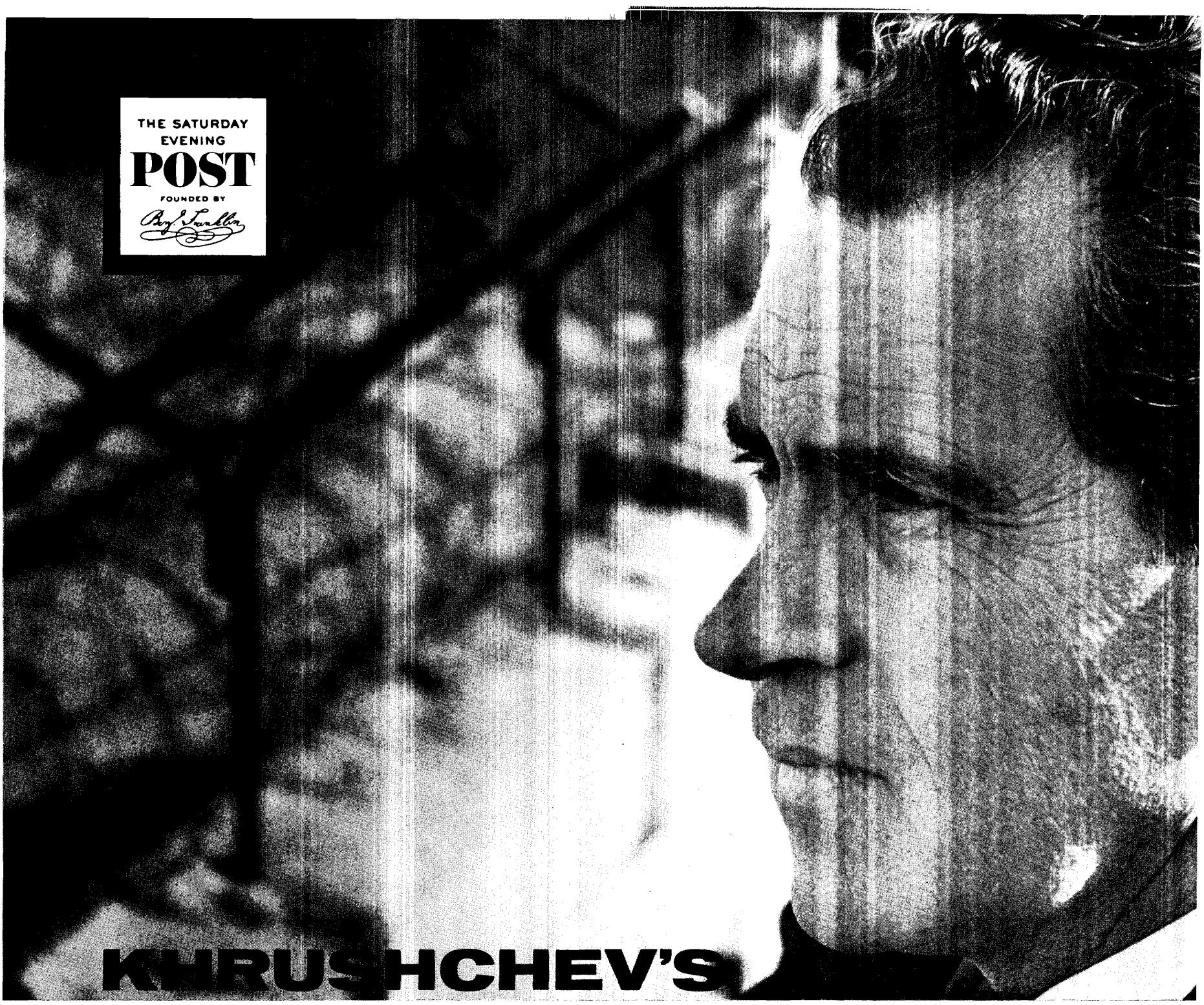

KHRUSHCHEV'S HIDDEN WEAKNESS

BY RICHARD M. NIXON

The former Vice President warns that the Administration drifts toward a policy of negotiating away 97,000,000 Eastern Europeans' hope for eventual freedom.

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On July 24 I went into Communist East Berlin escorted by five carloads of Communist agents and East German newsmen. The people I met were obviously afraid to show any signs of recognition or friendship. Those who did speak to me were immediately questioned by the police. Two small boys asked for autographs—I later learned they were picked up by the police and reprimanded. This was my depressing introduction to the most brutally repressive of all the Communist states.

But that same evening I went back to East Berlin without advance notice. This time the secret police were not aware of my presence until I had been in the city for over two hours. And now people came up to me to express their friendship for America and their hatred of the Communist government under which they were forced to live. As I was about to cross Checkpoint Charlie and return to freedom, a man walked up in the dark. "We are glad you came to East Berlin," he said. "The Americans are our only hope."

I had just seen the difference between day and night behind the Iron Curtain.

Last summer I also visited Budapest with my wife and two daughters, Tricia, 17, and Julie, 15. This is the city where seven years ago—in October of 1956—Khrushchev put down a revolution, while the request of the free Hungarian government for American help went unanswered. For this reason I did not expect a friendly reception. Yet everywhere we went we were completely swamped by people who wanted to shake hands, or say a word of greeting, or ask a question about America. It seemed that every other person I met had a relative who had fled to the United States after the 1956 revolution. One after another, even with policemen standing nearby, they said, "I wish I had gone too."

At an open-air market we were loaded down with scores of bouquets of flowers which people of very modest means had purchased to give us as a remembrance of our visit. When John Zimmerman, our *Saturday Evening Post* photographer, was taking pictures of the crowd around us, a policeman tried to stop him. Promptly, hundreds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

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"Khrushchev knows that he is sitting on a powder keg."

of Hungarians surrounded the policeman, berating him until he finally relented and allowed Zimmerman to continue with his photography. For three days we were given the same reception: People were openly critical of their own Communist government and openly friendly to the United States and to an American who to them represented the United States.

My experiences in Budapest and by night in East Berlin brought back memories of my arrival in Warsaw in 1959. Khrushchev had been given a cool reception in Poland only three weeks before, despite great efforts by the Polish government to give him a "spontaneous" demonstration of affection. Flowers had even been given to the people by Communist officials so they could throw them at his car and thus give him a "typical Polish welcome." But most of the Poles kept them instead.

I was therefore amazed to find that although the time of my arrival and my route through the city had not been announced, 100,000 cheering people lined the streets shouting, "*Niech zyje* America"—long live America. So many hundreds of bouquets of flowers were showered on us that the driver had to keep stopping the car to clear the windshield. We were told by the proud Poles, "This time we bought our own flowers!"

These personal incidents could be multiplied a thousandfold by the experiences of other Americans who have traveled in Communist-controlled Eastern Europe—in Romania, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, as well as in Poland, Hungary and East Germany.

And this is why I saw Khrushchev react so violently to the 1959 Captive Nations Resolution in which Congress called on free people to pray for the liberation of "enslaved peoples" behind the Iron Curtain. I remember clearly my first official call on the Soviet dictator in the Kremlin shortly after this congressional action. Rising out of his chair, he pounded the table and shouted, "This resolution stinks!" Then he described what he meant in a series of four-letter words so crude that even Oleg Troyanovsky, his usually suave translator, blushed as he translated them into English for my benefit.

For Khrushchev knows that he is sitting on a powder keg. He knows that the overwhelming majority of the people of East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria and Romania hate their Communist governments and would rise against them if they thought they had a chance to succeed. He knows that the Eastern European nations, through history and by tradition, hate and fear Russian imperialism. He knows millions behind the Iron Curtain would leave homes and go to Free Europe or the United States if they were allowed to do so by their governments. And he knows that despite the United States' failure to give more support to the 1956 Hungarian revolution, the people of the captive nations still consider America to be their main hope for ever obtaining freedom.

This is why the ugly Berlin Wall stands as a shocking symbol of Soviet fear and failure. Like the minefields, the watchtowers and barbed wire stretching along the Hungarian border, the Wall's purpose is not to keep enemies out but to keep the people in. It is not surprising, therefore, that Khrushchev's main foreign-policy objective at this time is to keep the lid on this Pandora's box of troubles for his Communist empire.

Today Khrushchev hopes to do this by negotiating a nonaggression pact between the NATO nations and the Communist Warsaw Pact group. This would give him exactly what he wants—recognition by the West of the legality and permanence of his Eastern European Communist regimes. He knows that all he now has are squatters' rights in these countries, obtained through

Returning from East Berlin, Mrs. Nixon shows her passport to West Berlin guards.

Julie, Tricia and Pat Nixon in East Berlin. Behind them, the Russian War Memorial.

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very questionable means. For him, a nonaggression pact would be a quitclaim deed—a legal title from the West. Yet there are now high officials in the Free World who ask: Why shouldn't we give this recognition to the Warsaw Pact governments? Don Cook of the New York *Herald Tribune*, writing from Paris on August 29, reports that a nonaggression pact is favored by Britain, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, Canada and Italy. And, he goes on to say, "The Kennedy Administration is inclined to want to try the nonaggression-pact idea, but is not pushing or urging the plan."

In the early stages of the test-ban negotiations in Moscow, several trial balloons were sent up from "usually reliable" Administration sources, suggesting that the United States should agree to a nonaggression pact if this were the only way we could get Khrushchev to agree to a test ban. The public reaction in the United States to such a deal was so overwhelmingly unfavorable that all our negotiators finally agreed to do was "to discuss" this and other proposals in a future conference.

Because there are strong pressures from within as well as from outside the Kennedy Administration to make such a deal, I believe that only the mobilization of an aroused and informed American public opinion will prevent the sellout of the right of 97 million enslaved people in Eastern Europe to be free.

Those who favor a nonaggression pact argue that the Hungarian revolution proved we couldn't do anything in support of the people of Eastern Europe anyway, and besides, it is a small price to pay to keep Khrushchev in a "mellow mood." We heard the same argument in support of a policy of talking softly and carrying a toothpick in dealing with Castro. In short, we are hearing more and more talk about "accommodation," "disengagement," "coexistence" and other devices which add up to our approval of Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, and less and less talk about eventual freedom for the people living under Communist repression.

I believe the time has come for a complete change of direction and emphasis in American foreign policy toward Eastern Europe. We must begin by doing some clear thinking about what is at stake for the Eastern Europeans, for the Communists and for the Free World.

It would be shockingly immoral for the United States to do anything directly or indirectly which would give the impression that we accept Khrushchev's price—namely, that in return for "peaceful coexistence" we would draw a line down the middle of Europe and accept as permanent the Communist enslavement of 97 million Eastern Europeans. Not only would this be outrageous in the human sense, but it would be dangerously detrimental, both politically and strategically, to American foreign-policy interests.

Nixon receives a cordial handshake and a gift of flowers at open-air market in Budapest's Moscow Square.

The world—slave or free?

The Communist goal is to impose slavery on the Free World. Our goal must be nothing less than to bring freedom to the Communist world. Our policy must be guided by one overriding principle: We stand for freedom—not only for ourselves but for all people.

I believe we can and must accomplish this objective without war. The people who live in the captive nations have traditionally been oriented toward the West rather than toward Russia and the East. They became Communists not by choice but through force, subversion and coup d'etat.

Today these countries constitute the most dramatic evidence of the failure of Communism as a political, economic and social system. In terms of economics we need only to compare the slow growth of the bloc countries with the booming production of Western Europe. But it is in terms of human liberty that the contrast is greatest—the refreshing aliveness of West Berlin compared with the deadly drabness of East Berlin, the free spirit of Vienna compared with the stricken soul of Budapest. You can't eat freedom, it is said, and you can't see it either, but you can certainly feel it once it has been denied you. The Soviet Union has denied freedom to the 97 million people of Eastern Europe. And the result, as John Foster Dulles once said, is that "never has any imperialist system in history been more successful in extending its domination and less successful in gaining the approval of the people upon which it was imposed."

Eastern Europe is Khrushchev's greatest potential weakness; it is the area of our greatest potential strength. What, then, can we do to help these people achieve their freedom?

We must first recognize that there are some things that we cannot do. There should be no loose talk of starting revolutions in countries like Poland, Hungary and East Germany in which thousands of Soviet troops are stationed, with millions more poised on the border.

We need only to recall the tragedy of the Hungarian Revolution in 1956. This was a true peoples' revolution. Thousands of workers and students succeeded in overthrowing the tyrannical Communist government. Then the Soviet army marched into the streets of Budapest. The freedom fighters asked for help; we gave them sympathy. We did nothing except to protest to the United Nations and open our doors to the fleeing refugees. I stood on the border near Andau, Austria, on a bitter-cold night in December of 1956 and saw the refugees coming into Austria and freedom. It was both an inspiring and a terribly depressing sight. These men and women had risked everything. They had fought magnificently for freedom. Then a hated foreign oppressor had moved in; they were forced to leave their land to find freedom elsewhere. Soon even this escape route was cut off.

It is, of course, easy to second-guess. But looking back, I believe we should have done more than we did. Unfortunately the Hungarian revolution could not have come at a more difficult time from our standpoint. The British, French and Israelis had chosen the same period to march into Egypt. We believed that there should be a single standard with regard to the use of armed force and that it should be applied both to our friends and enemies alike. When we referred the Suez case to the United Nations, our friends withdrew their forces as law-respecting, civilized governments would be

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"Was the test ban worth the price? Did we sell out on freedom?"

expected to do. But when we took the same action with regard to Soviet suppression in Hungary, Khrushchev did what he always does—uses the U.N. when it helps him and ignores it when it hurts him. We ended up with a debate in the U.N.; the Hungarian Freedom Fighters ended up without a country.

What more could have been done short of risking world war is open to question. But I think the crime of Khrushchev and his Communist puppets in Hungary was so great that more dramatic methods should have been used to bring it to the attention of the world and to keep it there. Four actions would have served this purpose. First, we should have recognized the anti-Communist Nagy government promptly. This would have deprived Khrushchev of the legal argument that the Communist Kadar government had "invited" the Soviet forces to come in. Second, when Khrushchev refused to withdraw his troops from Budapest, we should have broken off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Third, we should have permitted the organization of "volunteers" in free countries to help the freedom fighters. This is the action the Kremlin has taken in corresponding situations. Fourth, when the puppet Kadar government was set up in place of the free government, we should have recognized a government-in-exile. Such a government-in-exile by itself could not have changed the situation. But it would have been a symbolic rallying point not only for Hungarians but for people throughout Eastern Europe, who admired their courage and shared their ideals of freedom.

Because of our sympathy for the Hungarian Freedom Fighters, Hungary presents probably the strongest case for the adoption of an American policy designed to gain freedom for the people of Eastern Europe.

On the other hand, Hungary also provides strong ammunition for those who oppose such a policy. They argue that the revolution of 1956 showed the hopelessness of supporting any positive action to overthrow the Communist governments. And now that the test ban has been agreed to, the argument goes that this shows what can be accomplished in "reducing tensions" if we soft pedal issues on which Khrushchev is particularly sensitive, such as the captive nations of Eastern Europe and the Communist domination of Cuba. One American foreign-policy adviser said to me in Europe, "If the Kennedy Administration had not watered down the Captive Nations Resolution as it did this year, Khrushchev might never have agreed to the test ban." I doubt this conclusion. But assuming it is correct, was the test ban worth the price we paid? Did we sell out freedom for expediency?

Americans have always contended that if we are to retain freedom for ourselves we must support the cause of freedom for others. It is ironical that in the United States some of those who pride themselves on being "liberal" in foreign and domestic policy are the most violent opponents of any move to launch a peaceful offensive for freedom for the Eastern European peoples. They charge that those who support this program are "reactionary warmongers." The only appropriate "liberal" point of view is to downplay the "freedom issue" in our discussions with Khrushchev so that we can make progress on the "peace issues." To inject talk of captive nations in East-West negotiations will "rock the boat." Yet these same people are uncompromising in their demand for freedom from Portugal for Angola, full freedom for the black population of South Africa, and for the Negroes in America. In those cases, they are not bothered by the fact that raising these issues causes embarrassment to the governments of South Africa, Portugal and the United States.

I believe that we must have a single standard for freedom. Its denial in whole or in part, any place in the world, including the Soviet Union as well as the United States, is surely intolerable.

Friendly crowd around Nixon's car in downtown Budapest shows Hungarian people's affection for America.

The ghetto, that grim relic of man's injustice to man, must go wherever it exists in the world. And this includes Eastern Europe, the most shocking ghetto of them all. We cannot write off 97 million people—people who now live in a place they are not allowed to leave, under a government they did not choose, and with no right to demonstrate, to vote or otherwise to voice their opinions against the tyranny which has been imposed upon them. Let us continue to be against those few remaining outposts of the old colonialism imposed by whites over nonwhites. But let us at the same time be just as vigorous in our opposition to the new Communist colonialism imposed by whites on whites which we see in Eastern Europe and in Cuba.

The moral argument is justification enough for a new policy of peaceful action in behalf of the peoples of Eastern Europe. An equally strong case can be made on solely strategic and political grounds. Let us take at face value the claim that Khrushchev will be irritated by our raising the issue of freedom for the captive peoples. Is this not the time to test his intentions? We have just agreed with him to a test ban. The "new" Khrushchev is being pictured all over the Free World, as well as in the Communist world, as the leader in the fight for peace and in reducing tensions between East and West.

But what has he actually done to reduce tensions? In Western Europe, in the United States

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At 1 A.M. Nixon talks to night-shift workers at Budapest's Csepel Iron and Steel Works, one of the largest behind the Iron Curtain. He was first Westerner to visit this plant.

and in Latin America, the Communist parties with Khrushchev's approval and support are stepping up their programs aimed at the overthrow of free governments. Communism has made its greatest gains through this kind of indirect aggression. Are we, on our part, now going to give Khrushchev a hunting license in the free world and a privileged sanctuary in the Communist world?

It is claimed that the dangers of a war have been reduced because of the signing of the test ban. This claim is open to question. But there is no doubt whatever that if the danger of war has been decreased, the danger of defeat without war has been substantially increased. On August 29 the Associated Press in Washington reported, "David E. Bell, the foreign-aid director, predicted today that the Soviet Union and China would increase their campaign to dominate undeveloped areas once the nuclear treaty took effect." Moreover, there is a genuine danger that, as a result of the test-ban agreement, our real sense of urgency may be replaced by a false sense of security. Some European powers will not be as quick to meet NATO defense goals; the concern about Communist subversion in free countries is now inevitably going to be less than it should be; the respectability of Communist-front organizations will now increase. I would not even be surprised to see a revival of the old American-Soviet Friendship Society—supported and controlled by the Communist Party, of course.

I believe that we are now entering a period of the greatest danger of Communist expansion in the Free World since immediately after World War II. As a Hungarian student told me in Budapest, "The Russian bear is always most dangerous when its arms are outstretched in a gesture of seeming friendship. If you get too close, you will be crushed to death." All signs point to an inescapable conclusion: A great new Communist offensive is being launched against the Free World, an offensive without resort to war, an offensive all the more dangerous because it is so difficult to recognize and to meet effectively.

We cannot meet and defeat such an offensive by a static policy of defense. It is altogether right and necessary that the President of the United States has declared to the people of West Berlin that if they are attacked we will help defend them. But at the same time we must make it clear that we will not stop there. Khrushchev does not hesitate to declare that Communism's goal is not simply to defend what Communism already has but to extend it throughout the world. Our goal for freedom can be nothing less. Much of Communism's appeal is that it is revolutionary in character. A revolution cannot stand still. If it does it dies. Khrushchev recognizes that the Communist revolution must grow if it is to survive. Our goal must not be simply to keep freedom from shrinking but to make it grow too. Our goal must be a free Cuba, a free Eastern Europe, a free Russia, a free China. And every policy must be directed to reach that goal through peaceful means. This was once the stated policy of the Kennedy Administration, but it has been watered down and wrapped in double talk from the time negotiations for the test ban began.

The great and vital issue of freedom for the oppressed is being kept on a back burner. It is high time for us to put it on the front burner, to make it a top-priority objective in every international negotiation.

What are some positive things the United States could do in behalf of freedom for the 97 million people of Eastern Europe?

- We must above all keep the hope of freedom alive in their hearts. This means we must resist every attempt on the part of Khrushchev to gain recognition of the legality and permanence of Communist domination of these countries.
- We must treat each of these countries as an individual nation. Although they all have Communist governments, they are no longer a bloc in the monolithic sense that they were 10 years ago. The people in each of these countries fear and distrust the Russians; they also have great national differences among themselves. Communism for a while tended to blot out these differences. Nationalism,

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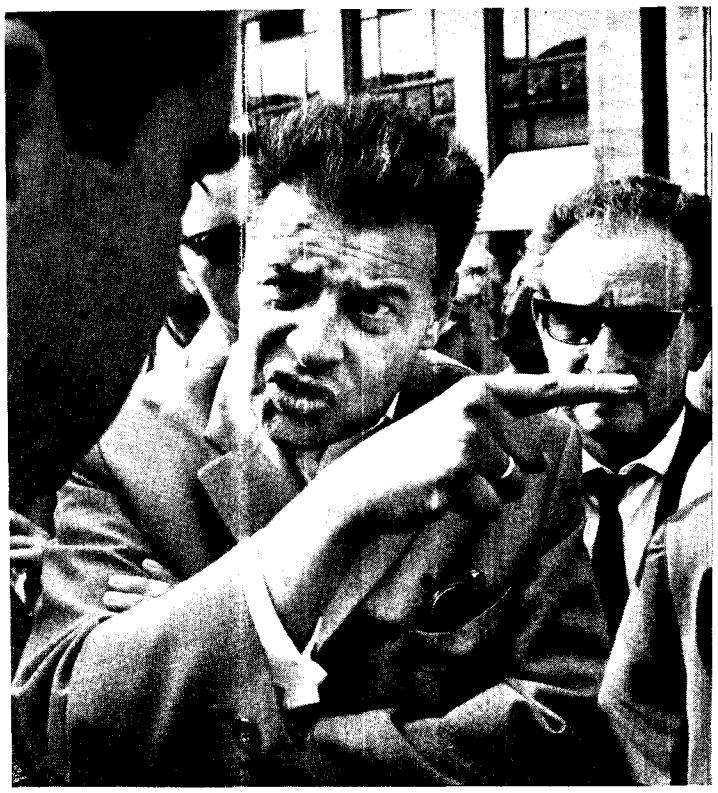

Planted heckler, an East German newsman, tries to embarrass Nixon during his trip to Communist Berlin.

"Our program of aid to Tito must be reappraised."

however, is growing in Eastern Europe, just as it is in Western Europe. In Western Europe it is a problem for us. In Eastern Europe it is a problem for Khrushchev. Nationalism there is our ally. The Congress should give the Administration the power to be flexible in its economic and diplomatic policies toward these countries.

• We should do nothing for any of the Communist governments of these countries unless its purpose and effect will be to help the people get relief from Communist oppression. For example, our whole program of aid to Yugoslavia must now be very critically reappraised. We provided nearly $2.3 billion in military and economic assistance to Yugoslavia from mid-1945 through mid-1962. We gave most of this aid because Tito had split with the Kremlin, and we believed that by subsidizing Tito we could widen the split. Now Khrushchev and Tito have thrown their arms around each other, and it is quite apparent that the military equipment we provided for Tito would be on the Soviet side in the event of world conflict. Yet because Tito was against first Stalin and then Khrushchev, some people in the United States gained the false impression that his brand of Communism was more "liberal" than the Soviet brand. On the contrary, the people of Yugoslavia have suffered even more at the hands of their Communist government in recent years than the people of the Soviet Union. American aid has brought little if any relief to the *people* of Yugoslavia.

• In the light of our experience in Yugoslavia, under no circumstances should military aid be provided for any country with a Communist government. Such military assistance may appear at the moment it is granted to be justified on the ground that it would strengthen the hand of a satellite Communist government against the Soviet Union. But we must recognize that while the Communists have differences among themselves, when the chips are down they are going to join forces against us. The Soviet-Chinese quarrel is significant in this respect. What they are arguing about is not how to beat each other, but how to beat us. This is their fight. We most certainly should stay out of it.

• We should set these minimum goals: (1) Get the Soviet occupation forces out of the countries of Eastern Europe; (2) get the governments of these countries to adopt policies which will allow people to leave if they desire to do so; (3) get the Communist governments to adopt a let-live policy toward the established churches in these countries and toward other institutions of freedom; (4) increase contact with the people of these countries as distinguished from the governments, including visits from high-ranking U.S officials to remind these people that they have not been forgotten; (5) increase the exchange of publications, broadcasts and other instruments of communications, especially communications designed to keep the young people in contact with the Western world and free institutions.

As a specific example, we should not agree to "normalize" relations with the outlaw Kadar regime in Hungary unless these minimum conditions are met: (1) removal of Soviet troops from Hungary; (2) removal of the "wall" of barbed wire, minefields and watch towers which separates Hungary from Free Europe; (3) satisfaction of the conditions Cardinal Mindszenty insists upon for relations between the Catholic church and the government; (4) greater freedom for Hungarians to leave the country if they desire to do so; (5) removal of restrictions on the flow of information from Free Europe and America into Hungary by radio, newspapers and magazines. This latter point is vital. Although the overwhelming majority of the people of Hungary and other Eastern European countries are opposed to Communism now, there is a real danger that an entirely new generation will grow up with no knowledge of any other way of life, due to lack of contact with the Free World. That is why the policy advocated by some well-intentioned anti-Communist groups "to cut off all contact with countries with Communist governments" is wrong. We must increase contact with the people of these countries without putting the stamp of approval on their Communist governments.

Our best potential weapons

• We should agree to only those economic programs that will have the effect of serving the objectives I have listed above. Programs of trade and aid are our biggest potential weapons; at the same time, they are the most difficult to use effectively. No American action should be taken if it strengthens a Communist government's stranglehold on the people. If a satellite government indicates a clear intention to pursue a course independent of and even opposed to the U.S.S.R. in foreign policy, we should provide economic cooperation, but only if the satellite government also combines its anti-Soviet policy with some relaxation of its repression against its own people. In Tito's case, for example, we paid too much attention to his differences with the U.S.S.R. and too little to the terrible plight of the Yugoslav people and to our responsibility to help relieve it.

• In our policies and pronouncements, we must not fail to distinguish between the Communist regimes and their subjects, between the Kremlin and puppet governments on the one hand and people on the other. The Kremlin's failure to win the voluntary, free allegiance of its peoples is one of the strongest deterrents preventing it from risking actions that might lead to war. We must never forget that the Communist governments may be our enemies but that the people living under those governments are our friends.

This is admittedly a complex and controversial answer to the problem. It would be much simpler to follow the approach of the "liberals" and ignore the plight of 97 million people in the Eastern European countries so that we will not jeopardize our efforts to seek other goals in dealing with Khrushchev. It would be much simpler to follow the approach of the "reactionaries" and support a program of encouraging revolutions in these countries to be followed by American forces to support such revolutions without regard to the risk of world war this policy would entail. And, of course, it would be even more "popular" simply to advocate cutting off all contact with the governments and peoples of Eastern Europe and denying any economic cooperation on the ground that "we shall provide no aid to Communists."

But we are confronted here with a tragic human problem of 97 million people living under Communist tyranny. The great majority of these people are against their Communist government; and their hopes for freedom, no matter how limited, are with America. We demonstrated in 1956 that we cannot support a revolution in the event they begin one. On the other hand, we cannot be completely negative in our policy. I believe our only responsible course of action is to find positive, peaceful methods of achieving more freedom and a better life for these people. A negative, do-nothing policy can only have the effect of leaving them at the mercy of their Communist governments and destroying the morale of millions of anti-Communists in the Communist world.

And there is an even more far-reaching consideration. We cannot appear to acquiesce in the Communist enslavement of millions behind the Iron Curtain and still make our opposition to Communism elsewhere credible. If it is all right with us to see Hungarians, Poles, Czechs enslaved, why not logically Venezuelans and Malayans and Cubans? By surrendering the Eastern Europeans to their Communist masters, we are surrendering our presumed leadership of anti-Communist forces throughout the world.

I wish every American could have the opportunity to travel in Eastern Europe, as I have had again last summer. I am sure that no American would then feel complacent about the plight of these captive peoples. For those who are fortunate enough to take such a trip, I say: When you get to Budapest or Warsaw or East Berlin, don't be satisfied with the guided tour—hotels, buildings, restaurants, statues are pretty much the same in all the capitals of the world. The people, their problems, their hopes, their dreams—this is the real and important story.

As our train was leaving the Budapest railroad station for Vienna, a young railroad worker came up to me. Speaking in halting English, he said, "My brother left in 1956 and is now living in Columbus, Ohio. If you should see him, will you tell him that he was right? I should have gone too. And I hope to join him before it is too late."

The train had started to move before he finished. I sat down in my seat and as I looked out the open window I saw that he was running alongside. "The address," he shouted, "I forgot to tell you the address. It is on Euclid Avenue in Columbus. Tell him I hope to join him—tell him—tell him." The train had pulled away before I could get his name or the street number.

He was trying to send his message to his brother living in Columbus, in the very heart of America. But as far as I was concerned he was sending a poignant and unforgettable message through me to the heart of America—"Don't let us down. We want freedom too." THE END

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Julie Nixon, 15, peers through crack in The Wall for a glimpse of East Berlin, where one German said, "The Americans are our only hope."

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• The emotional strains of college life are taking a heavy toll in student misery, mental breakdowns and youthful suicides.

COLLEGE LIFE

The tormented generation

By MORTON M. HUNT and RENA CORMAN

• The scene is a respected eastern men's college; the time is night. A young man, wildly drunk and loudly profane, is walking along a ledge on the fourth floor of his dormitory while police, doctors and friends hold their breath below.

• The scene is a large university in the West; the time is two A.M. A young girl slips softly out of her sorority house and hurries to a car in which a frightened young man is waiting to drive her to an abortionist in a city a hundred miles away.

• The scene is a railroad track not far outside Philadelphia; the time is early morning. An onrushing train screeches to a stop, but not before its wheels have decapitated an 18-year-old coed who, a minute earlier, had calmly lain down with her neck on the rail.

A fine old American tradition says that the college years are the best years of our lives, and for many students they still may be. But for a surprisingly large number college has become a time of confusion, misery, frustration and failure.

At the University of Pennsylvania 20 percent of the students require help from the mental-health service during their college years. At Harvard 25 percent of the undergraduates consult a psychiatrist or social worker. But these percentages reflect no discredit on Penn or Harvard. A recent poll of 600 college psychiatrists revealed that about 15 percent of the students in their institutions seek psychiatric help—while 30 percent ought to.

The emotional distress that underlies much of present-day college life takes a variety of forms. Campus physicians and nurses often see it as headaches and nightmares, cramps or retching before examination time, fatigue, overweight and forgetfulness. Campus disciplinarians frequently see worse symptoms: drinking and rioting, gambling, outbreaks of cheating on exams, sexual promiscuity. And the police and coroner occasionally see still worse things: the hypodermic syringe and the packet of "snow," the empty bottle marked POISON, the open 10th-story window.

Is this the American dream come true—the dream of a college education for everyone who could benefit from it? Problems and emotional upsets may always have been part of this time of life, but they used to seem trifling, even romantic. Yale men, for instance, have long sung, in charming melancholy, "We're poor little lambs who have lost our way: Baa, Baa, Baa. . . ." Only it isn't so charming now: A recent study shows suicide to be the second most common cause of student deaths at Yale, after accidents. Nationally, suicide is the sixth most common cause of death among people of the same general age group.

What on earth is happening? It would be comforting to discover a single cause for the emotional troubles that afflict nearly a third of our college students—especially if it were one that could be easily overcome. But the fact is that there are several causes—none of them easy to overcome.

Some of these causes do, however, have a single origin—ironically enough, the American dream itself. The idea of college for everyone and the importance attached by our society to a college degree—especially the right degree from the right school—have created a whole set of new pressures on our young people.

Since World War II our society has become so college-conscious that teenagers start to worry years ahead of time about whether there will be room for them in a good school. In the 1930's only a relative handful of high-school seniors took the College Entrance Board Exams; today, when the exams are much tougher, about a million and a quarter students take them. No wonder these youngsters toss sleeplessly at night, develop nervous twitches and shout at their brothers and sisters while waiting for the acceptance letter on which their lives seem to hang.

But being admitted is not the end of the long period of stress. After a brief period of respite things only get worse, since today there is no acceptable alternative to successful graduation from college. "To quit school or to flunk out are no longer reasonable options, as they were when most of us were in college," says Dr. John D. Black, director of the Counseling and Testing Center at Stanford University. "The result is more intense, self-serving competition, more temptation to succeed by hook or by crook, more hostility and anxiety."

All too often these dangerous pressures on the student come from his own well-meaning father or mother. Sometimes this pressure takes the form of parental insistence on a certain college. What the child may want or need is ignored; after all, what does a kid know? The roommate of a boy who had just flunked out of Harvard described such a relationship bitterly. "Bob was a good kid. He'd have made out almost anywhere else, but no, his father had to have a Harvard man for his law firm. So now he's got a Harvard failure. I hope he's satisfied."

Ronald (as we will call him) was another victim of misguided parental ambition. Blond, crew-cut, athletic and good-looking, he seemed perfectly typecast at an Ivy League college. But he didn't act it. He stayed alone in his room a great deal, "to beat the books," he said—though he often smelled of whiskey. By sophomore year he was cutting classes frequently, drinking much more and teetering on the brink of expulsion. One night he punched his fist through a window and needed 10 stitches. The physician who sewed him up persuaded him to see the college psychiatrist.

"I never wanted to come here anyway," Ronald admitted to the psychiatrist. "But my father did. He was always bugging me to get another prize or join another club, so I'd be sure to be accepted—to make up for him. And I did. I made the honors list all through high school. And I think half the people in the town I come from knew me, I belonged to so darned many organizations. It's different here, though—all the guys must come from the same prep school or something. They talk their own special language, and a fellow like me can't make it with them. When I used to try, they'd freeze up and look at me down their noses, as if I smelled bad or something. So I started to drink. And then the guys liked me even less and my grades got even worse. I didn't know what to do, so I took another drink."

Ronald talked over his problems with the psychiatrist for half-a-dozen hours, and then decided to transfer to a coed state college. There he was much more comfortable and got along well. He was one of the lucky ones; thousands of others like him never get such help, and quietly sink from view. Others muddle through on their own, at the cost of lifelong psychic damage.

Hard-driving parents

Parents also put pressure on their children by excessive emphasis on academic success in college. In their eagerness to believe they have a brilliant child, they may fail to hear an average child's cries of distress. Barbara, a slender brunette from Chicago, had been driven hard enough by her parents to get good grades in high school. At an excellent western university, however, she got C's and D's—and even these only by denying herself any time for fun and relaxation.

Feeling guilty and inadequate, she was ripe for trouble. It came in the form of Dan, a boy she fell in love with in her second year. Dan only partly returned the feeling. At once her grades began to slip badly and unfinished assignments piled up. Deeply depressed and full of morbid thoughts, Barbara visited the university psychiatrist. At his advice, she wrote to her parents, asking them to let her take a leave of absence and reconsider her plans in life. Her parents, horrified, wrote directly to the psychiatrist.

"Our Barbara is a brilliant girl," they said, "but she has never even begun to achieve what she is capable of. Instead of leaving now—which would wreck all our plans for her—she should stay, give up that boy and redouble her efforts to make the dean's list. That's *our* idea of psychotherapy!" Barbara, when she learned of this letter, swallowed a dozen sleeping pills. Found in time, she was sent home—a winner of the battle, a loser of the war.

A third way in which parents put pressure on their children is by dictating their choice of career. Hundreds of thousands of unhappy young men and women have suffered through years of training in some field they dislike, because their parents are using them to achieve a vicarious glory. Social worker Bernard Neugeboren, formerly of Yale's Division of Student Mental Hygiene, describes one solution such students unconsciously find: "They assert the right to decide about their lives," he says, "by quietly failing in the work they were forced to take."

Louis, a premedical student whose high-school record and entrance exams gave him a predicted college average of 89 at Yale, was actually averaging only 71, and sliding down toward expulsion. He himself had little idea why.

"My professors are creeps," he might say, or, "What's the use? We're all going to be blown up soon anyhow."

Later he'd admit, "I try, but I can't seem to concentrate." In three hours of discussions with Neugeboren, however, he saw that his near-failure was his way of protesting against a medical career he had never wanted. He thereupon asserted himself by switching to economics and telling his family about it in unarguable terms. Within a few weeks his average rose to the 80's.

Not all the pressures bearing down on today's students are passed on to them by their parents. Indeed, students themselves often generate a lot of their own tensions. "We tell each other again and again how many of us are likely to flunk out," said a senior at M.I.T. "We pass on all the rumors about how only the top guys get decent jobs. We work ourselves into a real lather and grind away at our books all night. No wonder we get stomach trouble or nightmares."

But students who talk like this are not entirely to blame. They are reflecting the attitude of the society around them—and of their college. For the colleges themselves bear a considerable share of the responsibility for this situation. Most of the best-known schools have been raising their standards of admission, increasing the course requirements, dropping many students who would have sailed through with ease in the 1930's, and encouraging an atmosphere of intense competition.

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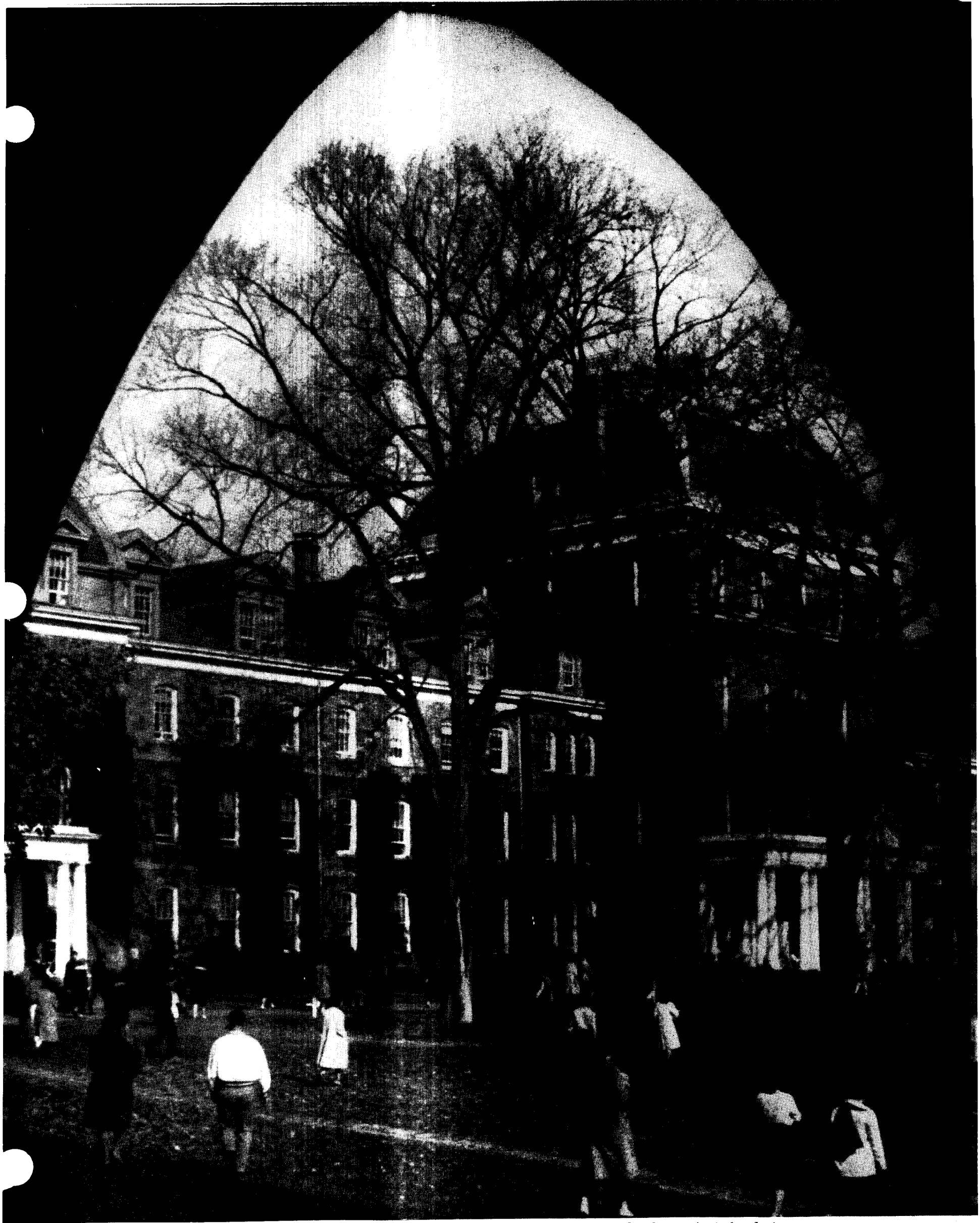

Swarthmore College has found that competitive pressures often hit the able students hardest.

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"It's a rat race, a grind, a meaningless ride on a roller coaster. I'm counting the days till it's over."

COLLEGE LIFE

Moreover, the increased academic competition harms not only the less capable students but many of the extremely bright ones as well. Former Dean Everett Hunt of Swarthmore has said that melancholia seems especially common among exceptionally able students, and Richard C. Carroll, associate dean of Yale College, candidly says, "Somehow, in striving for brighter students—and getting them—we have increased the incidence of emotional instability."

Some gifted people cannot thrive—cannot even endure—in a highly competitive atmosphere; they need one that is more cooperative or permissive or intimate. And many a student who was outstanding in his local public school is shocked and depressed to find, on entering an extremely competitive college, that he has at best a middling sort of talent. "When I came here last year," said a Cornell sophomore, "I'd always had a straight A average in school, and suddenly I was making only C's. It nearly threw me. I was so miserable that I wanted to throw in the towel."

Many capable young people, making this discovery, lack the self-discipline to raise their grades, so they let themselves slide into the discard heap. Others furiously goad themselves on in a single-minded dedication that, at the very least, makes their lives miserable and may lead to more serious trouble. As a girl at the University of Illinois explained in a letter to a friend, "You exist from one assignment to the next, one weekend to the next, living for the time the exam is over—only to start right in on the next one. The pace doesn't let you stop and take a look at *what* you're doing or *why*. That's how I've managed to make the honors list—big deal! I don't even know why I care—or *if* I care."

Although the people who know most about student emotional disorders do not always see eye to eye on the subject, many of them agree with Dean James H. Robertson of the University of Michigan that the chief cause is "personal unreadiness or immaturity." One Yale freshman, who complained he couldn't study and felt awkward on dates, was still getting fried chicken sent by his mother once a week, and cookies in between times. Some college psychiatrists say that the disorder they encounter most often is the kind of immaturity technically known as "personality disorder." People with a personality disorder are often irresponsible, impulsive and lacking in conscience; they do what they please without caring what society will think of them. Typically, they may get drunk, cheat on exams, cut classes, smoke "pot," act rude and vulgar, "sleep around," or build bonfires on the president's front lawn—all without feeling particularly uneasy or guilty.

On some campuses personality disorders account for a substantial portion of suspensions and expulsions, yet there is considerable hope for these youngsters, for time is an effective medicine against immaturity. At Yale the director of the student mental-health service, Dr. Robert L. Arnstein, said, "We encourage young men of this sort to delay entering college or, if they have done so and run into trouble, to go on leave and put in their two years of military service. We once did a follow-up study of dropouts and found that the majority of those with personality disorders either came back and graduated or finished college elsewhere or were successfully at work. All in all, a very high proportion of them turned out relatively well."

Another factor contributing to tension on the campus is the universal problem of growing up, which psychoanalyst Erik Erikson has called "the identity crisis." Somewhere in the process of maturing, every young man and woman must figure out and assume his or her adult identity. This can be especially difficult for college students because they delay their final decisions for years, during which they face a bewildering array of new possibilities. And as psychologist Charles McArthur of Harvard says, "This overlong tentative state of mind is fertile soil for the growth of neuroses."

There are two main aspects of the collegian's identity crisis. The first is choice of a career. Though many students find the freshman year bewildering and difficult, it is during the sophomore year that most undergraduates must decide on a major subject, one that is usually keyed to their future vocation. The frequent result is "sophomore slump"—declining grades and deteriorating behavior, the by-product of indecision and perplexity. For the woman, however, this crisis occurs a second time, in stronger form, in her senior year, when she has to choose between marriage and a career. All too often, says Miriam Shelden, dean of women at the University of Illinois, girls succumb to "senior clutch"—a frantic grasping at whatever men are nearest at hand, with resulting marriages that create more problems than they solve.

Sex is the other main aspect of the identity crisis for college students. "Am I really a man?" is a painful question for any youth—particularly when he can answer it only by attempts at seduction or by early marriage (which may force him out of college altogether). As a result, a good many students come to consult the college psychiatrist filled with needless fears of latent homosexuality.

Sex is a somewhat different problem for the girl. She wants to prove her desirability, but she is well aware that premarital sex is not sanctioned by her parents, her church, her school, or even many of her friends. In several recent surveys the majority of college women admit that at times they have "gone farther" than they should have, and that they feel guilty about it. Even if they feel that, because they are in love, it is morally all right to "go all the way," they still conceal what they are doing from their families and even from their roommates, and therefore have to bear the burden of their secrets alone. As one college girl put it recently, "Freshman year, the problem that girls talk about is what to do when a boy tries to unbutton your blouse; sophomore year, when he reaches up under your skirt; and after that, everybody shuts up."

Probably the gravest emotional trauma that results from efforts to establish a sexual identity is the unwanted pregnancy which the girl and her boyfriend decide to terminate by abortion. Just how many college girls get pregnant today is unknown, but startling rumors float around on certain campuses. A senior at one small, highly respectable girls' college said, "Why, half the girls on this campus are going to bed with their boyfriends. I know three girls personally who've had to have abortions."

Sexual problems of all sorts have a special force in college because today so many young people are thrust suddenly into a sophisticated, open-minded environment for which nothing in their background has prepared them. But such difficulties are only part of the larger problem implicit in broadening the college population from a small elite to include boys and girls from nearly all walks of life. "Two or three generations ago," says Dr. Carl M. Grip, dean of men at Temple University, "the undergraduate population was pretty much of a piece. The students came from homes with college backgrounds and a good deal of sophistication. They all had relatively comparable standards and ideas of behavior. Today people of all sorts of beliefs, manners and attitudes are rushing into college and mingling with one another. In a way this is marvelous, but some of them are profoundly shocked and unsettled by their experiences, and many of them suffer keenly."

Submerged in the crowd

The great influx of students creates yet another hardship: At the larger state colleges and universities school populations are so huge—total enrollments of 15,000 to 20,000 are becoming commonplace—that students are apt to feel lost and ignored. Some exist as virtual nonentities, wretchedly lonely for four years. Others make frantic efforts to become known on campus. As a bright senior at the University of Illinois explained, "You sweat for good grades, you get into all sorts of activities, you poke your way in here and there and run yourself ragged—all to overcome that sense of obscurity and show up as a person."

Is college today really so much more trying than it has always been? Perhaps not for the majority of college students—but it obviously is for a sizable and probably growing minority. "The emotional problems of today's students certainly seem more severe than those of a generation ago," says Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, psychiatrist and director of the Harvard University Health Services. And Dr. John Black of Stanford is convinced that they are not only more severe but far more common than they used to be.

An indication of this increase is the fact that a number of colleges have set up facilities to treat emotional problems in recent years. Before World War II not more than a dozen colleges had mental-health clinics; today an estimated 125 do—a 10-fold increase, even though the total represents only about six percent of the 2,000 institutions of higher learning in this country. It is estimated that some 80 other schools have psychologists on their staffs, and that over 150 have guidance and counseling services which give some attention to relatively simple emotional problems.

Moreover, colleges that offer such services have found that more and more students are taking advantage of them. Harvard inaugurated a Bureau of Study Counsel in 1947 in addition to its long-standing mental-health clinic; each year since then the number of students using the bureau has grown. At the University of Pennsylvania, which opened its mental-health clinic on a full-time basis eight years ago, there was a 25 percent increase each year in the number of students using it, until a separate study-counseling service was established as well.

Professional psychological help for college students with emotional disorders is undoubtedly valuable. Yet most parents and students will still not find this the answer, primarily because so few schools have such facilities. What, then, can anyone do?

First and foremost, parents should try not to apply damaging pressures to their children—even though they may think they are doing so with the best of intent. Glamour schools, high grades and prestige careers can be genuinely hazardous goals for a student, unless they are really right for him. The mediocre student should avoid the academically tough college, no matter how prestigious it is. The student who is unnerved by competition should seek a college with a relaxed and permissive atmosphere, no matter how bright he is. The shy or retiring student should probably avoid the vast impersonal school; the gregarious, ambitious student might do well to avoid the small egghead liberal-arts college.

Parents should also consider ways of reducing the shock of a late-maturing child's first plunge into college life. This might mean that, instead of going out of town his first year, he would go to a school in the vicinity of his home—and plan to transfer elsewhere his second or even third year. It might mean starting at a junior college and stepping up to a larger, more demanding school for the last two years. It might even mean delaying entrance into college for two or three years of work, travel or military service. Or, if he is already in college and having trouble, it might mean voluntary withdrawal on leave for a couple of years.

Our sons and daughters may not be able to echo the words of the Yale graduate of 1928, who said as he strolled through the court of his former dormitory, "I can recall only one unhappy period when I was here. That was in May of my senior year, when I suddenly thought, 'Good Lord, it's nearly over—the best time of my life!'" But neither need they reflect the sentiments of the bitter senior at M.I.T. who recently said, "It's a rat race, a grind, a meaningless ride on a roller coaster. I'm just counting the days till it's over." THE END

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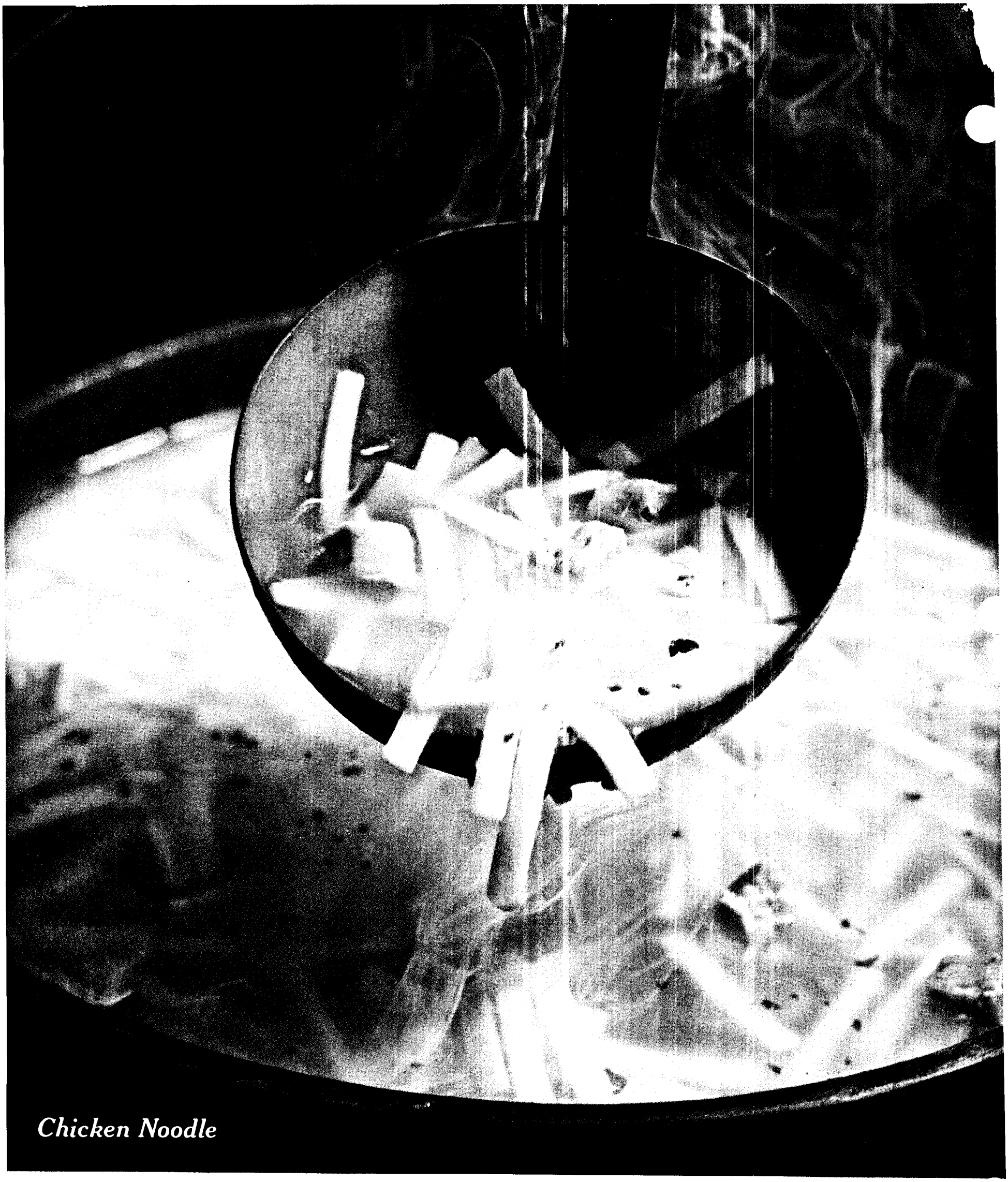

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A WOLF IN THE FAMILY

By Jerome Hellmuth

Kunu, at two months old, was playful as any puppy.

The experts said it was foolhardy to try to raise a wolf as a pet—particularly with children in the house. I was determined to prove that they were wrong.

For centuries now parents have been dutifully giving their children insomnia by telling how a big bad wolf dined on a defenseless old grandmother and then almost ate a little girl as dessert. The fable of Little Red Ridinghood is something of an exaggeration, however. In our house in Seattle, my wife, four young daughters and I are raising a great MacKenzie Valley she-wolf with fangs like daggers. So far she has not eaten any grandmothers or anybody else. I must admit, though, that my wife Elane did not immediately warm to the idea of having a wolf for a house pet.

I told her a story I had read about a nursing wolf which had raised two deserted human babies in her den in the jungles of Bengal. No less an authority than the late Dr. Arnold Gesell of the Yale Clinic of Child Development corroborated the tale.

"If wolves can raise children," I said, "why shouldn't we be able to raise a wolf?"

Actually, that incident and a theory of mine were all we had to go on. According to the experts, no one with an ounce of brains would invite a wolf into a home, especially a home filled with children. Since the earliest fairy tales the wolf has always been portrayed as a vicious, bloodthirsty animal. Such a respected naturalist as William Byron Mowery has written, "Nobody except a trapper or other person living in lonely country should ever consider having a wolf pet."

"They might be all right when young," one authority told me, "but just wait till they grow up. They'll turn on you."

I still wasn't convinced. I had been collecting wild animals ever since I was a child. After Elane and I were married, I had brought home a pair of huge Alaskan Malamutes. These majestic Huskies are as close as dogs can get to being wolves.

Along with my love for the Malamutes, Ootak and Sitka, I had a theory. The wolf is deeply devoted to its own kind, showing intense loyalty to its young and family. In fact, speaking as a psychoanalyst, I believe wolves are even more sociable and loyal than humans.

What would happen, I wondered, if this so-called ferocious beast of prey was kept in a home and treated as a friend? The only way to find out was to give a wolf a home—ours.

Our first task was to find an animal that was completely unprejudiced toward people. After some investigation I learned that a wolf at the Tacoma Zoo, less than an hour's drive away, was about to have a litter.

Our huskies duly impressed the zoo's superintendent. If we could manage them, he figured, we should be able to handle a wolf. He agreed to sell us a cub as soon as it was born.

We were so overcome with curiosity that our earlier fears abated. It was like anticipating the birth of a child. Our four daughters—three teenagers and a six-year-old—had purchased a layette that any baby would be proud to own: doll blankets, nursing bottles, nipples—everything but safety pins and diapers.

Finally, after weeks of waiting, the superintendent called. Our baby she-wolf had arrived only moments before. The attendants had immediately separated her from her mother and placed her in the zoo's boiler room to keep her warm. When we arrived, I found her huddled in an old shoe box. She was tiny and pug-faced and black as a sewer rat. When I picked her up, she yawned, then squeaked. She sounded more like a mouse than a wolf.

Life hung by a thread

During the days that followed, our lives revolved around her every twitch and grunt. We knew that since we had removed her from her mother, her life hung by a thin thread as she tried to adjust to unnatural surroundings.

As a father of four children I had learned to improvise, but what do you feed a baby wolf? I solved this by purchasing powdered baby food and plenty of yogurt, one of the most nutritious and easily digested of all foods. It was this formula, mixed with water and heated, that kept our baby wolf alive.

Feeding her, however, was not so simple. What is the proper way to nurse a six-inch-long wolf? How big a hole do you burn in the end of a nipple to get a stream of milk that resembles what comes from a mother wolf? And finally, has anyone ever tried to housebreak a wolf?

She did not succumb to colic, but when she was only three weeks old she did come down with one of civilization's diseases—Asian flu. In fact, the whole family spent the week wheezing and sneezing. But the runniest nose of all belonged to our baby wolf. The youngsters took her to bed with them, snugly tucking her under the covers. The doctor came to give us flu shots. It took him a little longer with the new member of the family. It was, he said, the first wolf he had ever treated.

As our wolf recuperated, she began exploring the world around her. She was more curious than a cat, quicker than a dog. One day she climbed up to the top floor and discovered the open clothes chute. Naturally she climbed in to investigate and slid down the chute to the cement floor below. When we found her, she seemed to be lifeless. But we discovered she was peacefully asleep. Because of her narrow escape from death, we decided to give her the Eskimo name Kunu, which means "the grave."

Our daughters, who had not escaped the wolf myths, were puzzled by this frisky little animal's behavior. "But she's no different than any other puppy," the girls complained. "When is she going to be a wolf?"

A few nights later we had tucked the youngsters in bed when the heavens were split by a violent thunderstorm. In the midst of the noise the girls heard a mournful, eerie cry. They rushed into the living room and turned on the light. There was Kunu, seated on top of a pillow on the couch, her nose pointed ceilingward, crying her heart out.

There was something terribly forlorn in Kunu's wail. It was Ootak, our female Malamute, who showed us what Kunu was seeking. Each spring Ootak had given us a litter. But this spring there would be no puppies, for Ootak was dying from a virus that was destroying her nervous system.

One day we discovered Ootak under a bed. Deep in her warm fur she was cuddling Kunu. Ootak had found the baby she couldn't have, and Kunu had discovered the mother she had lost.

Despite the love Kunu poured out to Ootak, the great Husky continued to sink. Kunu seemed to sense what was happening, and would gambol about, urgently trying to interest her new mother.

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Kunu has shown no signs of her vicious heritage. Says owner Hellmuth, "I would trust her more than most dogs."

Ootak's eyes would momentarily brighten, but then become glassy again, her head falling to her chest. Then one night we were awakened by the dirge of a baby wolf whose mother had died. Only when our dachshund Hexie came whimpering up to Kunu did the wailing stop.

When Kunu was two months old a strange thing began to happen. A wolf's sense of sound and smell is extraordinarily acute. In the woods even a disturbed leaf is suspicious. In a city with roaring cars and screaming children a wolf could easily go mad. Kunu began to develop tantrums and phobias. As director of a school for mentally retarded children and the father of a brain-damaged child, I noticed that Kunu showed many the symptoms of my own daughter, Darien.

For a time I could not make Kunu leave the house. Finally I was able to get her out late at night or early in the morning while the city was asleep. Yet even at these hours her inborn radar system missed nothing. She could spot a plane when it was only a pinpoint in the sky. If a neighbor's Plymouth was not parked in the usual place, she would sound a wailing alarm.

Gradually, over a period of several months, her nervous system began to adjust. But as her fear abated, she developed an inordinate curiosity. She had to sniff everything. My patience often reached the breaking point as I waited for hours, leash in hand, while she sniffled and snuffled.

While Kunu adjusted to our world, we in turn became apprehensive about her. It is one thing to have a six-inch-long wolf in the house, but it is something else to own a year-old wolf that stretches five feet from nose to tail, weighs 75 pounds, and gulps three pounds of food at a meal. Even our dreams, we realized, were becoming disturbingly rich in wolf imagery.

As her strength grew, Kunu began to assert herself. Loping through the house, she would slip into closets, grabbing dresses, shirts, socks in her massive jaws. She would take these trophies to a hiding place under the bed and devour them.

One day Kunu dragged one of my good shoes under the bed. This time I lost my temper. Without thinking, I crawled after her—only to find Kunu's gleaming fangs a few feet from my face. Her yellow eyes shone from the darkness. Then she burst forth with an angry growl. Suddenly I contracted a quick case of humility.

Slowly I edged forward, talking softly. I told her I realized how much this shoe must mean to her. I promised that if she let me have my shoe back, I would find something else she might like just as well. As I talked, I stretched out my hand to pat her. After what seemed like an eternity of talking and patting, Kunu dropped the shoe in my hand. I had discovered something no one would have believed—you can reason with a wolf.

A scream from the basement

Actually, Kunu not only fed on love like a child but was equally profuse in her offers of friendship. Her way of showing friendship was to give someone a big kiss. Of course, wolves do not kiss like people. The wolf demonstrates affection by grabbing another wolf's mouth and squeezing firmly with its teeth. Every morning our children would look forward to Kunu's kisses. Instead of their mouths, she would grab their arms with her fangs and shake gently.

One day the plumber came to the house to fix a leaky pipe in the basement. Suddenly there was a shattering scream. Elane raced to the basement, where she found the terrified plumber down on his knees as Kunu affectionately munched on his arm, her tail wagging joyously.

Elane tried to explain. "You mean that wolf was only trying to *kiss* me?" was all he could say.

After that we made sure to tell all visitors that they should expect one of Kunu's arm-crunching kisses. Some of our friends understood, but there were others we never saw again.

While our friends knew what kind of animal we were harboring, we hadn't yet sprung Kunu on the outside world. When we did begin taking her for long walks during the daytime, most people assumed that Kunu, like Sitka, was a Husky. On one walk, however, a car suddenly stopped with a screech beside us, and a man's pale, startled face peered out of the window. "Good Lord," he said after a moment. "For a minute there I thought that was a wolf."

When Kunu was two years old we moved to a new house in Denny Blaine, a residential community overlooking Seattle's Lake Washington. There were complaints at first, but over the past two and a half years our neighbors have come to realize that Kunu is harmless. Her howls have become as familiar as the sound of the trolleybus riding along East Denny and the ducks quacking in the community pool.

On Sundays when Kunu raises her face to the heavens and sends that haunting cry through the city streets, her voice drifts toward the local church, mingling with the organ and the hymn singing. Only now and then does someone feel a shiver down his spine. THE END

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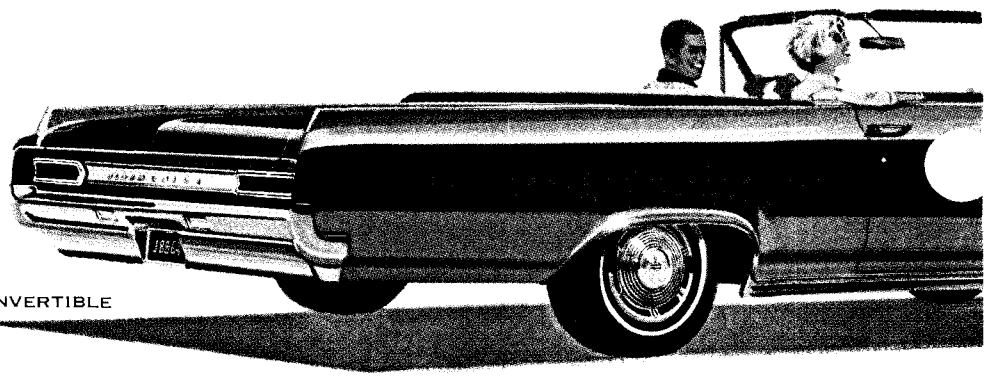

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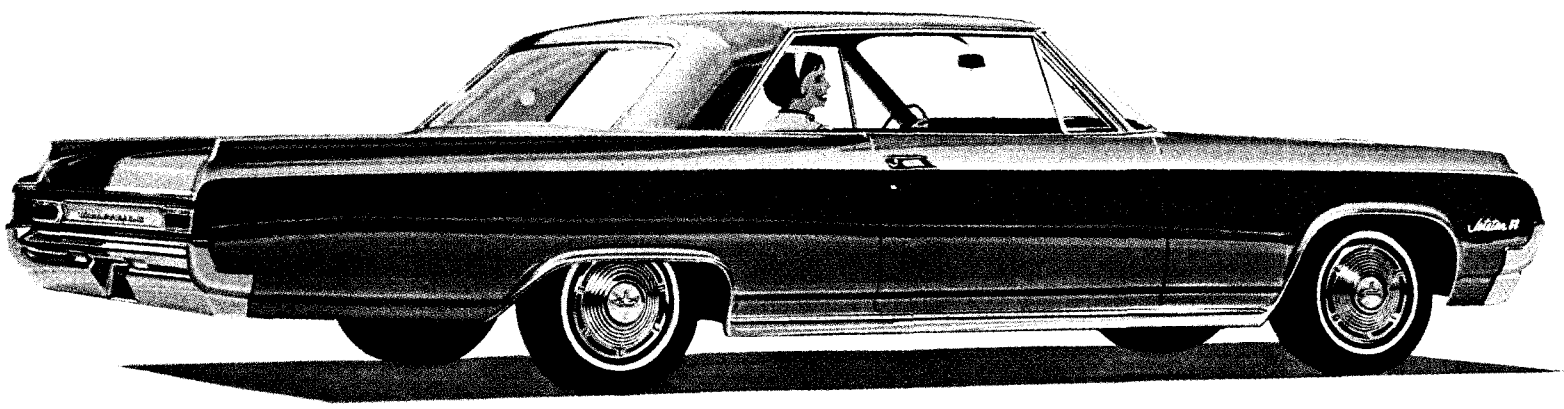

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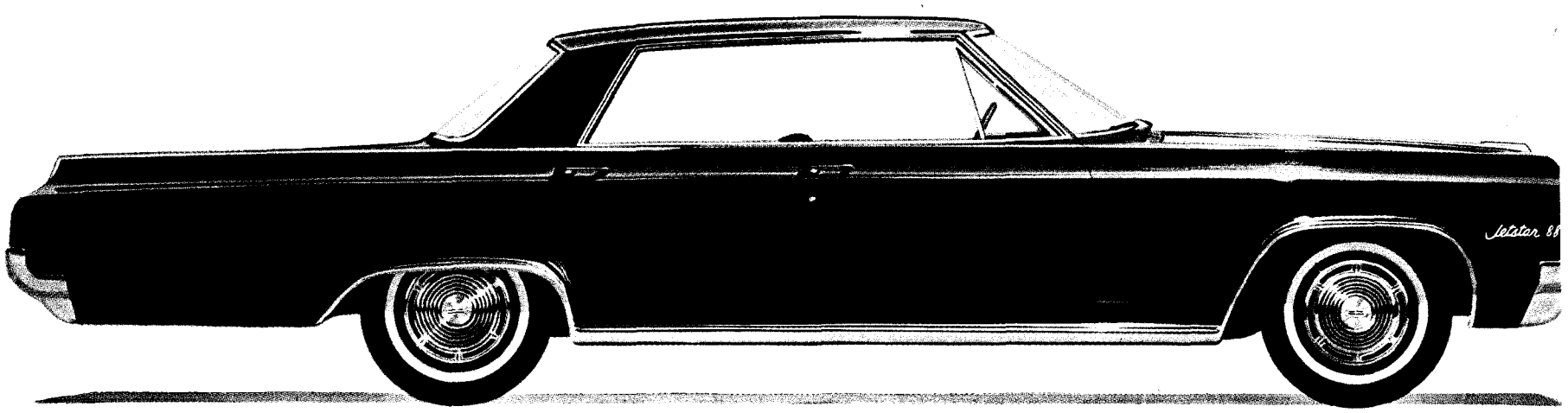

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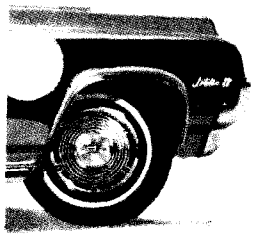

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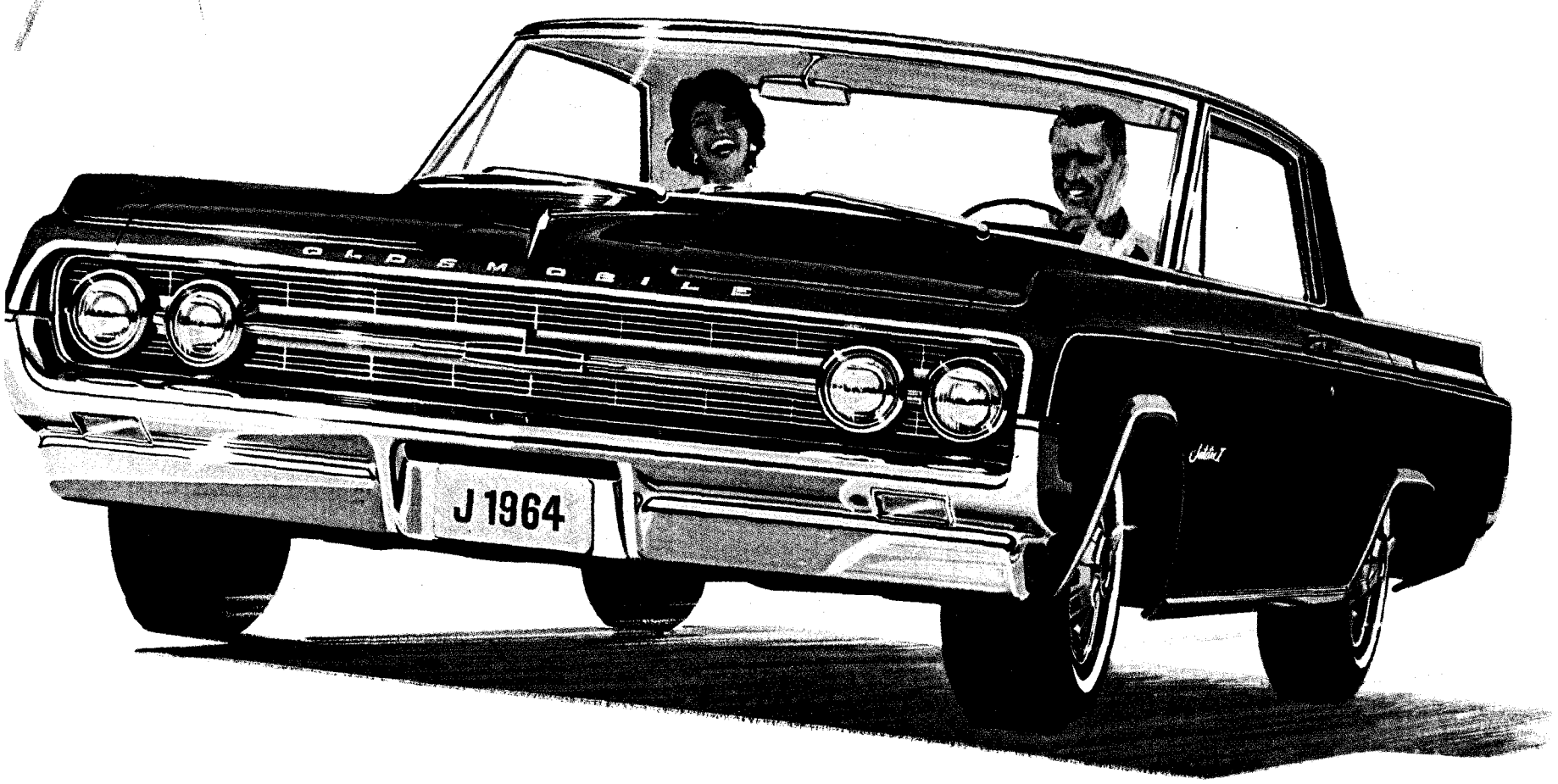

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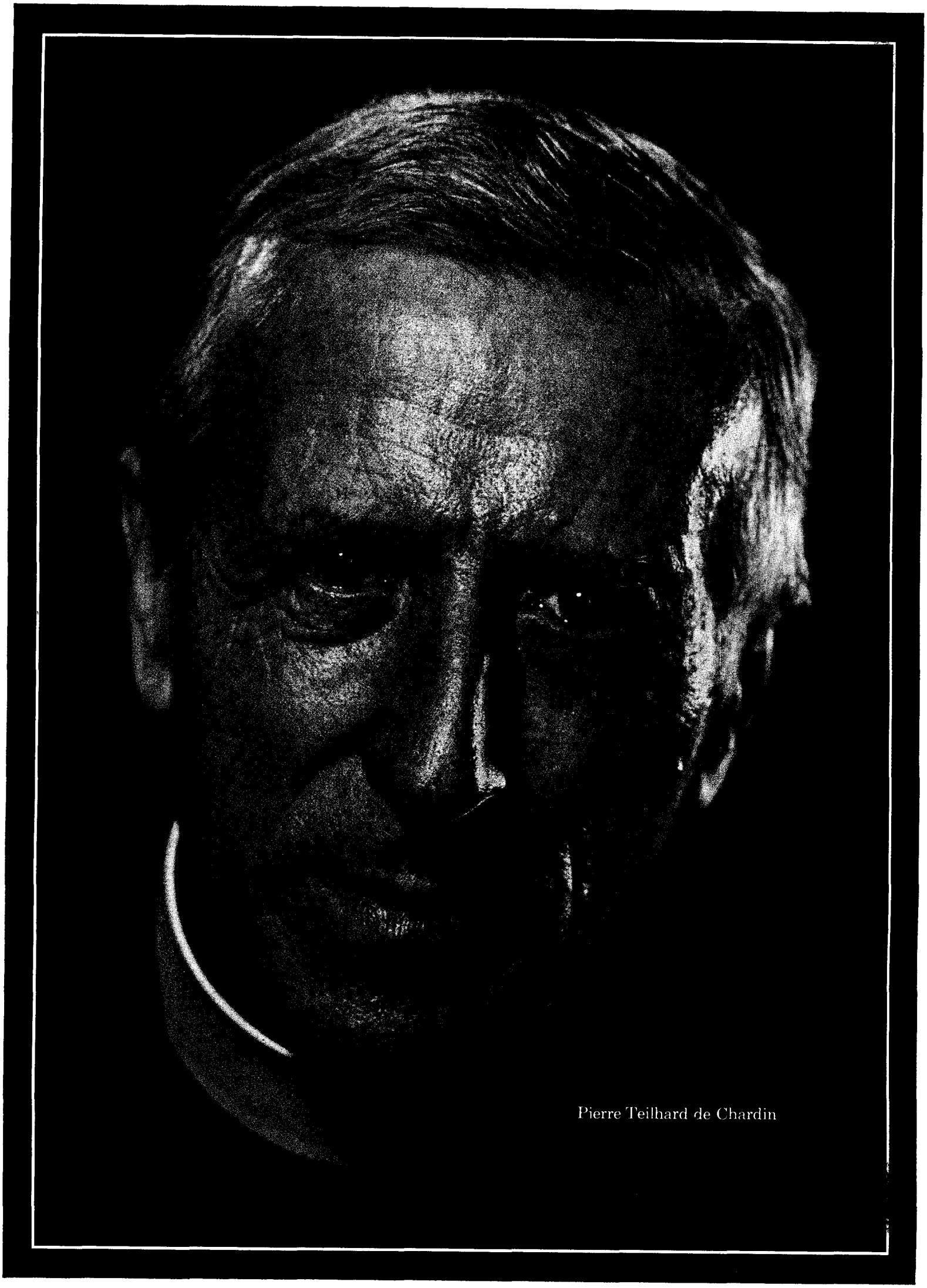

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

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THE PRIEST WHO HAUNTS THE CATHOLIC WORLD

During his lifetime Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a French Jesuit, was prohibited from publishing his unorthodox theories. Now, over eight years after his death, his many books are creating fierce controversy and influencing thousands, including some princes of his church meeting in Rome.

By JOHN KOBLER

When Pierre Teilhard de Chardin died in New York City eight years ago, the French Jesuit priest and paleontologist was little known outside a circle of fellow priests, scientists and friends. Today he is a symbol of the winds of change that are blowing throughout Christendom. By attempting, in essays, books and lectures, to reconcile and unify science and religion, he has kindled fiercer controversy within his church than any other modern Catholic thinker.

At one extreme of opinion Father Teilhard is acclaimed as "the Saint Thomas Aquinas of our age . . . a new Galileo . . . a great scientist and a great servant of God." At the other extreme he is denounced as "the Trojan horse of Catholicism," a man with dangerous theories in which "maximum seduction coincides with maximum aberration." The Holy Office of the Vatican banned Teilhard's works from Catholic bookstores in 1957 (though some ignore the ban) and last year issued a *monitum* [a formal warning] against exposing believers to the perils of Teilhardism. When Pope John convoked the Ecumenical Council last fall, however, he said its task was "to open the windows of the Church . . . bringing it into step with modern times."

The council never openly referred to "the forbidden Jesuit," as one biographer calls Father Teilhard. But the flickerings of his influence glinted beneath the polemics. They are likely to do so again during the current sessions of the council, reconvened by Pope Paul. An Italian expert on the council goes so far as to predict that the outcome will either reflect the Teilhardian spirit or it will accomplish nothing of importance.

Teilhard's influence extends far beyond the domain of Catholic theology. The total sales of his 10 published books run close to a million copies. Organizations of dedicated followers labor to increase the boom. In France the Association of the Friends of Teilhard de Chardin, boasting a thousand members, sponsors lectures, symposiums and week-long conventions. Other Teilhardist groups, some of them verging on cultism, flourish in Italy, Germany, England, Belgium and South America. The Teilhard bibliographies list more than 1200 titles. The Paris Museum of Natural History plans to open three rooms full of Teilhard documents and memorabilia. The French mint struck a medallion in his honor, bearing his profile and his mystical axiom: "Everything that rises converges." Despite the right-wing hostility to the Jesuit, the Vatican pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair included his portrait in a gallery of the century's greatest men. Even the Communists are trying to exploit Teilhard; one of his books will soon be published in Moscow.

Teilhard has become celebrated only after his death because the Society of Jesus forbade him to publish his works during his lifetime. They were saved from oblivion by the devotion of his followers, particularly a woman named Jeanne Mortier, who still guards a cupboard full of his unpublished manuscripts. Barred from teaching or holding ecclesiastical office, Teilhard spent most of his life in exile, often anguished, but always submissive, free of rancor and deeply devout.

Teilhard, who died at the age of 73, came of an ancient, wealthy and patrician family. He was a superb physical specimen, tall and sinewy, with the profile of a falcon hewn from rock, but softened by a luminous smile and glowing, gray-blue eyes. He loved people. "The world is round," he used to say, "so that friendship may circle it." A certain sartorial elegance is one of the few little vanities a priest may indulge. Teilhard, however, utterly indifferent to externals, was usually rumpled, and his trousers—for he preferred to wear trousers without the cassock—seldom met his shoe tops. Though he did not actively proselytize, the power of his conviction and his personal radiance fortified the faith of waverers and moved nonbelievers to join the church.

Intellectually sophisticated, an aristocrat by birth and breeding, Teilhard yet retained a childlike simplicity and directness, a naïveté, in his social relations which encouraged opportunists to use him. He could not bring himself to condemn any man. Chided for associating with an exceptionally repulsive character, he replied, "No doubt he has other, valuable qualities." A younger brother, Gabriel, an air-force officer at the outset of World War II, wrote to him in angry despair over France's defeat, "The soldiers of 1940 were afraid to die." The Jesuit's answer passed Gabriel's understanding: "They felt they had another and better task to fulfill."

The intelligentsia of Paris, New York and Shanghai lionized Teilhard, and their salons became forums for the dissemination of his ideas. But he was also accessible to the lowliest student who wanted his guidance. Gay and witty, despite painful inner conflicts, he had a propensity for impish clerical jests which sometimes shocked

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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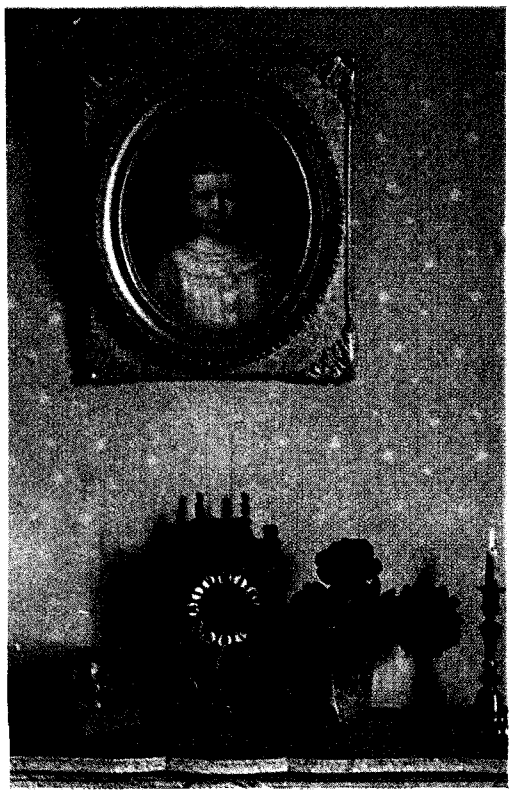
AS A CHILD HE WITHDREW INTO THOUGHT OF A "GOD OF IRON."



This painting of Teilhard, age five, hangs in his birthplace in France's Auvergne.

starchy churchmen. Noting the prim, desiccated old maids who crowded a Paris Jesuit chapel when he celebrated Mass there, he exclaimed, "Lord, Lord, wherever do You seek Your brides!" Of the persecuted 17th-century astronomer, Galileo, whose discoveries about the solar system the Catholic Church did not accept for 200 years, he said, "I keep his bust in my room, because the church owes him at least that much."

Among Teilhard's achievements as a paleontologist was the codiscovery of the famous "Peking man," one of the earliest known hominids or manlike creatures. (Actually, fossil measurements proved "Peking man" to be a woman, and Teilhard named her "Nelly.") It was from his rare combination of scientific and spiritual insights that Teilhard distilled his controversial theory.

For him no unbridgeable gap existed between science and religion. He viewed them as but two threads of the same seamless garment, two aspects of God.

For 40 years manuscripts developing that synthesis flowed from Teilhard's pen. They teemed with propositions bound to strike rigid Catholic theologians as heretical. According to his central theme, "Evolution is a general condition to which all theories, all hypotheses all systems must bow and which they must satisfy if they are to be thinkable and true. Evolution is a light illuminating all facts, a curve that all lines must follow."

In his first book published, *The Phenomenon of Man*, which was completed in 1940, Teilhard depicts evolution as the progress of the universe—a progress divinely conceived and therefore irresistible—from elemental matter through the advent of life, animal consciousness and human thought toward God. "Man did not descend from an ape," he was fond of saying. "He ascended." Nine books followed, among them his lyric, passionate spiritual testimony, written in 1927, *The Divine Milieu*.

Widely translated, they have achieved a commercial success in both Europe and the U.S. which astounds the publishing world, for they make formidable demands on the reader. Pope John once complained, "Why did he have to write such difficult things?" At times Teilhard pursues his arguments along paths so labyrinthine that he loses the reader altogether. His brilliant style compounds the difficulties by intermingling the tones of poetry, metaphysics, science, mysticism, philosophy and Scripture. He frequently coins words and gives familiar ones special meanings. To aid bewildered readers, his French publisher recently brought out a lexicon of his neologisms, such as "*hominisation:* the progressive movement of nonreflective animal life towards reflective human life." Yet by the end of 1962 *The Phenomenon of Man* had sold 140,000 copies in France and 50,000 in the United States.

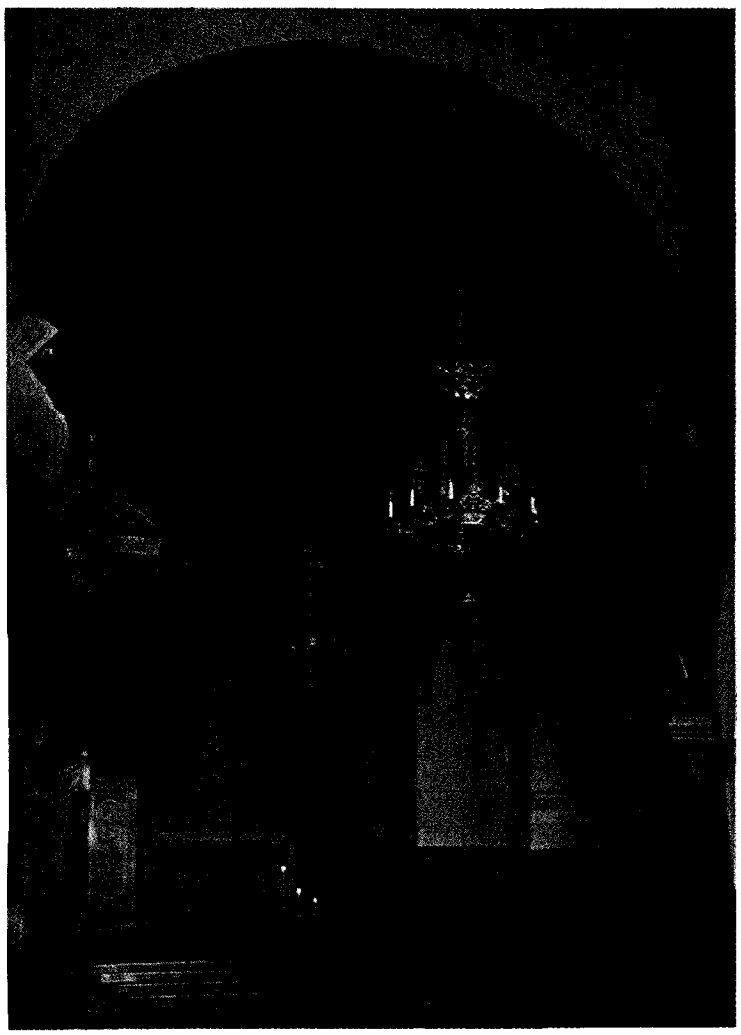
Curiosity partly explains the anomaly, a curiosity stimulated by the long suppression of the manuscripts, the aura of mystery surrounding Teilhard's private life, and the resulting body of legend. Snobbishness is another factor. Teilhard has become fashionable. Dropping the name is a ploy of cocktail-party one-upmanship. Casually displayed on a living-room table, his works impart highbrow status. But the biggest stimulus to popular success has been the torrent of books and articles about Teilhard.

At New York's Catholic Fordham University, Dr. Louis Marks, Associate Professor of Biology, conducts a seminar on Teilhard. His personal enthusiasm is unqualified. "Teilhardism will become the church's new philosophical system," he predicts. But in deference to the *monitum*, Dr. Marks exhorts his students to approach the subject with prudence. Not long ago a waggish sophomore brought a plaster gargoyle to class. "Here she is," he announced. "Meet Prudence."

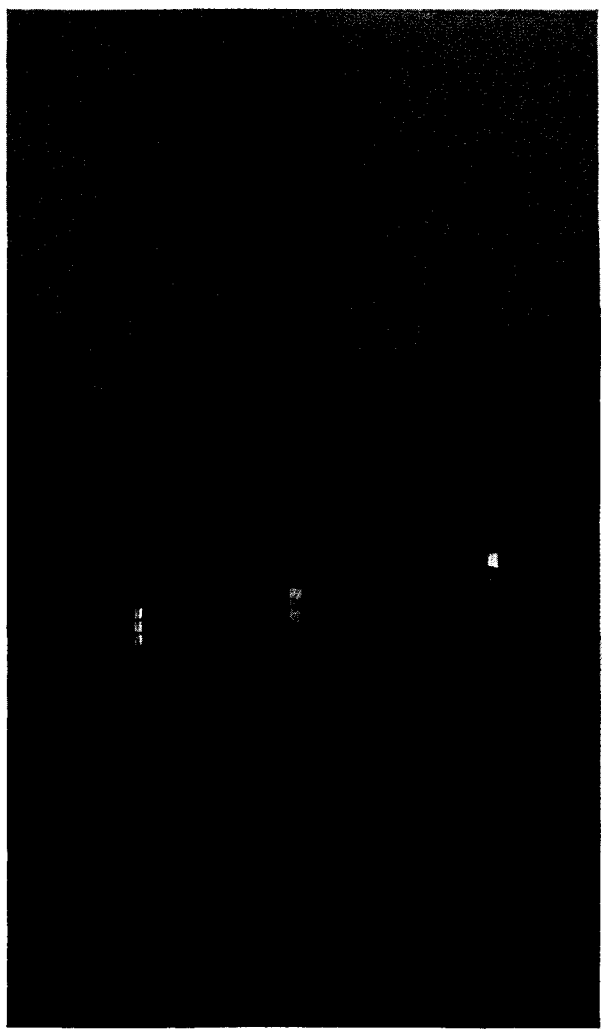
Catholic dogma does not require believers to accept Genesis literally. It permits a variety of theories, including evolution, providing they recognize Scripture as divine revelation. Fifteen centuries ago Saint Augustine advised Christians not to consider the Bible a scientific text, and his own commentary on Genesis is often cited to show that evolution can be compatible with orthodoxy. Nevertheless, in practice evolution has long been a risky area for Catholics, because its early proponents were predominantly materialists who dismissed God from the universe. In fact, not until Pope Pius XII's encyclical letter of 1950, *Humani Generis*, did the church explicitly authorize Catholic scholars to explore evolution, and then only as an unproven hypothesis.

In Teilhard's system, however, evolution is no hypothesis. It is the key to the whole meaning of existence. It operates not through blind chance as the scientific materialists argued, but purposefully, an irreversible process planned by God. A twofold principle underlies this process: Nothing can appear that has not been prepared from all eternity, and the universe is always at work perfecting itself.

The starting point of evolution from primordial matter Teilhard called Alpha, and the Goal, the Omega Point. Omega is, in effect, God, but Alpha also contains God. Thus, the universe began in God and will return to Him. "Man," Teilhard wrote, "is not a static center of the world, as he long assumed, but the axis and arrow of evolution, which is something finer." So far the march of evolution has



His pious mother walked miles to attend Mass in this village church before dawn so she could be home when her children woke.



The son of a country squire, Teilhard was born in this majestic 18th-century manor house. It dominates tiny village.

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Even as a boy he sought secrets in stars and stones. His rocks and telescope, saved by his family, recall his early penchant for science.

advanced through three major stages—pre-life, life and thought. Hyper-life, for which Teilhard believed man to be now ripe, lies ahead. " . . . humanity has just entered what is probably the greatest transformation it has ever known. . . . Something is happening in the structure of human consciousness. It is another species of life that is just beginning."

From hyper-life, Teilhard prophesied, with the boundless optimism that colored his vision, humanity individually and collectively will eventually enter into ultimate, perfect union with God at the Omega Point, and so will conclude the epic drama of evolution. Nothing, he felt, could prevent that final consummation.

As the main forces of evolution, Teilhard posited two kinds of energy. The first kind, "tangential" energy, acts upon what he termed the "Outside of Things." Scientists see the growth of the universe as a sequence of combinations: atoms forming molecules, molecules forming cells, cells forming plants and animals.

But the physical and chemical forces that bring about these changes manufacture no new energy. According to the laws of thermodynamics, the new organism expends its energy in heat and eventually disintegrates. Physicists reckon that the sun, for example, will consume all its available hydrogen atoms in about 15 billion years, then cool off and die. "A rocket rising in the wake of time's arrow that bursts only to be extinguished," Teilhard reflected poetically, "an eddy rushing on the bosom of a descending current—such then must be our picture of the world. So says science, and I believe in science, but up to now has science ever troubled to look at the world except from without?"

Teilhard rejected the prospect of the universe thus reduced to a cold, black void, of evolution vanquished. God, he believed, could not have intended such an end for his creation. There must exist some other kind of energy capable of producing higher forms ad infinitum and thereby preventing universal decay. Teilhard looked for such an energy on the "Inside of Things," by which he meant consciousness, and he ascribed an inherent consciousness to even the lowest forms of inorganic matter. Operating on the Inside, on consciousness, he concluded, was a "radial" or spiritual energy, separate from but related to tangential energy. Reversing the laws of thermodynamics, he formulated the "Law of Complexity-Consciousness."

According to this law, complexity increases on the Outside until stopped by the loss of tangential energy. But on the Inside, radial energy, which is inexhaustible, drives the organism toward higher levels of both complexity and conscious-

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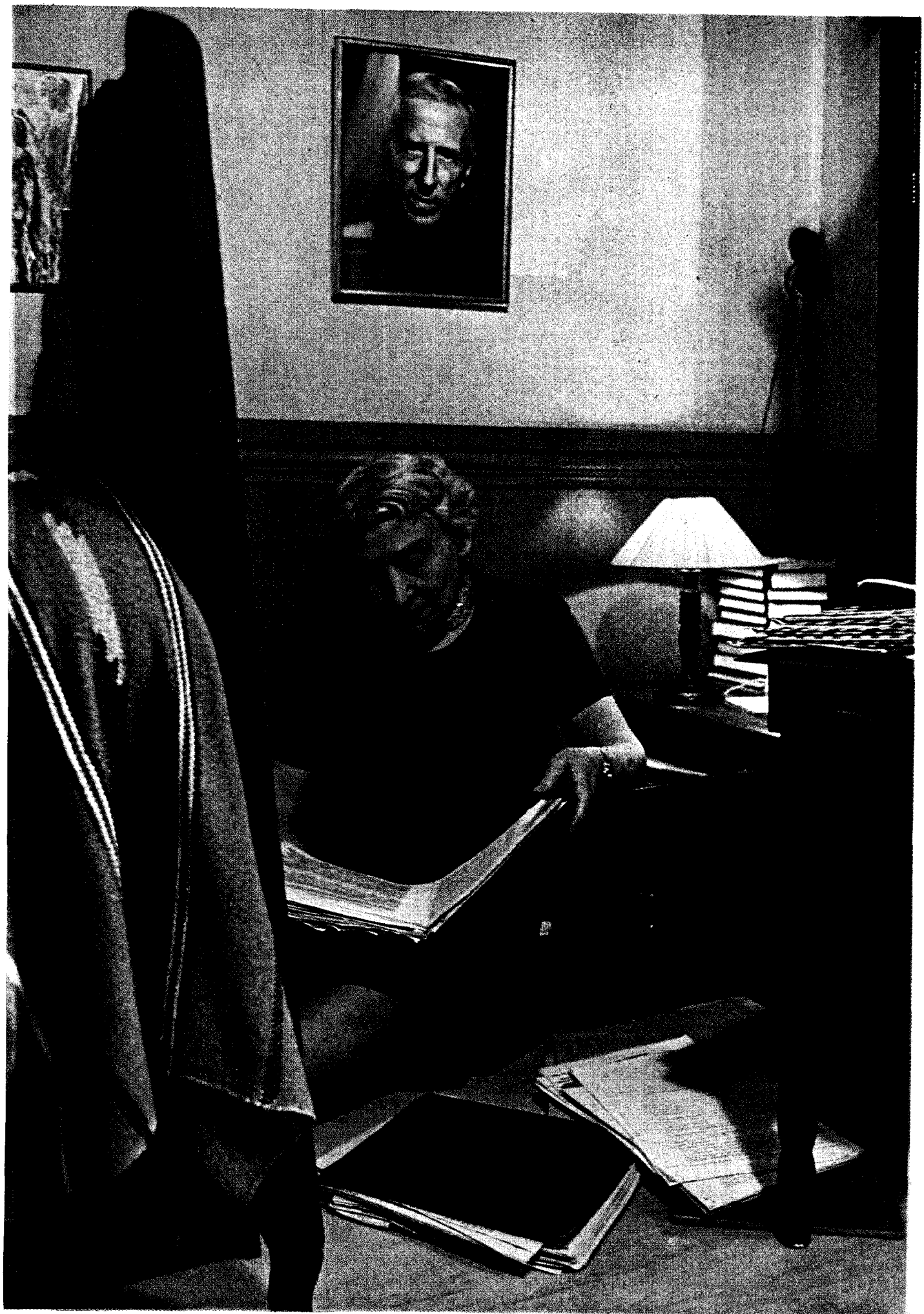
WHILE HE LIVED, HIS FATE WAS EXILE. NOW HIS THEORIES ARE EXALTED, CONDEMNED.



Jeanne Mortier, a devoted disciple, reads one of Teilhard manuscripts she keeps in cupboard in her Paris room.

ness. In the evolution of animals, complexity-consciousness reached the level of instinct and awareness, in man, the level of thought, moral judgment, freedom of choice, spirituality. "Animals merely know," said Teilhard, "but man knows he knows." Since radial energy is a tremendous reservoir, it will go on producing more and more complex forms and so outdistance the rate of atomic disintegration.

Through this interplay of the Outside and the Inside, Teilhard reinterpreted evolution, the universe and God. Geologists describing the successive layers of the earth speak of the barysphere, composed of metals; the lithosphere, of rocks; the hydrosphere, of water. Teilhard invented a new layer, the noösphere (from the Greek *noos:* mind). Thought, he explained, generated the noösphere. "The idea is that of the earth not only becoming covered by myriads of grains of thought but becoming enclosed in a single thinking envelope so as to form, functionally, no more than a single vast grain of thought. . . ."

But the noösphere is not the apex of evolution. Beyond it, Teilhard believed, beckons a further series of syntheses converging toward the Omega Point. The prerequisite to this final ascent is man's social consciousness. Just as aggregates of cells form an individual, so the aggregate of individuals will form a superorganism, a collective, combining the sum total of human consciousness. But how can personality and collectivity combine without damage to either? Teilhard finds the answer in a special property of radial energy—love. And the power that moves the universe through love toward the zenith is Christianity. In the culminating synthesis of evolution a universal consciousness, forever freed from material shackles, will fuse with Omega.

If left solely to the Holy Office, headed by the aged, archconservative Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, the controversial literature would not only have been banned from Catholic bookstores but also no doubt placed on the Catholic Index of Prohibited Books. Many authors have been proscribed for less. But Pope John took a broader view. He showed scant enthusiasm for the Index. "I am here to bless, not to condemn," he once remarked when asked what fate he thought Teilhard's works deserved, and he had no wish to arouse world opinion with another Galileo case. Indeed, though he approved the *monitum*, a formal warning, probably to appease the Holy Office, he later called it "regrettable." It remains to be seen what position Pope Paul will take.

It is what Teilhard omitted from his account of evolution, or what he failed to stress, that dismays the orthodox. Nowhere, they protest, did he clearly acknowledge spontaneous creation, that act in which God created the human soul. Again, if evolution is carrying humanity infallibly to absolute perfection, if the process was preordained from Alpha to Omega, what place remains for Divine Grace, without which no Christian can achieve salvation? And what happens to evolution if a Third World War annihilates mankind? Part of Teilhard's attrac-

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tion is his spirit of hope in a time of despair. Some religious thinkers, however, do not share his optimism. "I can base my life on the hope of individual salvation, but not on the certainty of universal survival," says the distinguished French Jesuit theologian, Father Jean Daniélou. "Some imbecile may drop the bomb." Teilhard never dealt logically with the possibility that mankind might destroy itself. In his radiant optimism he simply refused to consider such a possibility could occur.

Teilhard's critics also attack him on scientific grounds. To ascribe consciousness to matter, they object, is sheer mysticism, unverifiable by any instrument of observation.

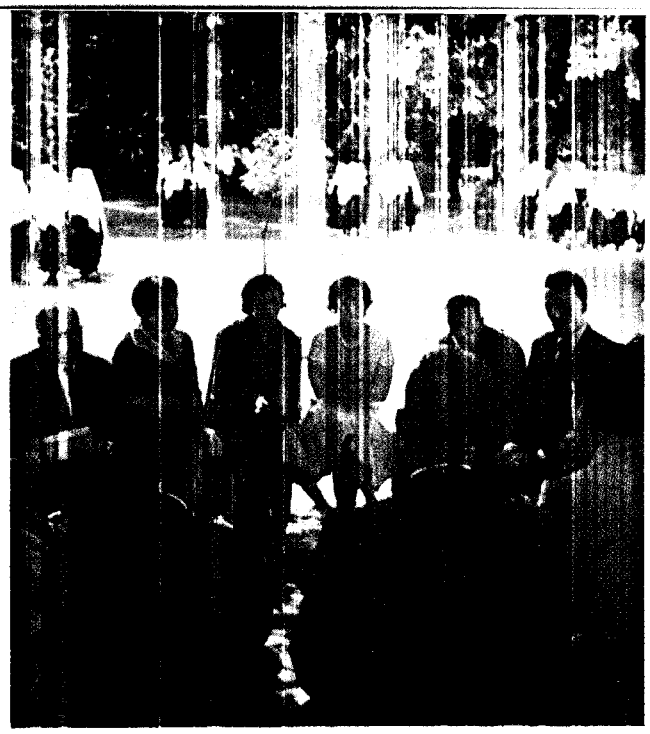
Yet despite Teilhard's deviations from Christian doctrine and scientific logic, both theologians and scientists agree that he filled an urgent need in both their spheres. Scientific materialism is on the wane. So is religious isolationism. The deeper science probes nature the less likely it seems that science can explain everything, that superhuman power plays no part. At the same time progressive clergymen feel the church must readjust its outlook to the discoveries of modern science, if it is to remain a vital influence.

In his introduction to the English translation of *The Phenomenon of Man*, the agnostic biologist, Sir Julian Huxley, wrote, ". . . [Teilhard] has forced theologians to view their ideas in the new perspective of evolution and scientists to see the spiritual implications of their knowledge. He has both clarified and unified our vision of reality." Maurice Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, declared, "What is most alluring in his work is the wonderful prospect of a total and aggregate perspective of the universe in which matter and spirit, body and soul, nature and the supernatural, science and faith will find their unity in Christ."

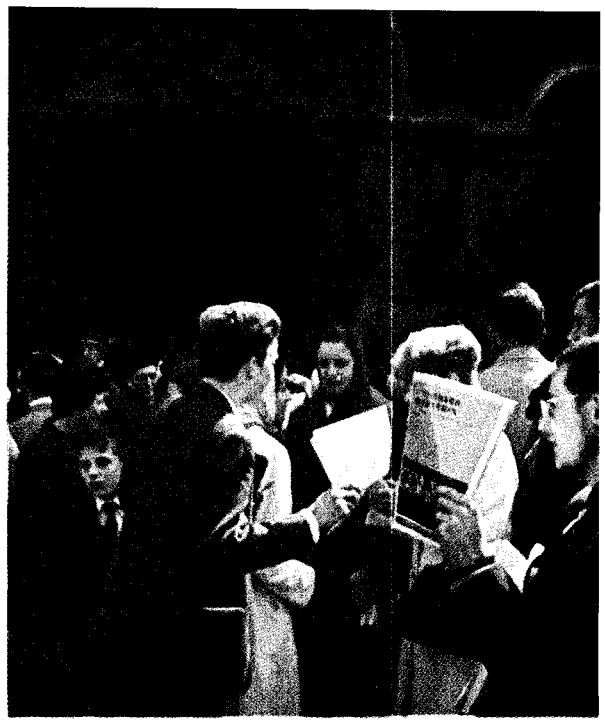
In the United States Father Teilhard's influence is just beginning to be felt. His numerous followers have as yet formed no organization, the main reason being pressure brought by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi. One of Teilhard's most ardent American supporters, Father Robert T. Francoeur, a young biology teacher of Steubenville, Ohio, was obliged to abandon his efforts to establish a Teilhardist center, and his anthology, *The World of Teilhard de Chardin*, was banned from Catholic seminaries. Abroad, however, Teilhard has even been dragged onto the tumultuous stage of international politics and there made to serve diametrically opposite aims.

Leopold Sédar Senghor, the French-educated Catholic President of Senegal and black Africa's foremost poet, advances the Jesuit's ideas as an antidote to Communism. Owing mainly to Senghor, Teilhardism has created a considerable ripple on the dark continent.

"Considering the failure of liberal capitalism and the selfishness of privileged nations, our greatest temptation was to turn to Marxism," Senghor proclaimed not very long ago. "We soon realized that if Marxism could help us cure our underdevelopment, it could not satisfy our



Members of the Association of the Friends of Teilhard meet in a Paris convent to study his ideas about science and God.



Parisian youths distribute anti-Teilhard tracts at a church entrance. A bishop later banned this practice.

Communist Roger Garaudy twisted the priest's theories to fit Marxist dogma. Russia now publishes Teilhard.

Father John Janssens is general of the Society of Jesus, which forbade the Jesuit priest to publish while he lived.

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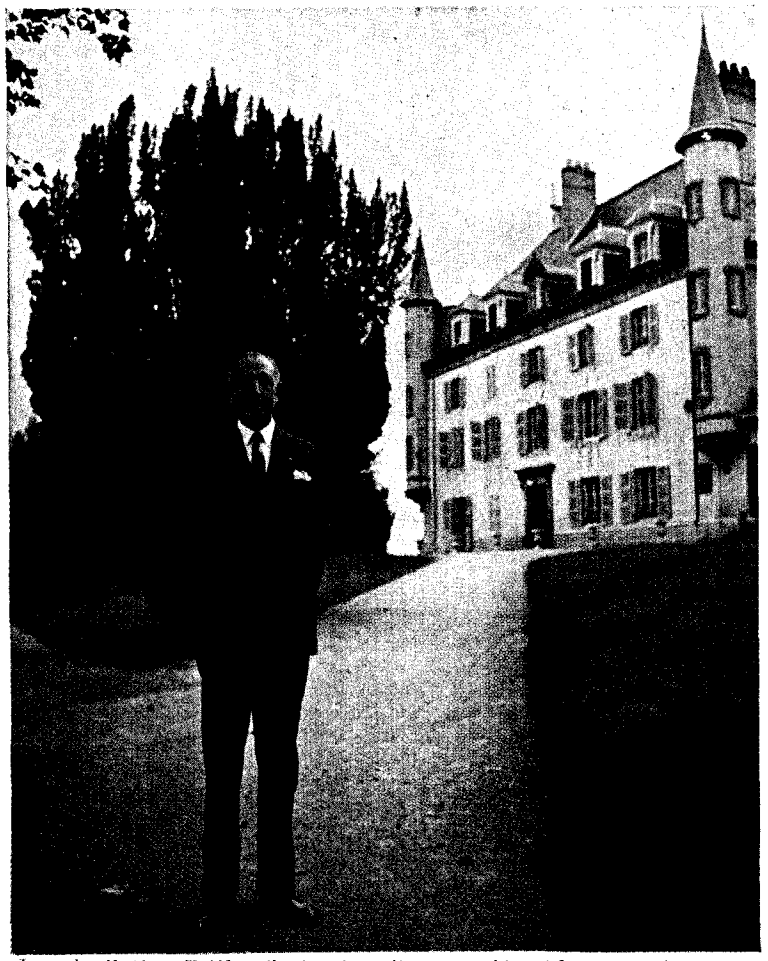

Joseph, Father Teilhard's brother, lives in this château in Auvergne.

"LORD, LORD," HE ONCE ASKED, "WHEREVER DO YOU SEEK YOUR BRIDES?"

spiritual hunger. Father Teilhard enabled us to transcend the paradox of materialism and spirituality. He led us out of a dead end."

Although Teilhard's writings contain no direct reference to the problems of Africa's blacks, it is easy to understand how deeply some of his general propositions would appeal to them. For example: "No evolutionary future awaits man except in association with other men. . . . The most humanized groups appear always, in the end, as the product not of a segregation, but of a synthesis."

It is less easy to understand what common ground could possibly exist between Teilhardism and Communism. In the latter Teilhard saw "the most ghastly fetters . . . the anthill instead of brotherhood." Yet one of Teilhard's principal supporters in France is Roger Garaudy, a former Communist senator who now heads the Center for Marxist Studies in Paris, and regularly journeys to Moscow on Party business. By perverting Teilhard's evolutionary theory, and promoting the idea of collective consciousness only so far as it might lead to a superior social world community, Garaudy has made the Jesuit acceptable to the Soviets, who will shortly issue a Russian translation of *The Phenomenon of Man* with a preface by Garaudy (the latest of whose own books is titled *God Is Dead*).

According to the Friends of Teilhard's somewhat naïve justification for thus harboring a Communist, wherever the Teilhardian light shines it can produce only good. But the strange relationship has fortified the anti-Teilhard camp. "We always knew it," they say. "Teilhard undermines Catholicism."

Teilhard's sense of spirit pervading matter germinated in his boyhood. The place was Sarcenat, a tiny mountain village in the province of Auvergne, where the family occupied a majestic 18th-century French manor house. "I was certainly no more than six or seven," Teilhard recalled near the end of his career, "when I began to feel drawn by matter—or more exactly by something that 'shone' at the heart of matter." The boy secretly hoarded commonplace metallic objects—a plow key, nails, spent cartridge shells—and worshiped them as idols. "I withdrew into the contemplation of my 'God of Iron.' Why iron? Because in my childish experience nothing was harder, tougher, more durable. Stability: That undoubtedly has been for me the fundamental attribute of Being."

Despair overwhelmed him when he realized iron rusted. To console himself, he searched for more durable idols. The region around Sarcenat abounds in volcanic craters, and he dug up bits of quartz, amethyst and chalcedony. His entire spiritual life, as he looked back on it, seemed to him merely a development of that boyhood vision. So did his dedication to paleontology.

The name "Teilhard" is among the oldest in the Auvergne ("de Chardin" was added after a 19th-century marriage). Genealogists trace it to a 14th-century notary, Pierre Teilhard. In 1538 noble rank was conferred upon one Astorg Teillard, as the name was also spelled. For his heraldic shield Astorg chose an exalted motto: "Fiery their vigor and celestial their origin."

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's mother, Berthe Adèle de Dompierre d'Hornoy, was a woman so pious that when a priest tried to give her some comfort on the death of one of her children, she told him, "No, why trouble? He is in heaven before us." She had a plaque raised over the main entrance of the manor house, consecrating it to "the Sacred Heart of Jesus." In order to be on hand when her children awoke, she normally attended the earliest Mass at the village church, which was celebrated before dawn, walking the two miles, rain or shine, even during her pregnancies. At home she had her own oratory where she frequently retired with her rosary. To his "dear and sainted mother," Pierre attested, "I owe the best in my soul. . . . It gives me great strength to know that the whole effort of evolution is reducible to the justification and development of a love of God. That is what my mother used to tell me long ago." Ironically, the Teilhard de Chardin genealogy derives its loftiest distinction from her great-great-granduncle, the atheist, Voltaire. She often prayed for his soul.

On inherited land—the accumulation of generations—Pierre's father, Emmanuel, led the life of a country squire. An erudite man, with a passion for original historical documents, he tirelessly rooted through the provincial archives. His efforts were crowned by the discovery of a letter Joan of Arc had dictated, bearing her full signature—the only specimen known—instead of her customary "X." Emmanuel also had a taste for natural science which he imparted to Pierre. But he never quite accepted the 20th century. To his dying day he wrote with a quill pen. He did not install electricity or central heating in his house until the '30's. He looked upon trade and commerce as demeaning pursuits, and when his son Joseph went into the shipping business (the last surviving child, he now heads a Paris insurance company), the old gentleman felt the family escutcheon had been stained. As another son, Albéric, had once observed, "We are a family who should be preserved under glass."

Pierre was born on May 1, 1881, the fourth of 11 children. They were all handsome, intelligent and godly, and all but three died young of disease or battle wounds in World War I. Smallpox killed his sister Françoise at the age of 26 in Shanghai, where she was the mother superior of a renowned convent. His sister Marguerite-Marie, for whom he had a particular spiritual affinity, contracted tuberculosis of the spine at 20, and during the 17 years left to her she was bedridden. Yet by correspondence and bedside conferences she directed the Catholic Association of the Sick. Years after her death Pierre apostrophized her in these words:

"O Marguerite, my sister, while I, dedicated to the positive forces of the universe, was wandering over the continents and the seas, passionately absorbed in watching all the hues of the earth rise, you, motionless, prostrate, you were silently transforming, at the depths of your being, the darkest shadows of the world into light.

"In the eyes of the Creator, tell me, which of us two will have played the better role?"

Like all the boys of the family, Pierre went to a Jesuit school. (All the girls attended an Ursuline convent.) He won top honors in every subject but one—religious doctrine. The fusty method of teaching it repelled him. At 18, having passed his baccalaureate, he entered a Jesuit novitiate. He had barely taken his first vows, in 1901, when the French government enacted harsh anticlerical laws, and he migrated with his order. England offered the Jesuits refuge first on her channel island of Jersey, then in Brighton. When not occupied by his curriculum, which consisted chiefly of philosophy and the physical sciences, Teilhard roved the countryside with a geologist's hammer.

A Jesuit's religious preparation is long and rigorous, and he was not ordained until 1911. By then the anticlericalism at home had subsided, and the Jesuits returned. Father Teilhard was attached to the paleontological laboratory of the Paris Museum of Natural History.

Deep in no-man's-land

World War I brought a shattering spiritual crisis to Teilhard. He joined a regiment of Moroccan Zouaves as a stretcher-bearer. Under the heaviest barrage he would venture deep into no-man's-land after the wounded as if bullets were air. His valor won him the Military Medal and the knighthood of the Legion of Honor. The Moroccan soldiers believed he was protected by his *baraka*, an Arabic word meaning spiritual stature. A young officer he befriended, Max Bégouën, marveled at such serenity in the face of death. "If I'm killed," said Teilhard, "I shall have changed my state, that's all."

His evolutionary concept had begun to take shape, and despite the exhaustion of battle, he would spend half the night pacing up and down behind the trenches, thinking. "Except for a few bad hours," he said in his old age, "I never lost my taste for thought."

Neither war nor natural cataclysms could shake his belief in the infallibility of evolution. To Teilhard mankind was imperishable. Evil, suffering, waste he saw as only transient departures from the main thrust forward, necessary departures, "because His perfections cannot run counter to the nature of things, and because a world, assumed to be progressing towards perfection, is of its nature precisely still partially disorganized. A world without a trace or a threat of evil would be a world already consummated. . . . Like an artist making use of a fault or an impurity in the stone he is sculpting or the bronze he is casting so as to produce more exquisite lines or a

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more beautiful tone, God, without sparing us the partial deaths, nor the final death, which forms an essential part of our lives, transfigures them by integrating hem in a better plan. . . ." Again, Teilhard could not accept the idea that mankind might commit suicide.

Shortly after the armistice, Max Bégouën, whom the war had reduced to a spiritual vacuum, met Teilhard at a dinner party in Paris, and they left together. Bégouën recounts: "It was raining and cold. As I walked beside him, I told him I had lost my faith and why. Very simply, with the kindness and charity that never failed him, he expounded his ideas on creation, the meaning of evolution, and the supreme and active part Christ played in the evolution of the cosmos. From nine to midnight, walking back and forth in the rain, Father Teilhard . . . gave me the answer I had waited for so long. That night I was reborn, tottering like Lazarus as he stepped out of the tomb at God's command: Come forth!"

Teilhard was then completing his scientific studies at the Sorbonne. The following year the Catholic Institute of Paris appointed him to its chair of geology. In 1923 his superiors permitted him to join an expedition into the Ordos Desert of Inner Mongolia. He was gone three years. One Easter Sunday, camping near the edge of the desert, he composed a remarkable prayer:

"Since once again, O Lord, in the steppes of Asia, I have no bread, no wine, no altar, I will raise myself above those symbols to the pure majesty of Reality, and I will offer to You, I, Your priest, upon the altar of the entire earth, the labor and the suffering of the world. . . .

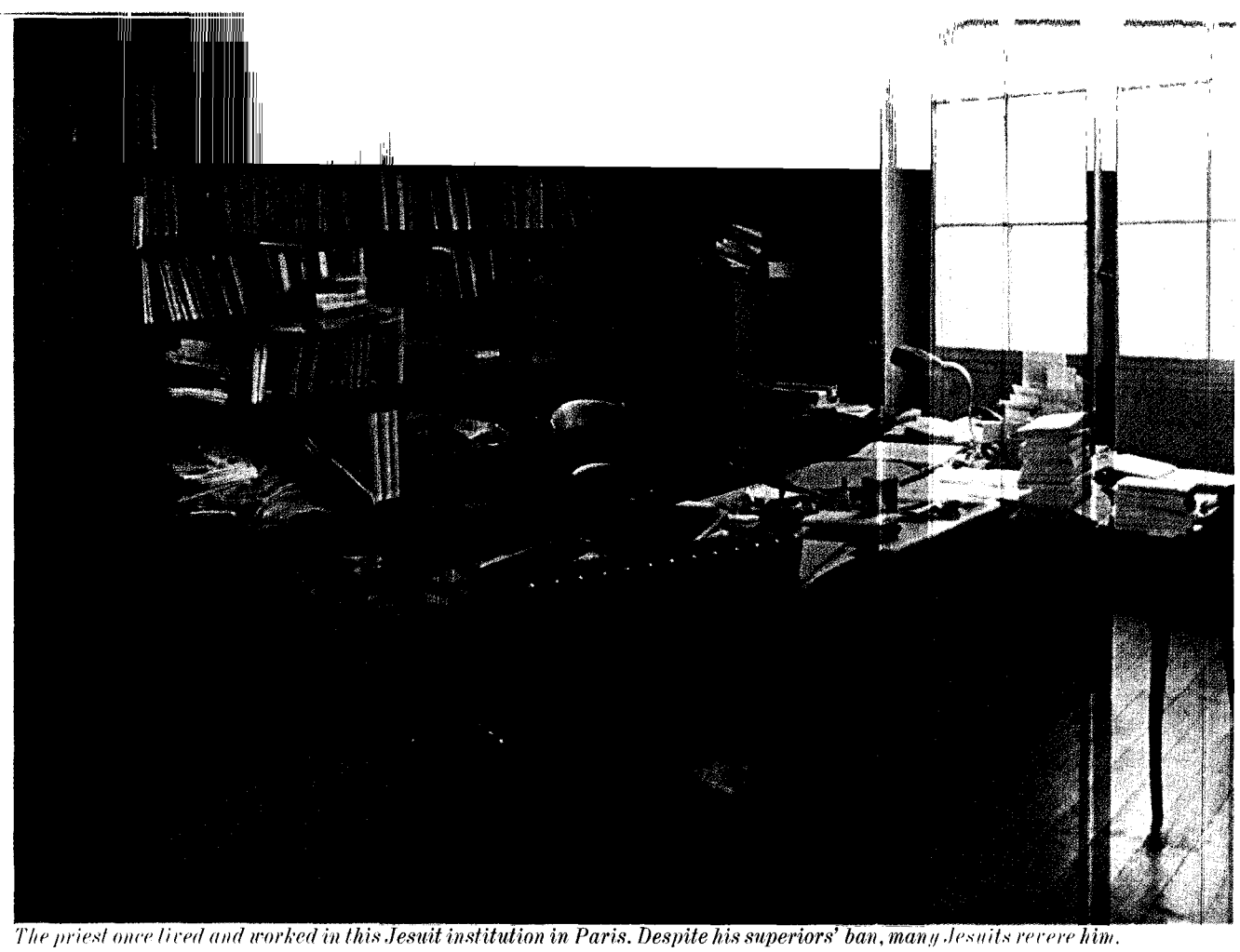
"Receive, O Lord, in its totality the Host which Creation, drawn by Your magnetism, presents to You at the dawn of a new day. This bread, our effort, is in itself, I know, nothing but an immense disintegration. This wine, our anguish, as yet, alas! is only an evaporating beverage. But in the depths of this inchoate mass You have placed—I am certain, for I feel it—an irresistible and holy desire that moves us all, the impious as well as the faithful, to cry out: 'O Lord, make us one!'"

Returning to Paris, he resumed his chair at the Catholic Institute. His tenure was brief. While his novel religio-scientific synthesis, his lyricism and his quips packed the classroom, they disturbed the Society of Jesus. When he wrote an essay suggesting that original sin was not a historical fact but merely a theory to explain the existence of evil, his superiors ordered him for his own sake, before Rome took action, to stop teaching and stick to scientific research, preferably far from France. Under the auspices of the Museum of Natural History, Teilhard obediently sailed back to China.

The society might have thought better of banishing him had it foreseen how his scientific work with Peking Man and other fossil discoveries in China, India and Africa would confirm him in his objectionable theory.

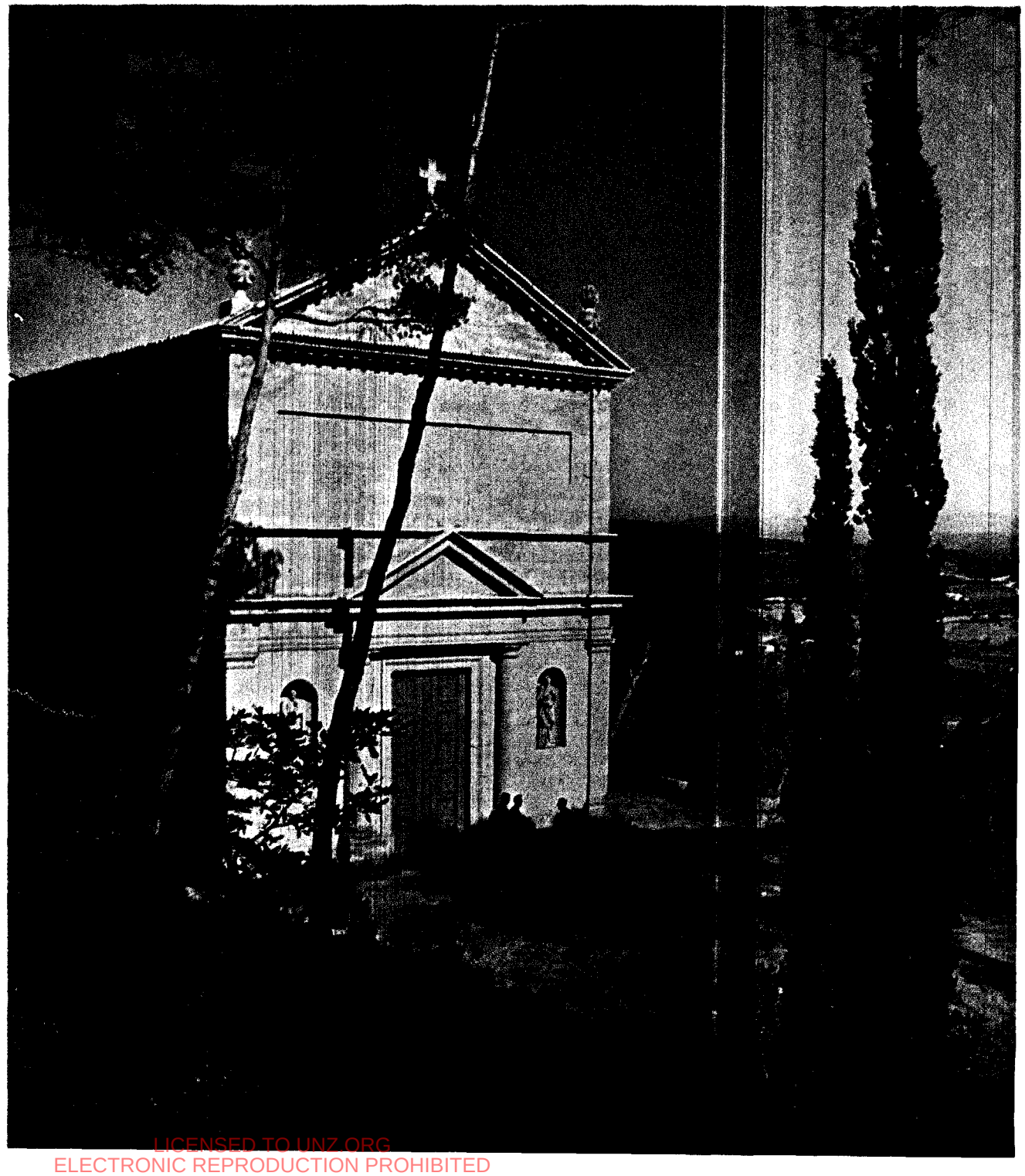
"Where the goat is tethered," he said later, "there must he graze, but in the little freedom allowed me I intend to strike as much fire as I can."

Although many of the Jesuits personally revered Teilhard and felt he would add luster to their history, the Father



The priest once lived and worked in this Jesuit institution in Paris. Despite his superiors' ban, many Jesuits revere him.

During his novitiate he prayed in this Cézanne-like chapel. He won school honors, but not in religious doctrine.



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AFTER ROME, HE WEPT, "THEY DO NOT WANT ME TO THINK."

General in Rome, John Janssens, refused to lift the ban on his writings. "I pray I may never grow bitter," Teilhard said to a Jesuit friend. He never did. But he sometimes wondered whether he had the moral right to accept a life of silence. He answered his own question in a poignant letter to another Jesuit:

> If I rebelled (humanly, it would be so easy and so sweet), I would betray my belief that Our Lord activates all events. Moreover, I would compromise the religious value of my ideas in the eyes of our own brothers, if not others. They would see an estrangement from the church, pride, who knows what. It is essential I show, by my example, that if my ideas are novel, they make me no less faithful. But there are shadows. Which of my two vocations is more sacred—the one I followed in my boyhood, at eighteen, or the one revealed to me in the fullness of my manhood as the true meaning? Oh, my friend, tell me that by obeying I am not being false to my ideals.

In 1939, during a short visit to Paris, Teilhard gave several private lectures. His listeners included Jeanne Mortier, a tiny, graying, birdlike spinster whose home, then as now, was one room she rented in a convent, and who performed various volunteer educational chores for the church. "Father Teilhard's message immediately became vital to my spiritual life," she recalls. Offering to serve him as a secretary at no pay, she persuaded him to entrust her with his manuscripts. Out of her meager pocketbook she met the cost of having copies made by mimeograph, as many as 500 per manuscript, and she circulated them among people partial to Teilhard's views.

Was this tantamount to defying the church, as Teilhard's enemies charge? He never thought so. By publication he understood books sold in bookstores, not copies of manuscripts privately distributed. At any rate, neither the Father General nor the Holy Office called him to account. A number of the Paris Jesuits actually abetted Mlle. Mortier in her efforts to propagate Teilhardism. After the priest returned to China, she organized discussion groups which eventually led to the Association of the Friends of Teilhard.

World War II caught him in Peking, and he did not see France again for six years. Assisted by another marooned Jesuit and scientist, Father Pierre Leroy, he launched the Geobiological Institute, whose ambitious project it was to investigate the prehistory of the entire Asian continent. The war, however, cut off the subsidies he had been getting from both French and Chinese foundations, the Japanese invasion restricted his movements, and he had to content himself with minor laboratory research. He was often cold, hungry and ragged. But outwardly he retained all his sparkle, bonhomie and tolerance. Father Leroy once chaffed him, "If you met the Devil himself, you'd think of something nice to say."

"Yes, why not?" Teilhard agreed.

Of the church dignitaries who judged his writings heretical, he remarked with a sly grin, "They're not ripe yet. Evolution hasn't quite touched them." Only a few intimate companions know what inner torment Teilhard suffered. Several times Leroy found him weeping and close to nervous collapse. But even in his blackest moods he would declare, "God is great. One must obey."

It was in Peking that he finished *The Phenomenon of Man*. He gave the manuscript to an American friend, Mrs. John Wiley, as she left for the United States with her husband, a foreign-service officer, asking her to keep it until she heard from him or, should he die in China, to forward it to a certain American Jesuit. It eventually reached Jeanne Mortier. In her recently published memoirs, Mrs. Wiley wrote, " Never until I met Father Teilhard did I so deeply feel the truth of the words of Genesis: 'So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.' "

When Teilhard finally got back to France, after the war, he was worn out by physical privation and emotional stress. Soon after, he had a heart attack. He recovered only to face new repressive measures. The Society barred his way to the highest academic post open to him—a professorship at the august College of France. (The Academy of Sciences, however, elected him a member; the government appointed him director of the National Center for Scientific Research, and raised him to higher rank in the Legion of Honor.) He decided to appeal personally to Father General Janssens. "I am going to stroke the tiger's whiskers," he told his friends. He returned from Rome in tears. "They don't want me to write," he said. "They don't want me to think. They want me to disappear."

He entered his last exile in 1951 as a member of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, undertaking first a field study of early South African man, then settling at the foundation's New York headquarters. From Cape Town he wrote to Father Janssens:

> Above all I feel that you must resign yourself to taking me as I am, that is, with the congenital quality (or weakness) which ever since my childhood has caused my spiritual life to be completely dominated by a sort of profound 'feeling' for the organic realness of the World. . . .
>
> I now feel more indissolubly bound to the hierarchal Church and to the Christ of the Gospel than ever before in my life. Never has Christ seemed to me more real, more personal or more immense.
>
> How, then, can I believe that there is any evil in the road I am following?
>
> I fully recognize, of course, that Rome may have its own reasons for judging that, in its present form, my concept of Christianity may be premature or incomplete and that at the present moment its wider diffusion may therefore be inopportune.
>
> It is on this point of formal loyalty and obedience that I am particularly anxious to assure you that, in spite of apparent evidence to the contrary, I am resolved to remain a "child of obedience."

Teilhard's manuscripts now filled a huge cupboard in Jeanne Mortier's convent room, and before leaving Paris he named her his legatee, thus empowering her to have them published after his death. For that act he has been sharply criticized. A Jesuit may not make a will. Upon taking his vows he relinquishes all material possessions to the Society. But in vindication of Teilhard his partisans repeat what the late Father Raymond Jouve, administrator of the prestigious Jesuit review, *Études*, told him: The vow of poverty does not cover manuscripts; the author may dispose of them outside the Society without violating any canonical law. "Save your works from oblivion," Jouve urged Teilhard. "If we inherit them, they will never see the light of day. Appoint a literary executor."

During his years in New York Teilhard touched many lives and, as he had everywhere, he left a trail of bright and warm memories. A few weeks ago the sculptress Malvina Hoffman, an ailing but still beautiful woman at 76, sat sipping Bourbon and water in the studio where Teilhard had posed for a bust that now stands in the Paris Museum of Modern Art. "To be ready for death is the sense of life—he taught me that," she recalled, "and when I lay near death after a coronary, it helped me through." She raised her glass. "Here's to him, wherever he is. God bless him."

Prayer for a special sign

Father Robert Gannon, the former rector of New York's St. Ignatius Loyola parish, speaks of Teilhard's humility: "It's customary for a young Jesuit to have a monthly spiritual consultation with his superior. Not the older priests, though. But Pierre, busy as he was, and living in rooms outside the parish, would come to me every month as humbly as the youngest novice."

Teilhard had often prayed God to accord him at his death a special sign of communion. In *The Divine Milieu* he wrote:

> . . . when I feel I am losing hold of myself, absolutely passive in the hands of the great unknown forces that have shaped me, in those dark moments, grant, O God, that I may understand that it is You who are painfully parting the fibers of my being in order to penetrate the very marrow of my substance, and bear me away with You. . . . O divine Energy, ineluctable and vivifying Power, because, of us two, You are infinitely the stronger, it is to You that the role falls of consuming me in the union which should weld us together. Grant me, therefore, something still more precious than the grace for which all the faithful pray. It is not enough that I should die while communicating. Teach me to communicate while dying.

Now, 28 years later, on a March evening in 1955, during dinner with some compatriots, he voiced the hope that when his hour struck it would be the Day of Resurrection.

Easter fell on April 10 that year. The sky was a limpid blue, the air soft. In the morning, following his private Mass, he attended a pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Before lunch he strolled through Central Park, revolving in his mind, perhaps, the essay entitled *Le Christique*, which he had recently mailed to Mlle. Mortier. It described Christ as a presence irradiating evolution. In the afternoon Teilhard went with old friends, Mrs. Rhoda de Terra and her daughter, Noel, to the New York City Center. The attraction was that familiar combination, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. Afterward they walked back to Mrs. de Terra's apartment off Fifth Avenue for tea.

Teilhard was exulting over the splendor of that Easter Sunday, the loveliest, he said, he had ever known, when, in midspeech, he pitched to the floor unconscious. As Mrs. de Terra put a pillow under his head, he opened his eyes. "What happened to me? Where am I?"

"You're in my home," she said. "Do you recognize me?"

"Yes. But what happened? I don't remember anything. . . . This time, it's terrible."

Mrs. de Terra sent for a doctor and a priest. Before either arrived, Teilhard's heart had stopped.

Jesuits shun funeral pomp. The service at St. Ignatius Loyola Church was simple to the point of poverty. Ten mourners attended, among them Father Leroy, who happened to be in the country for a scientific congress. He alone accompanied the body to the cemetery of the Jesuit novitiate, 75 miles upstate, at Saint Andrews-on-the-Hudson. A cross of white flowers adorned the grave. It came from Malvina Hoffman. The small headstone bore only Teilhard's name and the dates of his birth and death.

When Jeanne Mortier heard the news, her first thought was, "Now there's nobody whom I can ask the great questions." For three days she kept to her room, grieving. Then she unlocked her manuscript-crammed cupboard and took out *The Phenomenon of Man*.

She had already chosen one of France's ablest publishers, Paul Flamand, a Catholic, upon condition that no matter what pressures the church might exert, he would not alter a word. There were strong pressures. Emissaries from the Holy Office threatened them both with the Index. But they both stood firm. "So much the worse," said the iron-willed little woman. "I prefer the Index to depriving the world of such masterpieces."

The Phenomenon of Man came out within eight months of Teilhard's death. The royalties earned by that and other manuscripts to emerge from Mlle. Mortier's cupboard exceed $150,000 to date. As the author's closest living kinsman, Joseph Teilhard de Chardin considered contesting her right to the legacy. When, however, he learned she was not keeping a cent for herself, but devoting it all to the furtherance of his brother's teachings, he waived any claims he might have.

Hostile voices continue to bedevil Mlle. Mortier, but fail to budge her, for she clings to what Teilhard wrote in one of his last letters: "Let truth appear but once to a single soul, and nothing can ever stop it from invading everything and setting everything ablaze." THE END

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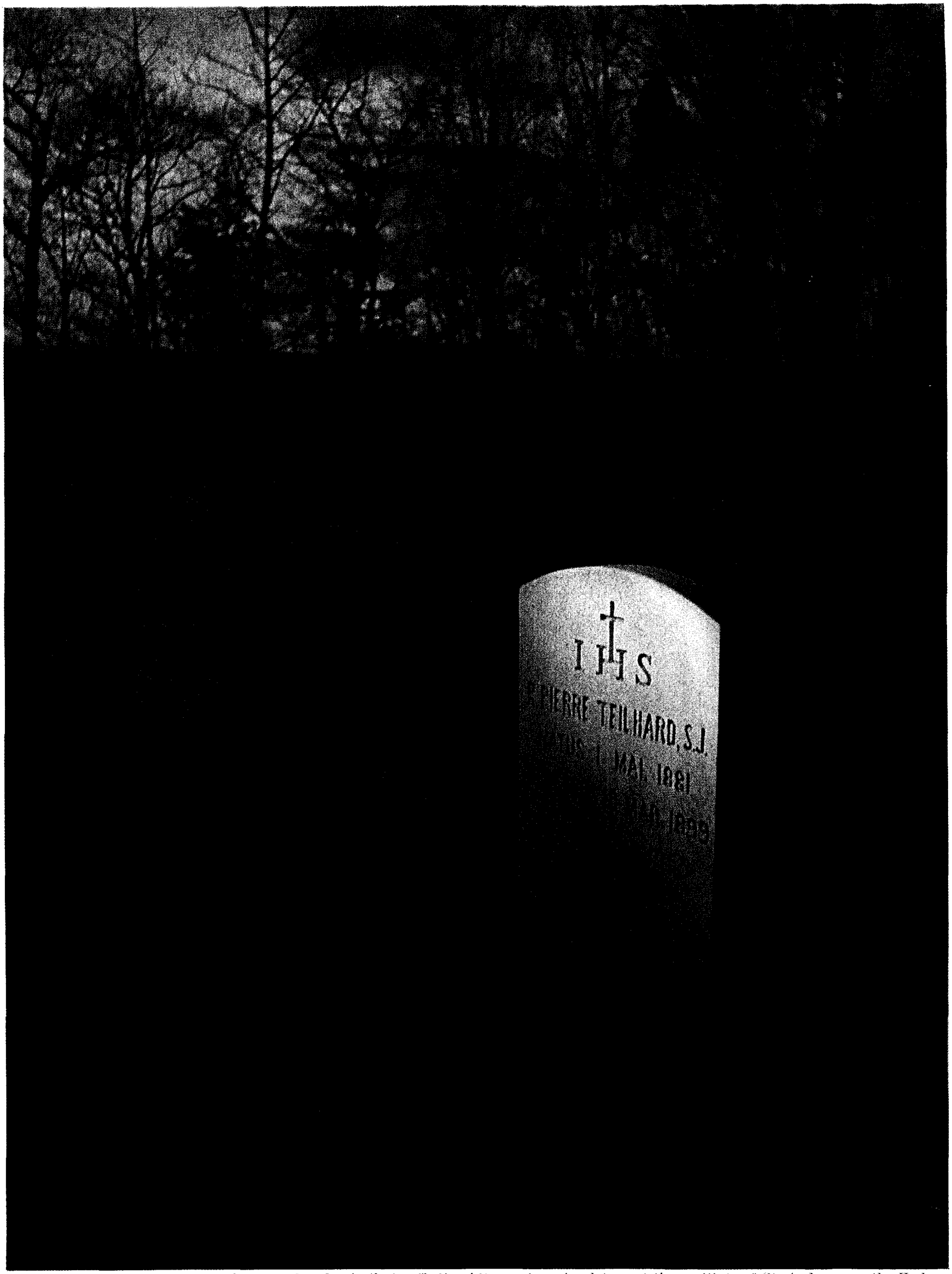

Little known during his life, but famous after death, Father Teilhard lies under a headstone at the novitiate of St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson.

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R.C. Phelan, 42, was born in Texas, the setting for his second Post *story, "The Non-Stop Piano Player." After serving in World War II, he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Texas and studied at the Sorbonne on a Fulbright grant. Since then he has worked as a newspaper reporter in Houston, a magazine writer in New York, and a teacher of English at the University of Arkansas. His stories and articles have appeared in many leading American and European magazines. Mr. Phelan now lives and writes in Guanajuato, Mexico.*

THE NON-STOP PIANO PLAYER

By R. C. PHELAN

He had contracted to play for forty-eight hours straight, right there in the drugstore.

Mrs. Hammerly meant to see that he did.

The piano was in the drugstore when Caldwell got to work on Thursday afternoon, an upright piano, set near the front door, and Mrs. Hammerly, her diamonds flashing, was playing something semiclassical. She looked up when he came in and tightened her bright, sharp-cornered mouth in what was not really a smile. She hit a wrong note and said, in her lady's baritone, "Damn!" so Caldwell would know it had been his fault.

Alma was the only customer in the place, up from the dry-goods store for her four-o'clock cigarette and cherry Coke. She paid attention to the music, but Caldwell thought that her pink, honest, coarse-skinned face looked patient and puzzled when Mrs. Hammerly's back was turned. She would have liked *Ti-Pi-Tin* a lot better. Before her on the table, laid out like merchandise, were her vanity case, cigarette pack, matches, ashtray, and the fountain Coke with a single straw.

Behind the fountain, L.F. rose like a stalk to a great height, from which the oiled red waves of his hair glowed softly. His white shirt was clean, his white apron rather dirty and tied snugly around his long, lean waist. "Don't ask me," he muttered, without waiting for the question. "You know she never tells us a thing. A piano in this joint—it's the craziest thing I ever *heard* of." He shrugged and rolled his eyes. "I made some simple syrup. There's not a clean apron in the place—do you want this one?"

"Yes," said Caldwell, and L.F. reached behind himself to untie the strings.

Mrs. Hammerly finished up with some low notes that sounded very classical, and Alma clapped. "That was just gorgeous, Clara honey. What was it anyhow?"

"Oh, hell," said Mrs. Hammerly, changing sides on the piano bench and crossing her legs. "Something I learned as a *girl*. Rachmaninoff."

"Well, it was just gorgeous," said Alma. "But you didn't move that pianna in here just to play it. What I want to know is, why the hell *is* it here?"

Caldwell was used to cursing by now, though he had been brought up a Hard-Shell Baptist. All of Mrs. Hammerly's friends smoked and cursed. For that matter, Alma had always been fast, which was why no man would have her, Caldwell's mother said. Alma's long scream of laughter had risen from every wild party in town for years and years.

"It's for kind of a wandering minstrel," said Mrs. Hammerly, moving to the cushioned wooden lawn chair that was especially hers. "This man came in the other day and said he had a friend who could play the piano for forty-eight hours without stopping. So he's going to start tomorrow night at six, and keep it up till Sunday night at six. It's supposed to bring in business, and *it had better*." She held the long, smoky flame of a kitchen match to a cigarette stuck in the great red pucker of her lips.

"Well, of all things!" said Alma. "Isn't he going to —— You know." In consideration of the youth of Caldwell and L.F., she tilted her head back toward the rest room.

"*No!*" said Mrs. Hammerly. "Don't ask me how. But this man said he wouldn't." She turned her head and spoke in a tone of command. "And I want you boys to see that he *doesn't*. Caldwell, you've got to sleep in the daytime and keep the store open both nights—tomorrow night and Saturday." Caldwell nodded, wondering if it would mean extra pay.

"I gotta get back," said Alma. She took a powder-coated nickel from her vanity case, put it on the table, repainted her lips, gathered her things, and stood. "My poor feet," she said and then, at the side door hopefully, "Bye-bye." Mrs. Hammerly sent her off with a real smile.

Caldwell swept the store, the little pharmacy in the rear, and the vault. The place had been the First State Bank until it failed, in 1932, and now Mrs. Hammerly used the vault as a storeroom.

Unless there was lots of business, this was the most awkward hour of the day, when Caldwell

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and Mrs. Hammerly were there alone. L.F. could talk to her—he gossiped, or criticized ladies' clothes, or repeated the headlines in the Waco paper; and she talked back, and even laughed. But L.F. was nineteen and could talk to people. Caldwell couldn't. And anyway Mrs. Hammerly had a special manner for him. She could look at him, walk off, smile, say thank you, do anything—and Caldwell knew she was thinking: Lord, what I have to put up with! But today Mrs. Quinner came in and talked for thirty minutes—and spent a dime, as Mrs. Hammerly remarked after she left—and then it wasn't long till Mr. Hammerly stopped by from his office to take Mrs. Hammerly home to supper.

There was always a lull at suppertime. Caldwell went out on the sidewalk and looked in all four directions—north and south on Main Street, east toward Colored Town, west toward the high school. A few blocks down in both directions, Main Street seemed to dead-end against the sky. There was a racket over by the depot—the motor car starting up for the last forty miles of track to the end of the Cottonbelt branch line. Caldwell went back in, sat at the piano, and played bits of what Miss Una had taught him when he took from her as a kid, before the depression. Then he made himself a milk shake and sat at the fountain, drinking it and reading his history. Mrs. Hammerly came back unexpectedly for her copy of *Vogue* and caught him—he had to charge the damn milk shake to himself.

On Friday afternoon Caldwell took a short nap. It was the best he could do toward getting ready to stay up all night. At five-thirty he was in the drugstore, on an off-duty basis, to see the man come in and start to play.

L.F. was all dressed up—his pale-green satin necktie, his silver death's-head ring with ruby eyes. "Did you see this?" he asked, and showed Caldwell an ad in the *Mirror*. FIRST APPEARANCE IN CENTRAL TEXAS!!! DARRELL BLANKENSHIP, CONCERT PIANIST AND RADIO ARTIST, ATTEMPTING A RECORD-BREAKING PERFORMANCE OF (48) FORTY-EIGHT (48) HOURS NONSTOP AT THE KEYBOARD. It ended up with: HAMMERLY DRUG—EVERYTHING PHARMACEUTICAL, PIANO COURTESY ED SEYBOLD.

Mrs. Hammerly sat at her table, glancing at a magazine and occasionally tasting a chocolate Coke while she waited for the piano player. And at a quarter of six in he came, and the other stranger with him.

For the opening moment, Caldwell and L.F. had taken up their official positions behind the soda fountain. "Is that him, the chunky one?" Caldwell asked.

"No, that's Chester L. Pond," L.F. said. "He's the one come in the other day and made the deal. While you was at school."

Chester Pond was a lightly freckled blond with a fine set of teeth. "Well, here he is, Mrs. Hammerly," he said, gesturing toward the other fellow with his snap-brim hat. "Darrell, this lady will be our boss for the next forty-eight hours."

Darrell Blankenship gave a big, eager nod and smiled at Mrs. Hammerly. He looked like a ten-year-old boy enlarged to a man's size—or almost, for he was only a little over five feet tall. He had gray eyes and sand-colored hair. Clothes and all, he was the cleanest-looking person Caldwell had ever seen.

"You're a little old bitty thing," said Mrs. Hammerly. "Are you sure you'll last?"

"Oh, don't worry, ma'am," said Darrell Blankenship. "I've done this act countless times throughout Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle."

"OK," said Mrs. Hammerly. "If you last just till midnight Saturday, that's all I care about. In fact, if you dropped off to sleep about then it would suit me fine. That way I'd get the most out of you for the least money." She produced a smile as a sugar coating for her words—she often did that. "L.F., serve these people some fountain Cokes."

"Not for me," said Darrell quickly. He explained, "I have to be very careful what I eat and drink when I'm about to start my act. Thank you very much, though." He dipped his head in another big, anxious nod.

Chester Pond accepted his Coke from L.F. with a "Thank you, son" that made the six-foot-six L.F. his enemy forever, and sat down for a chat with Mrs. Hammerly. Darrell Blankenship wandered off through the store, stopping here and there to read patent-medicine labels, and then he came to the fountain and sat sideways on a stool. "Hi," he said, and smiled. L.F. and Caldwell answered, "Hi" in unison and stared at him. Not even L.F. could think of anything more to say.

Some customers came in, and L.F. got busy. Then an enormous chord of music exploded unexpectedly through the store, and more chords followed. Darrell Blankenship was beginning with *Stardust*. Caldwell glanced up at the Dr. Pepper clock; Darrell had begun exactly on schedule. It was hard to believe that a man so small could get so much sound out of a piano. He made Mrs. Hammerly's music yesterday seem timid and thin. It was easy to believe, now, that I might last.

Caldwell sat on a fountain stool and listened for a while. When he started home, Mrs. Hammerly interrupted her talk with Chester Pond to remind him, "Nine o'clock, now." Caldwell said, "Yessum," and went home to supper.

At ten o'clock Caldwell and Darrell were alone in the store. Darrell was playing softly. On top of the piano was a big glass of water with a straw in it. ("Don't touch it," L.F. had warned before he left. "He just takes a teensy little swaller once in a while—so he won't have to go, you know. So don't mess with it or he can't tell how much he's drunk. He keeps track.")

"Hey, come talk to me," Darrell Blankenship called. Surprised, Caldwell went and stood at the end of the piano. Darrell could play and talk at the same time. He just seemed to be sitting there letting his hands perform. He didn't make them do it; he watched them do it.

"What's your name?"

"Caldwell Wentworth."

"Golly! How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Why, you're still a young man," said Darrell Blankenship. "I was eleven years old when you were born. Where were you born, by the way?"

"Right here in town."

Darrell nodded. "You've stayed put. I was born in Wewoka, Oklahoma, the tell me, but I left there so young I can't

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even remember what the place looked like, or what kind of climate it had. And now you're taller than I am."

Caldwell smiled. Somehow this conversation had established their friendship. If he could help Darrell out, he would. "Did you ever have to quit before the time was up?" he asked.

"Once," said Darrell, playing away. "I started as a perfectly healthy man, and the first night out I developed the flu. By daylight I sounded like this"—his hands trembled and the music turned quavery.

Caldwell laughed.

"It wasn't funny," said Darrell, smiling. "Tragic. No money that week. We lived on twelve cans of pork and beans—an off brand."

The side door opened and in came Dibby Dawson, so beautiful that Caldwell felt her beauty as a pain in his chest. "Excuse me," he said, and rushed to the fountain, where she was settling on a stool.

"Caldwell, is that *him?*" said Dibby. "I read about him in the paper, and then Daddy said he was here, all right, and I just *had* to come! Were you talking to him when I came in? I don't know what I want—a Four Hundred, I guess. I really came to see *him.*"

Flustered, Caldwell mixed a Four Hundred and set it before her, with love. She smiled, and as she drank it she turned on the fountain stool to watch Darrell Blankenship. Caldwell stood looking at her profile. Darrell happened to be playing *Girl of My Dreams.*

Dibby turned back. "Just imagine, all that music. It's like crossing an ocean of music. In a rowboat."

Caldwell cleared his throat. "Sometimes he plays classical," he said.

"Oh, Caldwell, I wish I was you! You get to stay right here!" She gave him a look that turned his blood to simple syrup. That yearning in her eyes was not for him, he knew, but he let himself drown happily in it anyway.

"I didn't know you were at all devoted to music," he said.

"Oh, I'm not really," said Dibby. "It's more the stage. I think the theater is—well, kind of in my blood. Movies—pooh! Oh, I go. But every time a tent show comes to town I just *die.* And now him." She sighed. "I've got to go. I slipped out. Mamma would kill me. Don't you tell."

She put down a nickel and walked toward the front door. Beside the piano she stopped, and Darrell Blankenship turned his head. His eyes and Dibby's met for a moment, and then she hurried out.

"Is that your girl?" said Darrell.

"No. Gosh!" said Caldwell modestly. "She came to see you."

"If she comes in again," said Darrell, "bring her over and introduce her."

"*Can* I?" said Caldwell.

"Sure. You like her, don't you? Well, you're the only boy in town that can introduce her to the piano player."

At eleven-thirty Chester Pond came in. He wore a raincoat, though it wasn't raining. From a pocket of it he took a ham sandwich. Sitting on one end of the piano bench, he pinched off little pieces of sandwich and fed them to Darrell, who chewed them a long time, one by one, and then finished off his meal with a sip of water.

Chester moved to the fountain and gave Caldwell his clean, sharp smile. "Hi, buddy," he said. "How about a chocolate shake? Chocolate all the way."

Caldwell made him one and watched him drink it in five or six big swallows. "That'll be twenty cents," he said, when he had waited long enough for the money.

"It's all right, I'm with him," said Chester Pond, jerking his head back toward Darrell.

"It's still twenty cents," said Caldwell. "I work here, too, and I have to pay for mine."

"Friend, we made a deal with your boss."

"She didn't tell *me.* When she tells me, I'll give you your twenty cents back."

Chester paid, smiling differently now, and went back to the piano. He said something to Darrell Blankenship in an undertone, and Darrell looked up pleasantly and answered, "Sure." Chester tugged down his snap-brim hat and left.

"One time," said Darrell, "an old lady read about me in the paper and she brought her rocking chair down to the grocery store—I was playing in a grocery store that time—and sat down to watch me play for forty-eight hours. She said if I could hold out playing the piano she could hold out just listening, and she did. We drew a bigger crowd than I ever drew by myself, and the man that owned the store paid her ten dollars without being asked, and she gave every dime of it to the Southern Methodist Church."

"You sure have had an interesting life," said Caldwell.

Darrell Blankenship played cheerfully on toward tomorrow. By three o'clock Saturday morning, Caldwell was hopelessly sleepy. He sat down in Mrs. Hammerly's lawn chair and felt Darrell's music brush over him like a breeze. It wound and twisted through his crazy dreams, and then it woke him up—Darrell was thumping away at big bass chords, and calling, "Hey!"

Caldwell went to the door. The day was already an accomplished fact. It lay in the empty street like a new-laid egg.

"Did anyone come in?"

"Nah," said Darrell. He seemed as good-humored and fresh as ever.

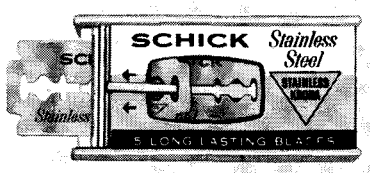
"I was supposed to stay awake."

"You only slept a few minutes. Wash your face before the other fellow gets here, and no one will know."

L.F. showed up at seven. "I'm so excited," he said. "What a day this is gonna be. I wish they'd come on and deliver the aprons. I want a *clean* one." He bent far down, so as to see himself in Mrs. Hammerly's little wall mirror, and combed his hair. Caldwell told him and Darrell goodbye and went home to sleep some more.

That afternoon was warm. The wagon yard, down by the blacksmith shop, was crowded with farmers' Model A's and Ford trucks, with only here and there a wagon and team. Tomasa Domalingua was selling homemade hot tamales in front of the First National Bank. She had a little fire in a washtub in the back of her old truck, keeping them hot. The smoke dodged to and fro in the wind. Her six black-eyed kids were roosting all over the truck like chickens, rattling Spanish at one another. The farm folks came down the sidewalks on tired feet, enjoying Main Street as if it were a carnival. To Caldwell, too, it was almost a carnival.

In the drugstore Darrell Blankenship and the piano were surrounded by people, standing three deep in some places, and he was playing *The Stars and Stripes Forever.* Mr. Searcy broke away from the crowd and as he chose his Roi-Tan, he told L.F. that it took real talent to do what that boy was doing. He said he was



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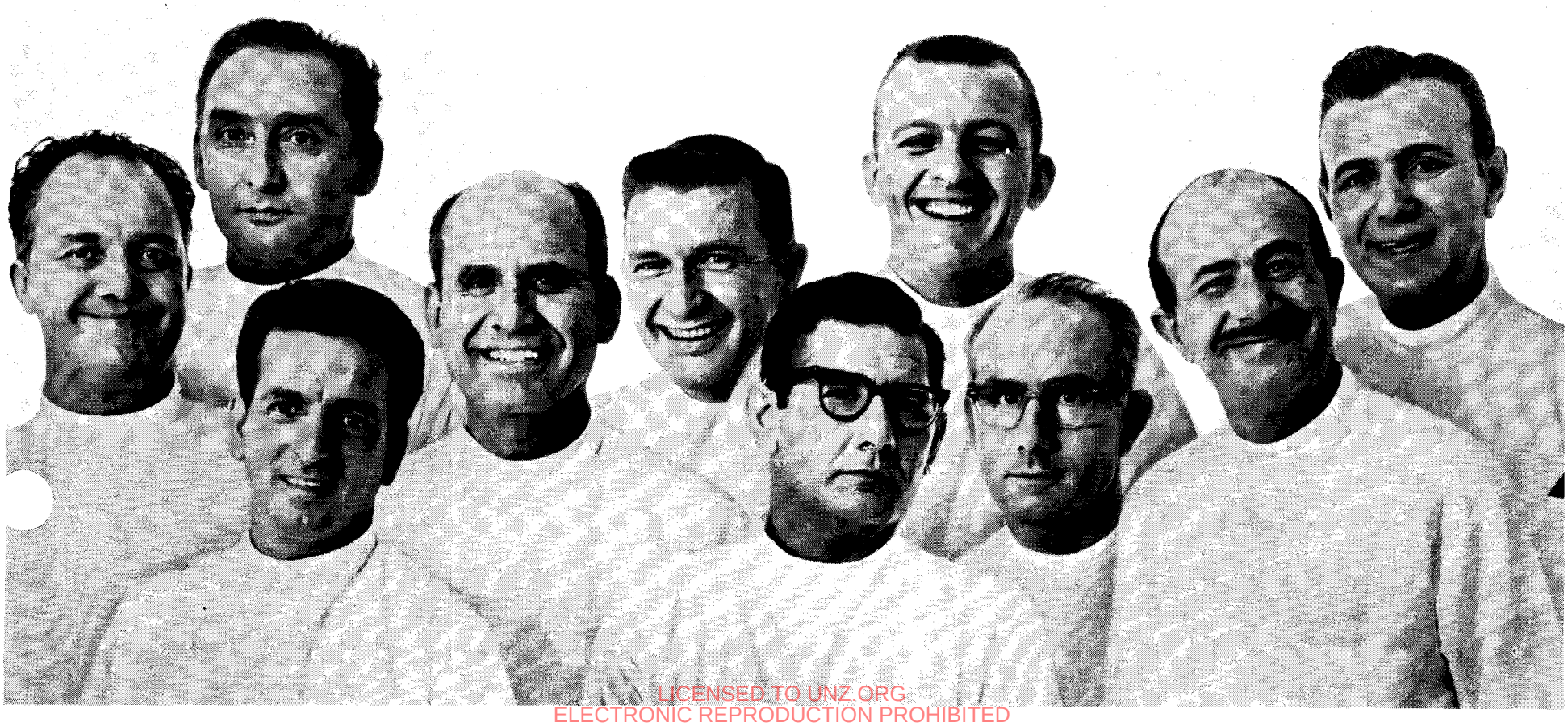

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going to bring his wife down after supper for a look-see, and the babies, too, if it wasn't too late.

There were lots of customers. Mrs. Hammerly went about the store smiling impartially, and L.F. was in hog heaven, his hands jumping from glass to cup to cone as sure as birds. "Good lord, this town has never seen anything like it!" he said. "I wish that bunch of hicks would get out of the way so we could *see*. Do you think they'd spend a nickel? Shoot! They just stand there for a good free look and then leave, and some more deadbeats come in."

Caldwell could never have thought of saying such things. He didn't know where L.F. got his mean, sarcastic, witty ideas, but he always had them—on all subjects. Dibby Dawson came in, just as Caldwell had desperately dreamed she would, and he jumped behind the fountain to wait on her. "Do you want to meet him?" he asked, after he had served her a Dr. Pepper.

Dibby rolled her blue eyes up at the ceiling and said, "Yes," and sighed, and Caldwell piloted her delicately by the elbow, right through the circle of people, and said, "Mr. Blankenship, may I present Miss Deborah Dawson?"

"Why, isn't this the young lady who stopped by for a moment yesterday?" said Darrell. "I'm flattered that you have come back, Miss Dawson. Can I play a special selection for you?"

"*Did I Remember?*" said Dibby, quite pale. With just a few touches of the keys, Darrell turned *The Moon of Manakoora* into *Did I Remember?* The crowd was impressed. "Caldwell," said Darrell, "would you please do me a favor—find me a piece of paper and a fountain pen?"

When Caldwell brought them, Darrell propped the paper on the music rack and wrote rapidly with his left hand while his right continued to play *Did I Remember?:* INSCRIBED ESPECIALLY FOR MISS DEBORAH DAWSON BY DARRELL F. BLANKENSHIP, PIANIST. As Dibby took the paper reverently from Darrell, Caldwell's pride and pleasure rose to the high point of his life so far.

On the sidewalk she turned her ardent look on him again. "Oh, Caldwell," she said, "how can I ever thank you? When you get a chance, tell Mr. Blankenship I admire him more than any person I have ever known." She touched Caldwell's shoulder out of pure gratitude, and went off down the side street toward home—a big house that he had never been inside of, with a porte-cochere and concrete urns in which petunias bloomed all summer.

At midnight, the regular Saturday closing time, Mrs. Hammerly checked the cash and said they'd had a good day. This meant that Darrell Blankenship had earned his pay and probably a good deal more; it wasn't easy to please Mrs. Hammerly when it came to money. L.F. was tired, but despite the long day his hair had kept its exact parting and all the furrows of the comb. "You're lucky," L.F. said. "If he's gonna give out it'll be between now and daylight and you'll get to see it—I just have a feeling. I'd set here all night if I could make it, but I'm teetotally pooped."

"He won't give out," said Caldwell, but he felt a little worried anyhow. When L.F. expected something to happen, it usually happened. He thought of all the things he had done—slept, eaten, worked, studied, dreamed of Dibby Dawson—while Darrell Blankenship just sat there and played.

By twelve-thirty he and Darrell were alone again, and Main Street was empty. Down by the Ritz Theater there was a single car. Probably it had been left there because it wouldn't start.

Chester Pond lurched in through the front door and put a hand on Darrell's shoulder in passing, more for support than for greeting. Leaning on the fountain's marble top, he gave Caldwell a long, mean stare, which didn't scare Caldwell a bit, and said, "Gimme a boilermaker, kid."

"Tell me how to make it. Nobody ever ordered one before." This was the first drunk man Caldwell had ever dealt with personally. His mother said they were wicked and dangerous, but Chester Pond did not seem likely to do anything worse than throw up.

Darrell Blankenship called over his shoulder, "Drink some coffee, Ches."

With resignation, Chester pushed off from the fountain and walked as if across a rolling deck to the piano, where he sat on the end of the bench, his back to Darrell. Darrell was playing *Tea for Two*.

"I've had enough," Chester whimpered. "There's a limit, and I've had just about *enough*. I can't sleep *all* the time. There's not a damn thing to do in these little old towns. That old woman won't let me play the radio after ten—she goes to bed. I've had just about enough."

Darrell turned and looked at Chester. His left hand stopped moving; his right hand rocked about on the keys, lightly playing *Nola*. "I know, Ches," he said. "We'll get something soon, though. Wait till we hit San Angelo; Bubba Ryan is out there. We'll get a bunch together and maybe do all right. They have Saturday-night dances all over that country, in sheep sheds."

Chester took a pint bottle from his coat pocket and drank slowly. "It won't be any better out there," he said.

"Maybe not," said Darrell, playing with both hands again. "But stay anyway, Ches. I wouldn't make it without you."

Caldwell watched Chester Pond stare at some distant point on the floor. The man's face eased, and resignation appeared mildly and sweetly in his eyes. He drank again from his bottle, stood up, drew and expelled a long, soft sigh, and swayed gently out the door.

"I'd get rid of him," said Caldwell. "You do all the work."

"He can't help it if he's a trumpet player," said Darrell. "You can't play a trumpet for forty-eight hours. Your eyeballs would explode before you even got started good. He feels bad about it."

"I don't like him," said Caldwell.

"Not many people do," said Darrell. "And you know what? He knows it, and that makes him feel bad too."

Caldwell went and looked at himself in Mrs. Hammerly's mirror—at his eyes really, since his complexion made the rest pretty hopeless. Old Rowena Ward had teased him once about his pretty brown eyes. Then he went to the big five-dollar Evening in Paris set and lifted the different bottles and things from their blue satin nests. If he gave up movies, he could pay for it by Christmas. But there was no reason to buy it. After Darrell left town, Dibby Dawson would again be as remote as the beautiful stars.

Darrell was playing classical now. He looked serious, shut in, concentrated on the music. Was he tired? His blond whiskers were beginning to show, but his eyes were wakeful and clear.

Caldwell took a chair and listened, awed by the enormous constructions of music that Darrell, such a small man, could make. Some of it sounded familiar. Maybe he had heard it once on the radio—music that just came and then went, with no way to get it back again or remember it or learn its name.

After an hour of it, Darrell looked at him. "Did you like that, boy?"

"I sure did," said Caldwell.

"Someday I'll play for you on a good piano."

At three o'clock Caldwell heated up the last of the coffee and drank it, old and bitter-sweet and awful. While he washed the cup, Darrell began to sing.

All around the water tank
Waitin' for a train—
A thousand miles away from home
*Sleeping in the rain. . . .**

He sang in a thin little baritone, with his face turned up and his eyes closed. He went through several of the old Jimmie Rodgers blues songs, even yodeling where Jimmie Rodgers had yodeled.

Caldwell went and stood by the piano and saw that Darrell was crying. Not much; just a few slow tears, but his face showed the weariness that he had held off for so long, and with the weariness was pain. Caldwell was afraid. He went to the side door and locked it; then he returned to the piano. "Take a nap," he said. "There's a big chair in the pharmacy. I'll stand on the sidewalk. If I see someone coming, I'll run wake you up."

Darrell's head dropped forward and rested against the music rack, but his hands went on playing—not very well. In a moment, though, he lifted his head. His cheek showed the still-wet traces of his tears.

"I'll make it," he said. "For a minute there I couldn't see much point to it."

"No one would know," said Caldwell.

"I'm superstitious," said Darrell. "If I stopped and pretended I hadn't, something bad would happen—maybe not till next year sometime, but it would. It's not ethics or anything like that. I'm just superstitious."

Caldwell sat in the straightest chair he could find, determined not to sleep. He stared at Darrell's back, hoping to keep him upright by force of will. He tried to feel Darrell's weariness and carry some of it for him, but he knew that what he felt was merely his own, and minor.

L.F., when he showed up at eight o'clock Sunday morning, was freshly groomed and cheerful. "Y'all look like you been on a toot," he said. "Both of you. But I'm glad he's still going. Now if he passes out, I'll be here. I won't set foot out of this store till he's done."

Caldwell walked home, seeing nothing, thinking of the ten hours Darrell still had to go. His mother cooked a big breakfast. Halfway through it he left the table suddenly, went to his room, and fell across the bed, sound asleep.

It was five o'clock when Caldwell got back to the drugstore. He could hear the piano before he reached the door. Darrell smiled at him when he came in, an almost drunken smile, and quickly dropped his eyes to the keys again. His face was pale and shiny, and the neat outline of his beard showed plainly now.

Mrs. Hammerly, all dressed up, gave Caldwell and L.F. instructions—"If he lasts till six, pay him twenty-five dollars; if he doesn't, pay him fifteen"—and then she drove off with Mr. Hammerly for their Sunday-night supper and movie in Waco.

Caldwell wondered who would come in for the windup—maybe Dibby would. But hardly anyone came at all, just the regular Sunday trickle of customers, in and out. One of them was Mrs. Quinner. "I guess you'll be glad when that racket stops," she called, making sure that Darrell would hear. Caldwell was pleased when L.F. batted his eyes twice at Mrs. Quinner and told her pointedly, no ma'am, he *liked* music.

Chester Pond showed up finally and sat at the fountain, waiting. The last quarter hour went slowly by, with L.F. and Caldwell both idling behind the fountain, turning often to look up at the Dr. Pepper clock. Darrell played pretty songs: *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Did I Remember?, I Can't Escape From You.*

Chester Pond said softly, "Give me a glass of water. . . . No, a big one." When at last it was six o'clock, he took the glass over to the piano and told Darrell quietly, "OK, boy, that's it."

Darrell Blankenship left the song in the air, broken off like the limb of a tree, and took the water and drank it slowly. Then he stood up, steadied himself against the piano, walked a few steps to Mrs. Hammerly's chair, and sat down, leaning back. Caldwell had been watching all this from the cash register, with his finger on the No Sale key. Now he pressed the key, and the drawer flew out and hit his belt buckle. He took two tens and a five and handed the bills to Darrell, who looked at them for a moment,

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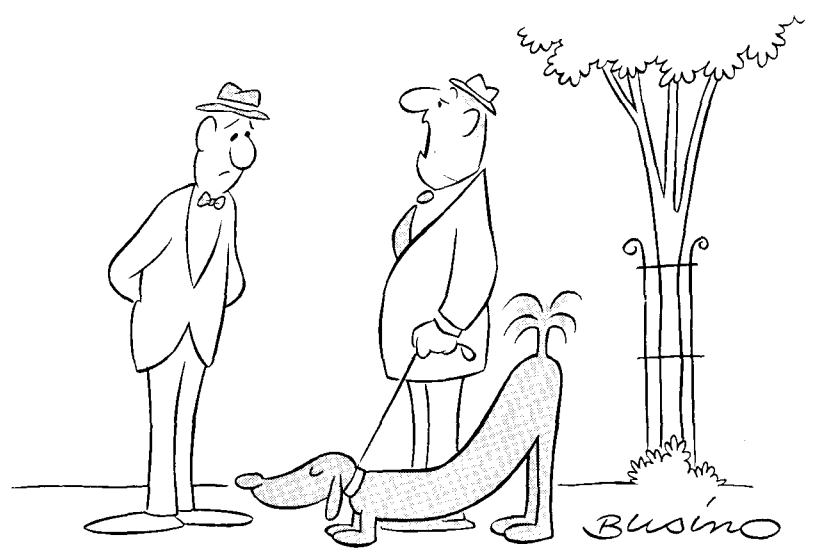

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's only part dachshund."

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puzzled, and then gave them to Chester. Chester placed a cigarette in Darrell's mouth and held a match.

Lying back in Mrs. Hammerly's chair, Darrell looked at the three of them—Chester, L.F. and Caldwell—standing around him. He took a long, deep drag on the cigarette, without raising his hand to it, and a set of wrinkles appeared round his mouth and eyes. Caldwell realized that this was a smile.

Darrell winked at Caldwell. Then he exhaled two great cones of smoke from his nostrils and the sight began to fade from his eyes. After two more drags he was asleep. His head dropped to one side, with the cigarette still burning.

Chester detached the cigarette gently from Darrell's lips and smoked it himself, looking down at Darrell. "Poor bastard," he said. He studied the sleeping face again and said to Caldwell, "I shouldn't have let him sit down—should have put him right in the car. You couldn't wake him up now with a brass band. I'm going to get something for him—be about ten minutes. Don't move him till I get back." Caldwell and L.F. watched him drive off in a green Model A sedan.

By seven o'clock Caldwell understood that Chester Pond had abandoned Darrell Blankenship, taking with him the car, the twenty-five dollars and whatever Darrell owned that he wasn't wearing. Customers came in and stared at the sleeping body as if it were dead, and asked questions in low, respectful tones. And in fact Darrell's face did look dead, but his body breathed.

"Help me," Caldwell told L.F., and they put Darrell's arms around their shoulders, walked him into the pharmacy and arranged him in the big chair. At nine o'clock—closing time—Caldwell said, "Lock us in." He sat down in the pharmacy to watch over Darrell through the night. L.F. turned off all the lights but a gooseneck lamp.

When Caldwell woke up, he found that a pharmacist's white smock had been spread over him like a sheet. In the big chair Darrell was awake, leaning back and gravely watching *him*. Daylight had begun to thin the yellow lamplight in the room.

"What day is this?" said Darrell.

"Monday, October the seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-eight."

They rested in their chairs. "You'll be better off with him gone," said Caldwell.

"No," said Darrell. "You can't play a piano forty-eight hours just for yourself. You can only do it when someone else depends on it too."

"If it was someone worthwhile," said Caldwell.

"All God's chillun get hungry, including Chester L. Pond," said Darrell. "I never liked him much either."

"Do you have any money?"

"Some. About seventy cents."

"He took the money and everything," said Caldwell, and he added slowly, "Damn him."

"No," said Darrell.

"But what are you gonna do?"

"I don't know. I'm scared, a little."

Caldwell made toast and heated two cans of tomato soup and they ate, sitting on fountain stools.

"Let's go outdoors," Darrell said. "You only get scared in houses."

Outside, the air smelled clean after the warm, weary air of the drugstore. Main Street was empty, and in the water-clear light the store fronts looked sad.

"Let's go out to the edge of town," said Darrell. They went—four blocks—and stood by the new highway where it touched the city limits. Beyond it lay a cotton field and a pasture with Jersey cows around a pond. The sky was placid, innocent, and empty, and the horizon far away. One of the cows switched her tail; otherwise the world was still.

"You see?" said Darrell, "This is where we live. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Winter's coming," said Caldwell, looking away.

"Yes, but something will happen before then. I'll just walk down the road until I come to a place where something happens."

"Stay with us," said Caldwell. "Papa's working, and so am I. Mamma wouldn't mind."

"Thank you, but I couldn't," said Darrell, smiling. "Yesterday I played the piano and they all came to see me. So I'll go and be a bum somewhere else now. I guess that's silly."

They shook hands and said good-bye, and Darrell Blankenship walked away. Caldwell waited; he would stand and watch till Darrell was out of sight. The small figure grew smaller, slowly, along the right side of the road, never turning to look back or wave. It was almost to the top of the hill when a black car passed Caldwell, moving fast but very quietly. When the car reached the walking figure, it stopped. Darrell Blankenship got in without a pause, without making any inquiry, and the car took him on to wherever he was going. THE END

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

By RUMER GODDEN

She ran away with her lover, wrecking her marriage, forgetting her children—until they threatened to use a terrifying weapon.

PART TWO

The *Times* of London ran a discreet paragraph:

Colonel Darrell Charles Clavering was granted a decree *nisi* in the Divorce Courts yesterday because of the adultery of his wife Frances Clavering with Robert Paston Quillet, the film director. . . . The suit was undefended. . . . There are three children of the marriage. Custody . . . was awarded to Colonel Clavering. . . .

Fanny Clavering was forty-three, a respectable Englishwoman, when she ran away with Rob Quillet to a villa in his native Italy, blinding herself to the cost of reckless love. Others had to pay the bill: her husband Darrell with silent anguish, her seventeen-year-old daughter Philippa with precocious cynicism, her younger children with heartbreak.

One day, when their father was out of town, Hugh, fourteen, and his sister Caddie, eleven, ran away from London and made their way to northern Italy on money raised by selling Caddie's pony.

Their unexpected arrival shocked Rob Quillet, but Fanny was pleased and flattered. "Oh, my darlings," she said. "If you knew what it means—that you ran away to me!"

Caddie was indignant; she wanted her parents reunited. "We *didn't* run away to you," she said. "We came to fetch you."

The silence that greeted Caddie's words was like a challenge. Presently Rob asked, "Your father is due back in London today?"

"He was supposed to arrive last night," said Hugh.

"Then he should have had my telegram."

Fanny turned in sudden alarm. "Rob, what did you tell him?"

"That I was putting Hugh and Caddie on the plane at Milan this evening."

"This evening? No, Rob!"

"Yes. There's a plane that leaves Milan at six-twenty-five. It's not that we don't want you here," he said to Hugh and Caddie. "*We do*, but it has to be with permission."

"Rob!" Fanny's voice was a wail. "After all they did to get here? It was so brave and enterprising."

"It was enterprising." Hugh was glad that Rob dismissed the bravery. "Enterprising, but wrong, legally and morally, and we mustn't encourage it."

"Hugh looks ill, Rob. Not fit to travel."

"It's a short flight to London." At Fanny's unhappy face he softened. "We made a bargain, dear."

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Illustration by Des Asmussen

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VILLA FIORITA

"I didn't make a bargain."

"You did when you let the divorce go through." And he said more gently, "You must have them ready to leave at three-thirty."

"I can't."

"Then I must. Caddie, you had better get that dress ironed again, and are your shoes clean? If not, Hugh can —— " But Hugh got up, his hands clasped to his stomach. He rushed to the balustrade and began to retch. Before Fanny could reach him, he was violently sick, "All down the roses," said Caddie.

"Are you sure he's not malingering?"

Darrell's faraway voice on the telephone was hostile—naturally, thought Rob. That the children should run away too—like their mother—must have been a cruel cut.

"I don't think he could malinger as seriously as this," said Rob. "He has food pois ——" but he was interrupted.

"I am always suspicous of Hugh."

"The doctor says he can't travel," Rob said.

"Why not?"

Rob almost shouted. "He's being sick. He has diarrhea and fever."

"Are you sure?"

"You ought to be here," said Rob.

The whole villa had been turned upside down. Rob and Fanny had got Hugh upstairs, the housekeeper Celestina and her daughter Giulietta running after with basins and towels, while Caddie waited, pale with fright, on the stairs. Hugh's light body seemed torn apart with retching, then doubled up with the spasms of diarrhea. Fanny had been calm and efficient, and as fierce as a tiger. Giulietta had been told peremptorily to be quiet, Celestina to help hold Hugh, Rob to go over to the Hotel Lydia and telephone the doctor.

"Doctor Isella is coming," Rob said. "He will be here in a few minutes."

"Doctor Isella?" Fanny, to whom Italy had become all that was good, turned unexpectedly insular. "Isn't there an English doctor? Or at least an American?"

"Italian doctors are among the best in the world," said Rob, but he could see she did not believe him. "Hugh shouldn't have eaten that piece of pie."

"Italian food, I suppose," Darrell had said on the telephone.

"It was English actually," Rob had said smoothly. "An Englishwoman on the bus gave him a piece of pork pie. It was the only thing he ate that Caddie didn't."

By lunchtime Doctor Isella had stopped the sickness; his injections, charcoal pills, potions of weak tea were beginning to wash away the effects of the pie. Hugh was weak, still fevered, full of headache, hollow-eyed, but it was over. When Caddie tiptoed into the room, she had seen his eye peeping out from under the compress on his forehead, and the eye had a glint, authentically Hugh.

"Hullo, Hugh."

"Not dead yet," and he whispered, "At least it's stopped them sending us back."

"You're very, very clever," said Caddie earnestly.

"Clever!" Fanny's voice came from behind her. "What's clever about an attack of poisoning? What *is* all this? You make Hugh sound diabolical."

"What is 'diabolical'?"

"Devilish," said Hugh and winked. The wink heartened Caddie, who could not know the chaos in Fanny, her contrition over their journey, over the selling of Caddie's pony Topaz, Hugh's illness, the feeling that Rob was criticizing her. Caddie could not know this; it only seemed to her that Fanny was too angry, "Too angry for what I said; I only meant . . . I meant, Rob—Mr. Quillet—said we had to go, and now we can stay here."

"Not you," said Fanny. "You're going back to London." Her anger could not last when she saw Caddie's stricken face. "I'm sorry, darling, but Father insists on it—he can, you know. Rob is taking you to Milan in half an hour."

In the car Caddie sat as far away from Rob as she could get and kept her face turned to the window. Her silence was partly shock. It had not occurred to her that she and Hugh could be sent back. Indeed, and childishly as she saw now, she had expected Fanny to come back to England with them. Now she was beginning to see that they couldn't have their way without a fight, which they might lose.

They swung onto the *autostrada*, and the speedometer needle moved up to eighty-five, ninety, a hundred kilometers. They came to the suburbs of Milan itself. Rob said, "We're nearly at the airport. Just think! Two hours from the takeoff, you will be in London." To Caddie this was only another proof of the way adults could blot one's efforts out. Two hours! To reduce that aeon of uncomfortable, dirty, hungry and frightening travel to that!

"Then it will be all over," said Rob. "And you will come back and stay with us, perhaps during the summer."

"Thank you," said Caddie, "but that will be too late."

"Too late?"

"Mother will have married you by then."

The airport was crowded and Rob was suddenly resentful. The crowds, the rasping loudspeaker voices, the ashtray stands with their stale whiffs of smoke, were hideous. Tired children cried, mothers scolded in voices like amplified hens. I should have been at the Fiorita, Rob thought, with the peace of a day's work done: Fanny waiting for me alone on the terrace; a look at our star, a walk perhaps in the garden, a drink, dinner, and here, because of this plain little lump of a girl. He tried to be kind to Caddie.

"Would you like some lemonade, before your flight?"

"No thank you."

"A sandwich? An ice?"

"No thank you."

"A magazine? Or wouldn't you like a book?"

Caddie did not answer. The brown eyes had a fixed look. Rob had seen that look before, on a famine child in India, doomed hopelessness. But that's exaggerated, he thought angrily. Caddie is neither hopeless nor doomed. She is going back to a father who wants her, and to an excellent school.

"Listen," he wanted to say. "When you are older you will understand." Even, "Forgive me. You see I love your mother," but in the face of that look the phrases were empty.

"British European Airways announce the departure of Flight 507 for London. Will passengers please . . ."

"This is for you," said Rob. "Come along," and, picking up the grip Fanny had packed, he led the way to the customs barrier. "This is Candida Clavering, traveling to London," he said to the girl in her pale blue suit and cocked cap. "She has her passport, tickets and five pounds in English money," and to Caddie, "You just follow the blue lights. Here's your grip. Good-bye."

The corridor from the barrier to the customs and waiting rooms was long. Other passengers walked with Caddie, around her and past her; Italian businessmen with opulent briefcases: women in high heels that tapped briskly, their arms laden with coats, handbags, magazines.

Carrying her raincoat, the grip swinging, Caddie looked small and unprotected in her skimpy green frock, green blazer, extinguishing hat. *Why can't they send her to a school where the uniform isn't so ugly?* thought Rob irritably. The irritation was no good, already his heart was betraying him; her back looked so young and unexpectedly thin.

At the far end of the corridor, passengers had to show their passports and tickets. That seemed to startle Caddie. She put the grip down between her feet and began to search through her wallet. The ticket and passport were not there. Rob wanted to shout "In your blazer pocket," but he was too far away. The air hostess was looking over Caddie's head toward other passengers fumbling with their papers; Rob could see Caddie was getting in a panic. She began to search through the raincoat pockets, other passengers began to chafe, a man pushed past her, "And suddenly," Rob told Fanny afterward, "I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran back to the desk. They thought I was mad, of course, but they spoke over the loudspeaker and Caddie was fished out and given back to me."

"But why?" Fanny was bewildered. "Why?"

"God knows," said Rob.

That answer would have satisfied Caddie. This sudden intervention was in Greek-god style. The face she turned to Rob when he announced they were going back to the Villa Fiorita was still white but transformed, luminous, eyes shining. Rob hoped that the sudden hollow feeling in himself was only hunger and, walking away from the airport to the car park, he said, "Caddie, shall we sink our differences, just for an hour, and have dinner together?"

"You took her to the Continentale? Caddie?"

"Why not?"

"In those dreadful clothes?"

"She enjoyed it. *We* enjoyed it."

He liked the way she sat upright on the banquette in their corner, while the brown eyes that were so like Fanny's took in the room with its white arches, pale walls, great baskets of flowers. She looked a little askance at the size and starchiness of the napkin the waiter unfurled and laid across her knees, but there was none of the gaucheness of everyday. Rob had seen, for the first time, some promise of beauty in this ugly duckling; it was in the shape of her face, a peach bloom that had come up under the freckles. And those will fade, he thought. Her hair, under the shaded lights, had points of gold in its ginger; but Rob was too hungry to look for long. They ate, "Extraordinary things," as Caddie told Hugh afterward. "There were artichoke hearts with brains, a mixed grill of fish with squid, tiny octopus, and prawns and mussels, veal cooked in wine."

"At ten o'clock at night!" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Rob. "Remember, I had to arrange a message to Darrell at London Airport. That took time. Then we had to drive to Milan."

"But still, a full-scale dinner at ten."

"This is *Italy*," said Rob patiently. "In Rome we never dine before half past ten."

Dinner had just ended when a man came into the restaurant, an Italian, Caddie thought, looking at his small, thick-set body, his thick brown hair and black eyes.

"Aldo!" Rob had jumped up.

"This is wonderful! Wonderful!" They sat down. "I have been sending you telegrams all afternoon about this film you're going to direct for Renato Menghini. He says there is no telephone at that tiresome villa."

"None, thank God," said Rob.

"But that's impossible."

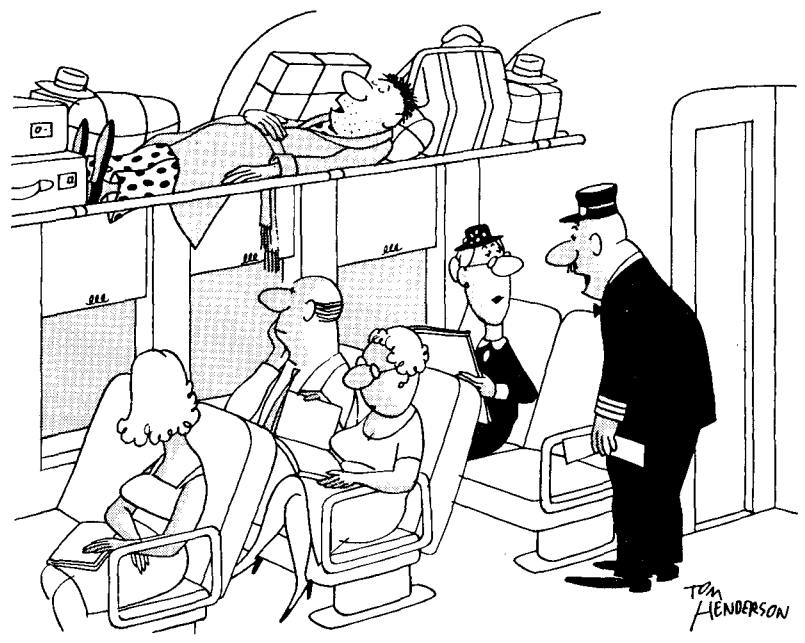
Rob smiled. "I don't want even you, Aldo, ringing up."

Aldo looked at Rob, his bright eyes very friendly. "You are happy, Rob?"

"Happier than I could have imagined," and Aldo stretched out a hand and squeezed Rob's arm. Then, for a brief moment, Rob remembered Caddie.

"Caddie, this is Prince Brancati." Did Rob say *prince?* As a well-trained child, she had stood up; she wondered if she ought to curtsy, but the prince shook hands with her, and that was the last time they remembered her—"For hours," said Caddie.

Prince Brancati was, Fanny told her afterward, one of the many strange



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Where's the gentleman who's going all the way to the West Coast?"

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people attached to Rob's work as film director and writer. Every picture seemed to have them. What were they? Producers? Associate producers? "It's something to do with the money part," said Fanny vaguely.

Now Prince Aldo bestowed a fleeting smile on Caddie and turned back to Rob. "Tonight is *Rigoletto* and I heard today that the Gilda is ill. They have flown Bianca Letti up from Rome. You remember my telling you? She is ver-y, ver-y pretty." He tapped Rob's arm for emphasis. "Beautiful, besides the voice. She is singing Gilda. Gilda! Tonight." He looked at his watch. "We could be in time for the fourth act. Guido will let us in, but we must go at once. Rob, I tell you . . ." and he lapsed into Italian; a stream of it went over Caddie's head.

At last the bill was brought, a pile of outsize Italian notes put on the plate, and they stood up. The men walked out, still talking, and Caddie with her coat and grip trailing, ran after them through the marble lounge, past all the people, out into the noisy Milanese night.

Caddie was so dogged with tiredness and filled with good food that the night began to behave like a dream. She remembered standing in a lighted space, thick carpeting under her feet, an impression of mahogany, brass, marble, crystal, while the prince and Rob talked with a tall man in evening dress whose name seemed to be Guido.

Then they were in a wide corridor, with countless little cream doors lettered in gold. They were led by another man in black, wearing a heavy silver chain round his neck. He opened one of the doors, someone whispered, "*Silenzio. Fate silenzio.* Absolute quiet," and she was steered into a red darkness and a din of sound. Then before her opened a width of light, and below the light what seemed to be hundreds of movements. After a moment she saw they were arms working, hands holding the bows of violins, cellos, violoncellos, basses, fingers working on them, a hand poised over drums, hands lifting gleams of brass that were trumpets. It was a huge orchestra pit and, "You were in La Scala," Fanny told her afterward.

"What is La Scala?"

"The most famous opera house in the world," but the ignorant Caddie did not really know what opera was. "A play, stupid," said Hugh. "When the words are sung."

Caddie could have said, "We didn't go to a play. We went to look at Bianca Letti and hear her sing." That much Caddie had fathomed. Rob was looking at Bianca Letti, hearing her, for the part of Berengaria, in something called *Saladin.* "Just look at her, Rob. That is all," Prince Aldo had pleaded. "Just look at her."

At first Caddie was deafened. They were almost on top of the orchestra, and she was blinded by the light. On the stage was what seemed to be a hut, brightly lit, and a great stone bridge outside a wall with cypresses. Inside the hut was a young man, "The Duke," whispered Guido, and a woman in red-and-yellow-striped skirts. "The Maddalena," Guido whispered again. Prince Aldo turned his head and said, "She is nothing." Outside the hut the hunchback in a long cape lumbered about the stage and with him was a girl, young, with a golden plait that hung over the shoulder of her cloak. Its hood made a frame for a small face, and Caddie could see it was indeed very, very pretty. "That is Gilda, Bianca Letti."

The four began to sing together, Gilda and Rigoletto outside the hut, the Duke and Maddalena inside. "The quartet, *Bella figlia dell'amore,*" said Guido.

"What is *dell'amore?*" Caddie's whisper was too loud and, "Sh! *Basta,*" came fiercely. She shrank with shame, but Rob put his hand on her knee. "Listen to Gilda's notes," he said.

Caddie could not understand a word of what they sang, nor did she know what the opera was about, except that the hunchback and Gilda seemed in terrible distress, but as she listened to those four

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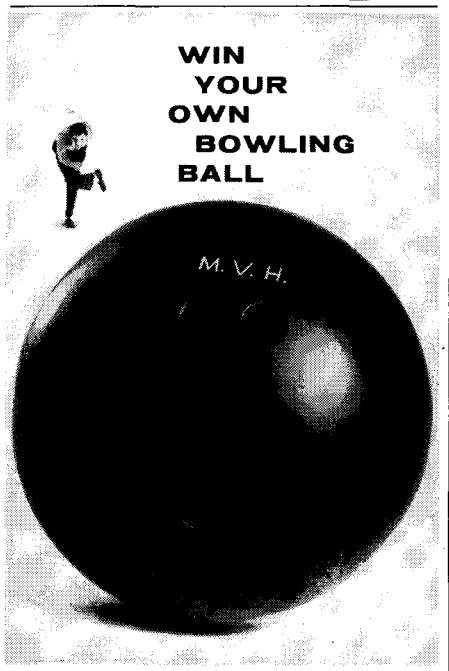

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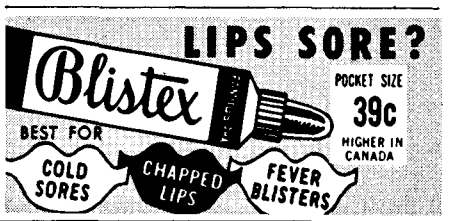

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VILLA FIORITA

voices, it was as if a skin parted in her mind, something tight and stretched in which she had been sealed and against which her unhappiness had boiled and seethed. For days she had been too small a Caddie for all that was in her. "I have grown too big for me," she could have said. Now she escaped, let out on the sound of that music, sound that she could not have believed. Oddly enough, it was to do with her pony Topaz. What could a little pony in England have to do with singing in Milan? Yet, mysteriously, she seemed to be stroking Topaz's neck again; as this singing flowed through her, she seemed to be stroking, not a pony, but life itself.

She woke with clapping ringing in her ears, clapping and shouting. The singers were bowing in front of a vast velvet curtain, carnations were being thrown down. The men were leaving the box. Caddie was just in time to stumble out after Rob, Prince Aldo and Guido. "Rob, are we going home?"

"Going round," said Rob. Guido led them up a flight of stone stairs, through a great many doors and rooms until, "We're on the stage!" cried Caddie.

They climbed another staircase, went through more doors until they came to a box of a dressing room, mahogany again, with a sofa covered in old gold velvet and gold velvet chairs to match. The room was full of people.

Then, from an inner room, Gilda—or Bianca—came out, wearing a little short dressing gown with blue roses, her face covered in cold cream. That astonished Caddie. Even Philippa would not have come out in front of strangers like that, but the cold cream did not disguise Bianca's beauty. She was shy—but Rob talked to her in a soothing gentle voice. Caddie noticed how the other men, the whole room, became silent, from respect, she thought. There was a suitcase in the corner. Caddie sat down on it to wait.

Next morning Celestina, going out to hang her birdcages in the magnolia tree, heard voices raised high in argument: Signor Quillet and the Signora. Fanny insisted it was not a real quarrel, but it began to sound like a quarrel.

"But three o'clock in the morning, Rob, when a child was with you!"

"It didn't hurt her," said Rob. "She slept part of the time. Of course she had had some wine."

"You gave her *wine?*"

"This is Italy, where we don't keep our children under glass."

He sat up and saw her angry face. "What *is* the matter? You're not a puritan, Fan." He looked at her more closely. "My darling goose, you're jealous."

"Jealous of Caddie? Don't be ridiculous." But Fanny was jealous, humiliatingly, violently jealous. Those hours of waiting for Rob had frightened her. The villa without him, even with Hugh there, had been desolate.

At eleven o'clock Fanny had sent Mario over to the Hotel Lydia to telephone the airport. Mario came back; Flight 507 had left on time. Then Fanny had had to sit calmly while Celestina told her of the terrible accidents there had been on the *autostrada* and on the lake road. "Italian driver *all* bad," declared Celestina comfortingly. "Signor Quillet drive much fast, too fast."

You cannot have it all ways, Fanny told herself. If Darrell had said he would be back at eleven, he would have been; that reliability was not in Rob. Well, you love his quicksilver quality, thought Fanny. He has probably met someone, or something has turned up to do with work, man's business.

She had been asleep when Rob came in beside her. In the morning he told her he'd brought Caddie back.

"But it was you who insisted that Caddie and Hugh must go at once," she said, bewildered.

"I changed my mind. People do." Rob was sitting up in bed. "Give me some coffee."

"But what made you?" Fanny still asked. "What made you change?"

"Caddie." He patted her hand. "She is so like you."

"Like me?" Fanny was touched, then she could not help the jealousy coming again. "Nonsense. Except for her hair and eyes, Caddie is Darrell all over again."

"I didn't see," said Rob, "why Caddie shouldn't go back with Hugh this evening or tomorrow."

"Hugh can't go back today or tomorrow."

"Fanny, he must. You say he has no fever now."

"But he's still weak. Don't make me send him back until he's well. Not for a few days." There was a note almost of hysteria in her voice.

"Fanny, you're not going to make me a scene?" Rob was feeling too contented to argue. Reflections of the lake rippled gently along the walls; the sun shone on Fanny's hair, her clear skin. He was, too, full of *Saladin* and of Bianca Letti; she would make a ravishing Berengaria. He wanted to get up and work, not stay here arguing. "I suppose a few days won't make any difference," he said. "We can tell Darrell that Doctor Isella ——"

"Darrell won't believe an Italian doctor."

At that Rob's temper flared. "Hell! You middle-class English!"

Fanny's tautness broke. "Darrell's nc middle-class, by any means. His mother, Lady Candida ——"

"Damn Lady Candida," and Rob said, "his behavior *is* middle-class—stuffy, conventional, prejudiced, and ignorant."

She got up and went to the window, her back turned.

"Fan." No one could say that as Rob said it. "Fan, are we going to quarrel over a clutter of children."

"Only two children," she said with a half-sob.

"They seem like a clutter. Of course they can stay until you think Hugh is well."

"What about Darrell?"

"He can have another telegram."

But it was Darrell who sent the telegram, a cable from Peru:

UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED STOP AM UNWILLING GWYNETH TAKE RESPONSIBILITY DESPATCH HUGH CADDIE SCHOOL AND PREFER DEAL WITH THEM MYSELF STOP PLEASE KEEP THEM UNTIL TWENTY-SIXTH CLAVERING.

"The twenty-sixth," said Fanny. "That's over a fortnight." Her face was shining. "Oh Rob! You agree, don't you?"

"I have to agree," said Rob. He smiled half ruefully. "There's only one thing for me to do. Send for Pia."

"Pia? Who is Pia?" asked Caddie.

"Rob's little girl. Pia is ten, almost two years younger than you," Fanny told Caddie. "Her mother, Lucia, died when she was born."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right, all right! Exhale!"

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"Her mother died? Oh! Then Rob didn't put her away."

"Caddie! What an expression."

"That's what the Bible says."

Caddie had been impelled to go into nny's bedroom and find a Bible, to ok up that verse about putting your wife away. She found the passage in St. Matthew; when she had pored over it she went in to Hugh. "What's fornication?" she asked in unadorned Caddie fashion.

His reaction was startling. "Get out of my room," shouted Hugh. It was as if Hugh had been saying to himself, "I must blink facts. If I don't, I cannot bear them."

It was Fanny who quite innocently would not let him blink them; she was, for instance, always in and out of his room. "I must take your temperature."

"I haven't got a temperature."

"We must make sure." And she put the thermometer in his mouth and waited, standing by the window, humming a little tune. At Stebbings she had not gone around in her dressing gown half the morning like this, lingering, smiling. He took the thermometer out of his mouth and said with hostility, "You are different."

"Hugh, put that back!" But she knew she was different.

Fanny was filled with "well-being," she could have said. It was from the quiet and sun, the loosening of the strain; she had wound up the long thread of anguish, worry and excitement into a secret ball and put it away. The change was from idleness after years of hard work, thought Fanny; Stebbings was a big house, and I only had Gwyneth a few hours a day, the whole garden with Prentice only three days a week. It was from the beauty, she thought; the lake in this May weather was so blue it might have been painted; the wisteria was full out, the roses twining up the cypresses; every puff of wind brought a different scent. It was from Celestina's cooking, her *pastas* and *risottos*, the fresh cheese, fruit, wine. I have never had wine with every meal, thought Fanny. It was from the care, she thought. At Stebbings she had not had time to spend ten minutes brushing her hair, to have it washed every week at the hairdresser's, to have her nails done, to cream and massage her face, have her clothes pressed by Giulietta before each wearing. It was all these, but most of all it was Rob's love-making.

Hugh knew; feverishly he knew everything, and he groaned. He took the thermometer out and said, "Where did you get that dressing gown?"

"At Fortnum's. I paid thirty guineas for it. Put that thermometer back."

He scowled, but Fanny was impervious that morning, sealed away into a happy secret. It was in her step, the curve of her cheek, her smile.

After the reconciliation with Rob, Fanny, brushing her hair, had happened to pick up her diary and idly look at its markings. She had lost track of the days—and weeks. Weeks. She was two weeks overdue. Two weeks and two days, and she laid down her brush in the stillness of all women in the moment of first suspicion. But it can't be, she thought, I'm too old. It's eleven years since Caddie. It's just this new life. . . . But a wild hope nsisted.

She had said nothing to Rob—it's far too early yet; give it another month, and then I must see Doctor Isella—but she felt as if she were holding some precious excitement, holy and secret.

Hugh could have ground the thermometer between his teeth as he looked at her. "When did you start using scent?"

"In London," said Fanny lightly. "Don't you like it?"

"It makes me feel sick. Go away."

"But darling, I must make your bed."

"I can make it myself." He meant his voice to be gruff, but it squeaked an octave higher, which made him furious.

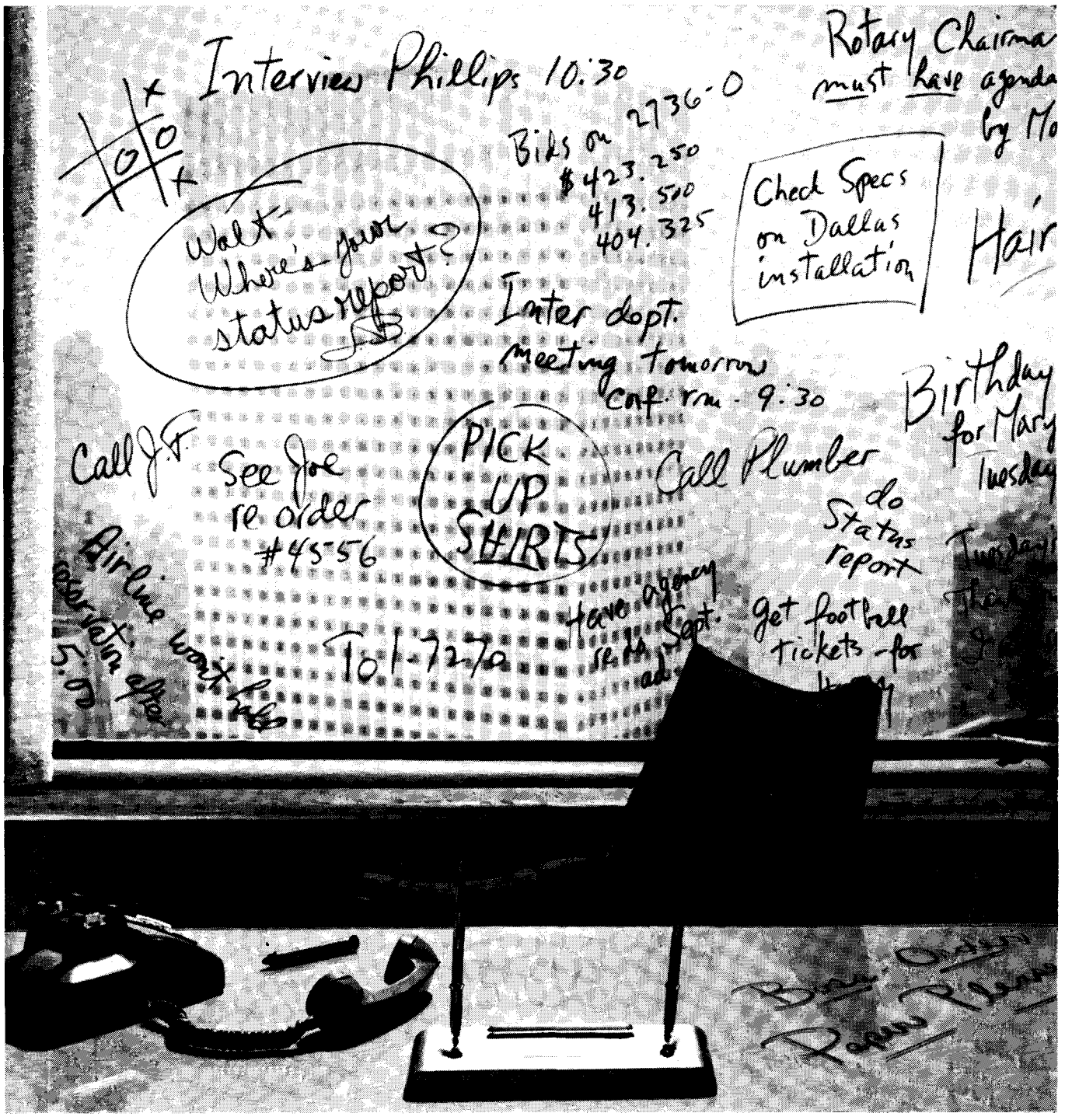
Over and over again he saw Rob's hand on Fanny's neck. That ordinary simple gesture of loving had seared Hugh's mind. What made it worse was that he was beginning to have a liking and respect for Rob. Rob made Hugh feel, for the first time, not inferior but ill-equipped; as if there were, after all, some sense in growing older, working, learning; that he, Hugh, was not completed. But I used to be complete, he thought. Rob made him pity his father Darrell. Hugh was ashamed of what he thought of as Darrell's feebleness. Somewhere in Hugh was a feeling that a woman should be subjugated, even if you had to beat her, and now, because of circumstances, Darrell was letting him and Caddie stay with the enemy.

"For a fortnight, more. Isn't that lovely?" said Fanny.

"I can't stay." Hugh pressed himself down in the bed. "I should never have come."

"But you did come." Fanny sat down on the bed. "This is going to be the rest of my life, Hugh. Can't you accept it?"

He was drowning, suffocating. "I must go back."



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"You will when Father gets home."

"Can't I go by myself?"

"You must do as he says." Fanny kept her voice crisp to hide her hurt. "To begin with, you haven't any money."

"I shall walk. Hitchhike," but he knew he would not. Once—but now he was in pieces.

When Fanny had gone, Caddie came in. "We have two weeks," she said. "More than two weeks." At Fanny's order she had brought Hugh the tea that Doctor Isella had said was still to be drunk, tea and charcoal pills every four hours for three days.

"You have been foul to Mother, haven't you?" Caddie asked, and Hugh nodded. "Good," said Caddie. "She will mind that."

Everything seemed to be playing into their hands; they had been reprieved by this extra fortnight; Hugh was evidently being as unkind as only he could be; Pia was coming, "And that's too many children in this villa," said Caddie.

Pia lived with her grandmother in Rome; in fact, she had been brought up by her grandmother.

"Can she speak English?" asked Caddie.

"Of course," said Rob. "I have brought her up too, a bit, and she has an English governess."

"There's no room in the villa for an English governess."

There was, in fact, very little room. Hugh had been moved into Rob's dressing room, and in the north bedroom Caddie had a daybed.

"Does Pia *have* to come?" asked Caddie.

"I want her to come," said Fanny. "When you love someone, you want to love the people they love."

Fanny had gone with Rob when he telephoned to Rome. The grandmother's voice had come, high, eloquent and indignant, through the booth door into the café. When Rob came out, he rubbed his ear. "Nonna's voice doesn't grow any softer."

"I heard it," said Fanny, and suddenly she asked, "Is Pia a Catholic?"

"Naturally. Her mother was."

"Then what does Nonna, what do all of them think about me?"

"I haven't asked them," said Rob. "You are not their business. You are mine."

"I'm surprised they let her come—before we are married."

"That shows how little you understand," said Rob very gently. "To them, Fanny, we shan't be married even when we are. We can't be married while Darrell is alive."

"But we shall be married, legally." Fanny was defiant.

"Legality is man's law," said Rob. "To them, marriage is a sacrament."

"And to me," Fanny cried out. "I want our marriage to be a sacrament."

"It can't be that," said Rob. "Except to us. Isn't that enough for you? It is for me," but Fanny could not get the sound of Nonna's voice out of her head.

Fanny had thought Hugh slim and graceful until she saw Pia, who had the immediate effect of making the English three of them seem large and lumpish. She was an exquisitely made little girl, having at present the long legs of a fawn, made longer by dark stockings—"Only they're not stockings, they're tights," Caddie reported later. Pia had an erect carriage; Fanny had never seen such a straight back, a poised head, small hands with slim wrists, little feet. She had, too, the waxen paleness of some Italian city children—not enough air, rich food, late hours, thought Fanny—the skin almost transparently fine. Fanny had been prepared for all these but not for the beauty of Pia's face. It was an old beauty; one could trace in it the face of generations, perfect in proportion, the forehead more wide than high, level brows, a small nose. Fanny had searched Pia's face for some sign of Rob, as every woman must, she thought, when she looks at the child of the man she loves, if it's not her child. One day perhaps, thought Fanny, and for a moment that hope thrilled through her with added life.

I'm too old, she told herself. It's almost twelve years since Caddie. All the same it's sixteen days late—no, seventeen now, and very kindly she put her hand on Pia's shoulder. "Hullo, Pia. I'm so glad to meet you." Pia made a small curtsy and held out a gloved hand.

Hugh had thought Pia would be too young to be of much interest—"Another Caddie," he had said lordly; but to his surprise he found he was taking in every inch of her, the smile of a boy looking with a little interest at a girl. He took in her clothes: Pia wore a loose belted coat hanging from her shoulders, a pleated skirt, a jersey, ordinary clothes for a girl but immaculately fresh. She had white gloves, a handbag in scarlet and an upturned hat of brushed white felt with a red ribbon streamer.

"Caddie, will you show Pia her room?" Caddie led the way upstairs, through the brocaded door and into the north bedroom. "I'm afraid you have to sleep with me," she said, indicating the daybed. "I hope you don't mind."

"At school you have to sleep with all sorts of people," said Pia. Perhaps she did not mean it to be as rude as it sounded, but then she spoke English very well.

"If you would rather have the big bed . . ."

Pia shrugged. That nonchalant shrug was the most silencing thing Caddie had experienced, and she sat stonily on her own bed and watched while Pia unpacked piles of her small personal linen and two or three dresses folded into her case on hangers.

There was a white ivory brush and comb, a manicure case, handkerchiefs, more white gloves. Whoever had packed Pia had taken great trouble. A thick prayer book in black was wrapped in tissue paper. Pia put it by her bed. "That's not a proper prayer book," said Caddie looking at it.

"It's a missal."

"What's a missal?"

"It's for Mass. You wouldn't understand."

Caddie knew it was ill-bred to ask questions, but she could not help it. The bell rang from downstairs. "I expect that's for dinner, *cena*," said Caddie; she had been learning Italian words from Giulietta.

As they were going down, "Caddie?" said Pia. "That is not a name. That is golf, for carrying the clubs."

"My name is Candida, after my grandmother."

"We have to go down," said Pia coldly.

"They don't mean to do it," said Fanny. "It happens."

"It has happened ever since they came," said Rob, but Fanny shook her head. There had always been pricks: Renato's awkwardness over her name, for instance, the scene about the ring. Now every small awkwardness was magnified. Hugh and Caddie had punctiliously called Rob "Mr. Quillet" until Fanny stopped them. "Call him Rob." But neither of them did, except when they talked to each other. The awkwardness of what Pia was to call Fanny was worse. Pia's manners shrank from saying "Fanny." She said "You" and to Hugh and Caddie, "Your mother."

Fanny and Pia were thrown much together. Rob was trying to work, and Hugh, now that he was better, had struck up a friendship with Mario, the fisherman. Hugh helped Mario with the boats; Mario had lent him a rod, let him help to run the outboard motor and, best of all, was teaching him to sail on the immense reaches of Lake Garda.

Sitting on the end of the jetty, watching the shallows where the water eddied and moved with that timeless lap, lap, Hugh slipped into a day dream in which he could forget Fanny, Rob, Caddie and Topaz. Caddie hung around, but Pia would not come down to the boathouse; fishing, Pia's look said, was for boatmen and boys. Left alone in the house, she was often, rather against both their wills, with Fanny.

"Leave her to herself," suggested Rob.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He wants to see his baby again—you been showing him any particular one?"

"Poor little soul," said Fanny. "It's fearfully dull for her." There was nothing to amuse any child in the villa, and Pia had brought nothing to do.

"Well, none of us did," said Caddie. She had discovered plenty of things of interest. The water snakes, for instance, and down at the boathouse a tabby cat was almost ready to have kittens—"You can feel them," said Caddie—and Mario had a dog, Cesare. Caddie had made friends with him and took him for runs. None of these things interested Pia at all. There were no games to play, "Not even Ping-Pong," said Pia. The wind was still too cold for them to bathe; only a few intrepid German tourists went in from the hotel jetty for a hasty splash. Pia went out with Fanny; she liked the Mercedes and even paid Fanny a staid little compliment, "You drive very well, better than my aunts."

She was completely biddable. With Hugh and Caddie she submitted to Fanny's morning and good-night kiss. She went where she was told, but she would not answer when Fanny tried to draw her out. When Fanny said, "You must teach us about Italy," Pia lookd at her without answering. Her eyes were small, black, almond-shaped; when Pia wished, she could make them blank and opaque.

"I never know what she's thinking," Fanny complained.

"You won't know," said Rob.

Compared to Pia, my children are open books, thought Fanny, perhaps a shade virtuously, and, "I have always thought that the fault of nuns as teachers is that they train the children in duplicity," she told Rob.

"If that's what you call self-control," said Rob. "At least Pia is never a bother."

"Meaning that Hugh and Caddie are?"

"Hugh is. Isn't he bothering you a good deal just now? And I resent that," said Rob.

He was oddly disturbed himself. The villa was perfectly quiet, but he could not work. Sometimes the children's voices came up to him. If Mario turned Hugh out of the boathouse, and Mario could grow surly, Hugh sat for preference on the kitchen-terrace wall with Giacomino, Celestina's husband. Caddie liked that back terrace too. Rob himself often went in and drank a glass of wine with Giacomino and Celestina.

Celestina, like most Italians, was good-natured with children, and to her, Hugh, Caddie and Pia were just children, complicated or uncomplicated. Hugh liked Giacomino, who so obviously had his women in full control, but he avoided looking at Giulietta. She was too noisily gay for Hugh just now—and too physical. Her hips seemed almost to speak as she walked or swept, bent, dusted; she wore a brassiere that made her breasts stand out in points under her black jersey. Hugh's eyes seemed to stray of themselves to those points.

Pia would not hobnob with the servants. Now and again she would walk onto the jetty to watch Hugh fish; she seemed to like him the best of the Claverings—or disliked him least. Caddie, Pia dismissed. Caddie knew this, but could not help finding Pia interesting: her life in Rome, the school nuns, the grandmother who was a beauty, the clan of uncles, aunts, cousins, the religion. She pestered Pia with questions but often felt she could not interpret what Pia said. For instance, Pia told of her guardian angels. "We each have an angel of our own—at least I have."

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"If you have, I have," said Caddie.

"I'm not sure about Protestants," said Pia.

Only once did Pia come alive, when Fanny took her with Hugh and Caddie [illegible]iva to buy new clothes. In the dress [illegible] Pia's eyes lit up, and she took charge of Caddie. For half an hour they were even friendly. Pia willingly spoke for Fanny, changed Caddie in and out of clothes in a way Fanny would hardly have had the face to do.

"Not red, of course," Pia told Caddie. "Not even red-brown. It will bring out your freckles, and you should never, never, wear bright blue. It takes all the color from your face. That green is too lime-colored. You will get tired of it." She waved it away. "Now this," and her voice grew caressing, as she picked up a jerkin in fine suede, caramel-colored with jersey sleeves. "This will last you forever."

"Until she grows out of it," said Fanny.

"There are hems," said Pia. "And look, this matches it," a pleated skirt, caramel too, and barred with pale blue.

"The pleats will come out."

"Oh, no," Pia assured her. "Not if she hangs it up properly, and I will show her how to pack it, rolled in a silk stocking. See how it suits her." Pia was right. The color brought out the gleams in Caddie's hair, a pink that had not been suspected in her cheeks. "You look nice, really nice," Pia said to Caddie.

Then, looking at Hugh from under her lashes, she found a dark blue woven shirt like one of Rob's that he secretly admired; two shirts, a jersey, two pairs of shorts. Her eyes surveyed Fanny; she [illegible]as palpably longing to re-dress her too. [illegible]ney were suddenly united, a happy family group.

As Fanny put down the money, Hugh wheeled round. "Who is paying for these clothes?"

All that Hugh threatened to say hung in the air: That man is not to pay for our clothes. I won't wear them. There were white patches round Hugh's nostrils. Caddie was looking distressed, while Pia walked away humming a little tune. "Who is paying for them?"

"I am," said Fanny.

"Whose money is it?"

"Mine."

But Hugh was not to be put off. "Where did you get it?"

"From—Father," said Fanny reluctantly. In a way, the money was from Darrell, thought Fanny miserably.

"Your husband has been magnanimous," Mr. McCrae had said, and he told Fanny that Darrell could have sued Rob for enticement. All the same, he would not sue, nor ask for damages, on condition that Rob settled an appropriate sum on her, Fanny. "In your own right, absolutely."

Fanny had cried, almost choked with shame. Darrell had insisted, and Rob did too. "Anything may happen at any time in the film world," said Rob. "Besides being magnanimous, it's sound."

It was like Darrell, honorable and protective, and it stabbed Fanny as nothing else had done.

"Really, Hugh," she said haughtily as she paid, "will you *please* not interfere so continually in grown people's affairs?"

"Who would have believed Hugh could [illegible]e so abominable," Fanny said to Rob. [illegible]I didn't know a child could be so bitter."

"You didn't always treat him as a child, and now this is hard on him."

"I try and make it up to him, in love and attention."

"Far too much attention," said Rob wearily. "I think that's a mistake. Children are children, and they should learn to keep their places."

Even when they kept their place, they made themselves felt. Meals were an agony. "Pia watches everything I do, Caddie watches everything you do," said Fanny. "Hugh looks at his plate and says nothing."

Rob tried to enliven one dinner by talking about the script he was struggling with. "They want Saladin to fall in love with Berengaria," he told them.

"But he didn't," said Caddie, who had just read *Ivanhoe*.

"I know he didn't, but Renato and Mr. Herz and Prince Brancati want him to, and they say it's their film. They think it would be much more interesting for Bianca Letti—if we can get her."

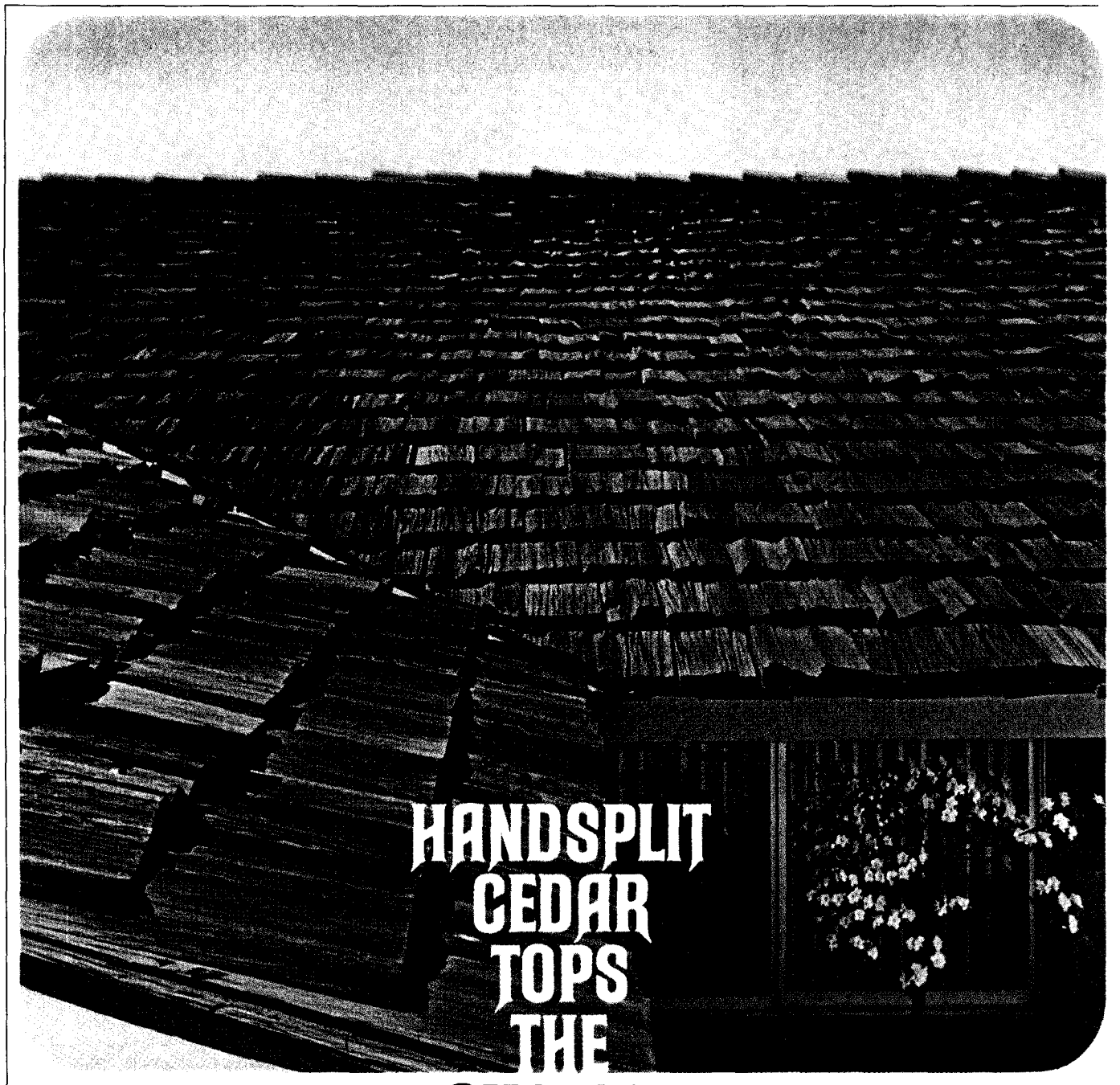
Then Hugh did speak. "Italians have no business to monkey about with English history," he said into his plate.

"Anyway," Rob went on, ignoring Hugh, "I'm trying to build Richard up so that it will be as much his story, but I'm afraid, unless we can find someone very strong, he hasn't a chance against Saladin."

"But Richard was Coeur de Lion," said Fanny. "Surely that's romantic enough."

"It's always the enemy who steals the thunder," said Rob. "The villain. Not that Saladin was a villain, just the enemy."

"I always liked Satan much the best in *Paradise Lost*," said Fanny.



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VILLA FIORITA

"You could play Saladin," said Caddie suddenly to Rob.

"Or Satan?" He was laughing, but Pia slid her hand into his and looked at Caddie and Hugh as if she could have stabbed them.

Caddie saw a father as she had not imagined a father could be. It was clear that Rob and Pia loved each other deeply, but with her he was completely natural. He was patient when he felt patient; one day he would let her climb all over him, drag him about the garden, interrupt; but the next day, if he were feeling impatient, he would shout at her, order her out of the room.

"But Pia never knows where she is," Fanny protested.

"She does," said Rob. "She knows she has to study me and find out what mood I'm in. That will teach her to deal with other people."

"You must hurt her feelings. Children are *people*."

Rob shrugged. "Not yet," he said. "One day we hope they will be."

"I wish Rob were my father"—Caddie almost said it. It was hard to resist him. At four o'clock stale with work, he would come down from his study and shout, "I want a child!" Pia would come running, all her dignity forgotten, and Caddie, almost against her will, followed. Sometimes Rob drove them up the mountain road to pick wild flowers. He took them into Malcesine, or right down the lake to Sirmione, or up to Torbole and Riva. Fanny was strict about eating between meals, but Rob took Pia and Caddie to the waterfront café and gave them *cassata*, ice-cream cake filled with nuts and crystallized fruit, or chocolate cake and cream.

He let them taste everything, even when Fanny came. "What's that?" Caddie had asked of the pale pink slices of *mortadella*, and Rob put some into a roll with butter and gave it to her.

"You won't like that. It's garlic," said Fanny.

"She might, if you don't tell her she won't," he said.

An edge seemed to come into their voices whenever they spoke of the children. Sometimes it flared into a real quarrel. On the evening of the shopping expedition, for instance, Fanny was in the drawing room with the children, waiting for Rob, who was working late. When he came down, he was tired but satisfied.

"Got it. Got it at last," he said. "Got the scene with Saladin and Richard. It's right. Balanced, thank God," and on his way to the drinks tray he put his cheek against Fanny's and kissed her. It was only a light kiss, but three pairs of eyes noted it.

Fanny, brushing her hair that night, stopped to look uncertainly at him as he lay on the bed, smoking. "Rob, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"It depends what it is."

"I think it might be wiser not to kiss me—or touch me," said Fanny with a rush, "in front of the children."

"Why not?"

"It—embarrasses them . . ."

"Does it, now?" said Rob, and Fanny knew there would be trouble.

"Yes." She had to go on. "Especially Hugh. When you kissed me this evening . . ."

For a moment Rob had to compel himself to be silent. He had come down from his study to find them all waiting for him, as a family should wait for the father. All the faces had been turned to him, the little girls' silken heads, Fanny in the midst of them in her honey-colored dress. The firelight, the beautiful room, the—the welcome, thought Rob now, and he had thought it was a welcome, had filled him with content and a possessive pride. In that kiss for Fanny was a kiss for them all, if they had only known it. For Rob the disappointment was curiously bitter. "So I'm to condition my feelings to Hugh?"

"It doesn't alter *our* feelings."

"This kind of thing may alter them considerably."

"Oh, Rob. Don't be hurt."

"Why shouldn't I be hurt? Has it *ever* occurred to you, Fanny, for one minute, that someone else than these precious children has feelings?"

"Occurred to me! I feel as if I'm being pulled in half."

"You will be, if you play the children's game. I warn you, Fanny . . ." He got up and walked about the room. "As for Hugh, he is trespassing."

"Trespassing?"

"Yes, trespassing. Children are secondary, Fanny. They are meant to be that. The man and woman are first. First. Get that into your head. You're out of focus."

"I am?"

"Yes. The mother-and-child relationship isn't as important as you make it. Hugh will grow beyond you, and you will lose him—should lose him. What Hugh needs is to fall in love himself."

"At fourteen?"

"Age doesn't matter, and nothing else will distract him. Don't you see?" said Rob. "This has forced him physically, without the balance of loving. If Hugh could only love someone tenderly! Tenderness is the cure. Let's hope it will come sometime. Meanwhile he will probably have two or three bad years. Don't make them worse by turning life into a hothouse for him."

"It's you who do that, when you kiss me."

"I do, do I?" and they were back where they had started, quarreling.

Almost every afternoon, when the south wind sprang up, Mario and Hugh would go sailing in the *Fortuna*, and it was infinitely soothing. The lake, it seemed, was a world of men; the campers' small inflatable boats, the speedboats, were driven by men.

"Take me sailing," Caddie would beg.

"It's not for girls," Hugh said, "and you don't swim very well."

Hugh fished every morning, helping Mario to deal with the temperamental outboard motor or sailing the beautiful little *Fortuna* in the afternoon. Boating made the villa possible for Hugh, even likable. This and, he had to confess, sometimes Pia; but the feeling for Pia was only budding, and he liked best to be on the jetty, in the boathouse, out on the lake.

"We came here to fight," said Caddie. "Six whole days have gone and we've done nothing. *You* do nothing," she said accusingly.

"What can I do?"

"Something." Caddie's face was perate. "Can't you worry them, Hugh.

"No," said Hugh.

"You used to worry Father, beautifully. You won't even think."

She tried to enlist Pia. "Pia, do you want your father to marry Mother?"

"Certainly not," said Pia.

"Why not? Wouldn't you like to have a father *and* a mother?"

"Not your mother," said Pia, with unflattering promptness.

"Why not?" asked Caddie bristling.

"She is not *elegante*."

"What's 'not *elegante*'?"

"Don't you know anything?" asked Pia.

The more she saw of Pia, the more hopelessly clumsy and childish Caddie felt. Pia was so well arranged. Her side of the room was always neat. Caddie had seen her bestow a pitying glance on the way she, Caddie, slung her dress over a chair when she took it off. Her own clothes were always without the smallest crease.

She brushed her short hair for a long time, standing at the window, her small face inscrutable. When Pia was dressed and brushed, she would kneel down and say her prayers. Caddie wondered what it felt like to be so certain God would listen. "Pia," she asked one day, "do you pray it won't happen?"

Pia did not need to ask what "it" was. "I pray for my father."

"Not for my mother?"

"No."

"Isn't there," asked Caddie, "*anything* we can do?"

Pia shrugged, yet it was she who found the weapon. "I have noticed," said Pia thoughtfully, "that grown-ups are upset if children will not eat. Suppose we try and eat very, very little? Though that," she said with a darting look at Caddie, "will be difficult for you."

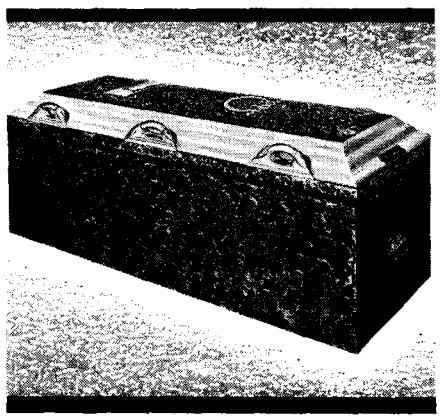
Caddie had already gone a large step further. "Suppose we eat nothing at all. Let's go on hunger strike," said Caddie.

"Children do go on strike," she argued with Hugh, who thought it a stupid idea.

"Yes, but going without food," said Hugh. "It would be futile. You could never keep it up."

"I can if Pia can."

WHAT IS A BURIAL VAULT?



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I never saw that woman before in my life."

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"You know how greedy you are."

Caddie was not only greedy, she was hungry. All of them were, in this lake and mountain air, and Celestina was a superb cook. Caddie sighed. A hunger strike was a daunting thought, but it was so dramatic. "A real sacrifice," said Pia. "We can start now with lunch."

Lunch, that day, was to be *gnocchi alla Romana*. Caddie could smell it cooking. They had had nothing since breakfast, and that had been only coffee and rolls.

"Let's start after lunch," Caddie suggested to Pia. "We can eat so much that tonight we won't mind."

"I shall never mind," said Pia.

"You see," said Hugh to Caddie. "You will never do it."

"We shall start with lunch," said Caddie.

Pia shook her head; Giulietta passed on to Caddie, and Caddie shook her head. Giulietta, holding the dish, looked puzzled.

"No *gnocchi?*"

"No, thank you."

"No, thank you."

"But I thought you liked it?"

"We do, but not today."

"Are you not feeling well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Thank you."

"Very well, Giulietta," said Fanny. "Put it down."

"*Posala sulla tavola,*" said Rob, and Giulietta put the beautiful cheese-smelling dish, so invitingly browned on the top, on the table beside Caddie—"Right under my nose," as she said afterward. Her stomach gave a loud gurgle. "You are hungry," said Fanny. "Don't be silly. Have some *gnocchi.*"

"No, thank you."

Perhaps they are sick of cheese, thought Fanny. "Have some salad and rolls and butter," she said.

"No, thank you," said Pia.

"Then would you like to go?"

Thankfully Pia and Caddie escaped. "I almost couldn't," Caddie told Pia, who said kindly, "*Gnocchi alla Romana* is a very good dish."

It was a long afternoon. They both felt yawningly empty. Fanny, who had to mail letters for Rob, took them into Malcésine and down to the harbor, where they refused cake or an ice, even orange juice or a coffee. "Are you both ill?" asked Fanny.

"We just don't want any."

Fanny could understand Pia—that waxen pallor might mean an erratic stomach—but Caddie? She looked perfectly well, if a little pale.

"Is it a joke?"

"Certainly not." Yet each time they refused, they looked at each other, and Caddie had adopted Pia's trick of making her eyes blank. "You must expect," Pia warned, "that when they do understand, they will be angry."

Fanny began to understand at dinner.

Dinner was asparagus soup; slices of roast pork, tender as Celestina knew how to make them, in a gravy of young carrots and parsley; a puree of potatoes and, after it, artichokes to be eaten leaf by leaf, dipped into bowls of vinaigrette. They shook their heads to the dish of pork, to the potatoes, the artichokes, though Caddie felt almost faint.

"I see," said Fanny. "You are going to eat nothing at all."

"No, thank you."

"What is this? A hunger strike?"

They looked at their plates.

"Hugh, what is this?"

Hugh said, "They're idiots, that's all."

"You had better go," Fanny said to Caddie and Pia, but Rob was more cunning. "No, don't let them go. Let them sit here and watch us eat."

"Saint Sebastian was shot with arrows," said Pia. "Look." And she showed Caddie a picture of a young man naked, his face serene and upturned though he was bound to a post, his body stuck with arrows, each with a trail of bright crimson blood.

"Ugh!" said Caddie.

"He smiled," said Pia. Her eyes were lit and dreamy, almost ecstatic.

Both Pia and Caddie had headaches and they felt curiously sick, "And it's only the second day." They had not been able to sleep. "Of course not," Fanny had said. She had heard them moving about and had come in—then she had not been able to sleep either. "You are too empty to sleep, you silly little girls." She had gone down to the kitchen and had brought up two tumblers of hot milk and a plate of biscuits. "Drink this and stop this nonsense."

"If we had one biscuit each, would they notice?" asked Caddie.

"She probably counted," said Pia. "You see, she *is* getting upset."

Pia counted the biscuits herself and after that nothing could have made Caddie take even a sip of milk. In the morning Giulietta found the tumblers, the plate of biscuits untouched beside their beds.

"The martyrs were brave," said Pia. "They suffered terrible things." Could they, thought Caddie, have been more terrible than the aching emptiness of one's inside? For lunch on that second day there was *risotto*—rice cooked until the good chicken liquid was absorbed right into it—*risotto*, followed by crisp eel fritters.

"I'm sure they are having the nicest things on purpose," said Caddie.

"Naturally," said Pia. "My father is clever."

He was. He did not argue with them; he simply took as long as possible over every meal with Caddie and Pia pinned in their chairs. "Have some more, Fanny. . . . Pia, pass those peas to Hugh. . . . Beautiful coffee this morning, Fanny. . . . Such fresh rolls. . . . Nice crisp lettuce." Pia and Caddie gazed stonily over his head, but it was torture.

The strangest part was Hugh. He, who had condemned Italian food, had picked at it, now ate as never before. "Does he *want* to be unkind?" asked Caddie of Pia. Hugh did want to be unkind; the more he ate, the more impatient he was of Caddie, the more he hated Fanny.

Fanny herself, even more than Caddie, was hurt and displeased. "I thought he would have been more loyal to his sister," but no one, it seemed, was loyal. That second day she had a registered parcel from Paris, a heavy box labeled FRAGILE. "Philippa!" she said, looking at it in amazement. "She hasn't written me since . . ." She saw Caddie's and Pia's curious eyes and took the box away to Rob's study. Inside were two ornamental cups and saucers, lettered in scrolled gilt: *Toi* and *Moi.*

"Oh, poor darling!" said Fanny defensively.

"Wait a moment," said Rob, picking them up. "Philippa has a better eye than you. These are not the tourist things you think. Early Victorian," he said, looking at the markings. "She must have paid a great deal for them, particularly in Paris," but Fanny was devouring the letter that was with them.

"Oh, Rob! She says they are a wedding present!"

"Well? Isn't that nice of her?"

"Philippa shouldn't give us a wedding present—a wedding present to her own mother! And she asks if she can come to us this summer. She says she is longing to meet you."

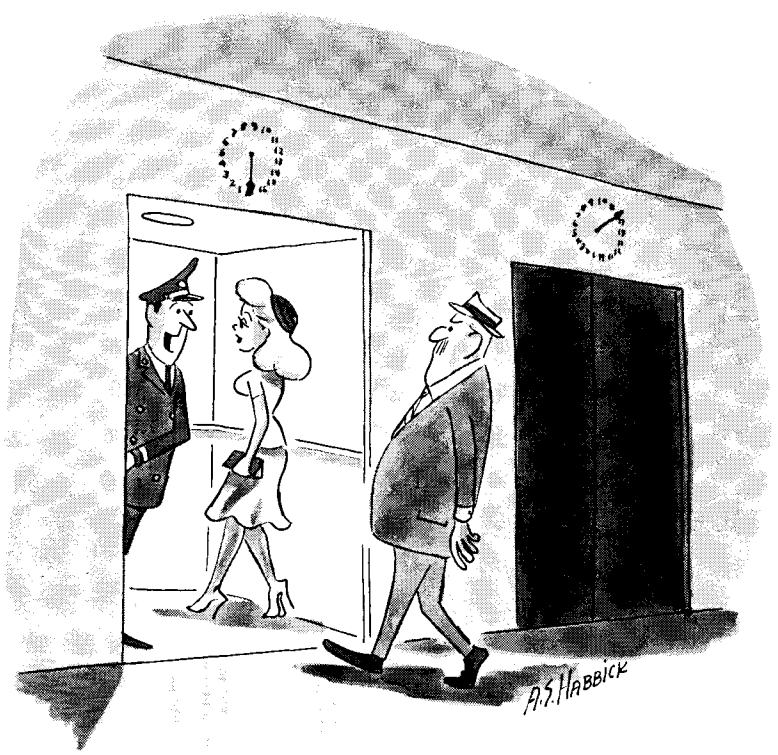
"Well? Isn't that good?"

"She was Darrell's especial one," said Fanny slowly. "He was counting on her."

"Do I have to agonize over Darrell now?" said Rob. For the first time he was impatient. "I'm sorry, Fan, it's all these alarms and upsettings. I married you, not your family."

But Fanny, sitting by the table, had to say, "I am my family."

TO BE CONCLUDED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Next car, please."

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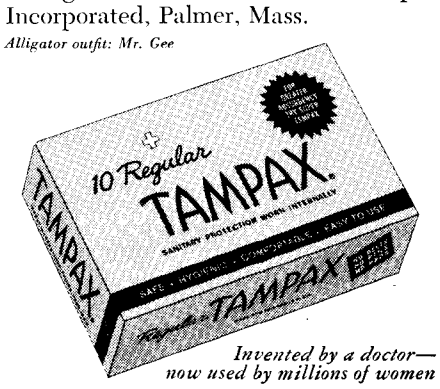

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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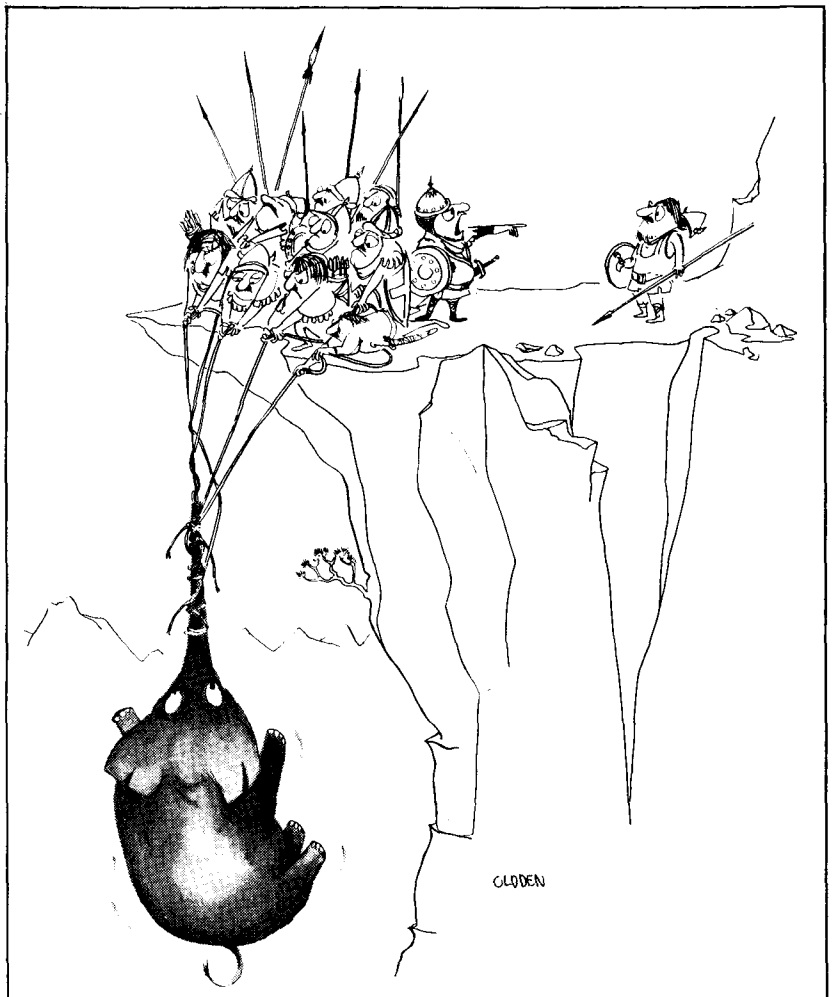
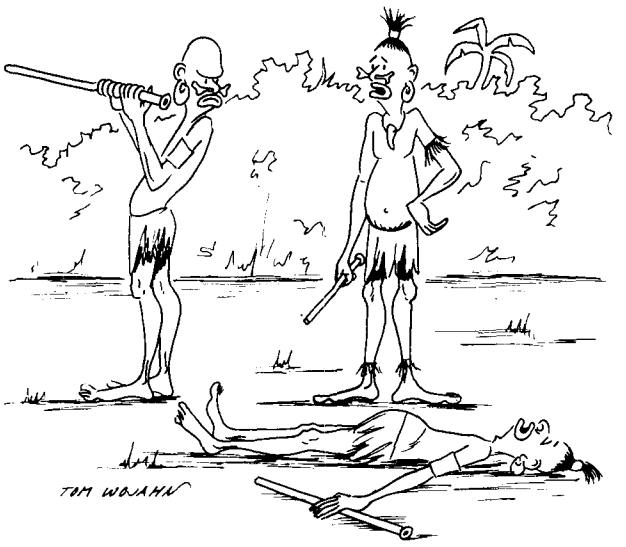
post scripts



". . . And tell Hannibal to get here on the double."



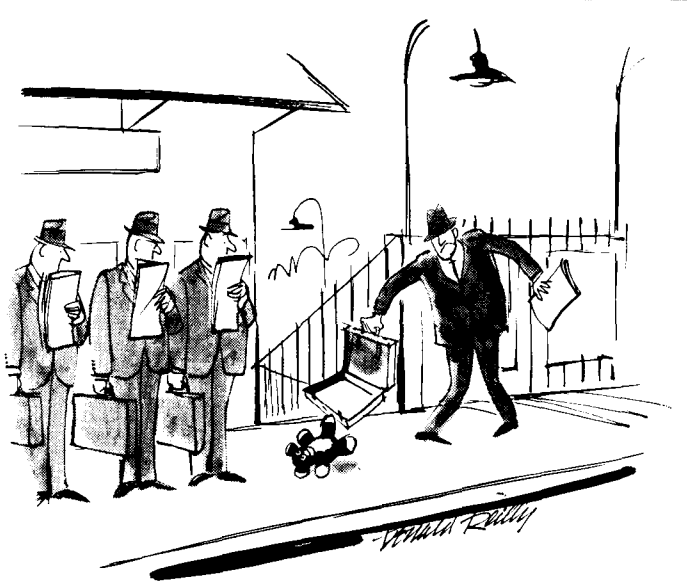
"He inhaled."

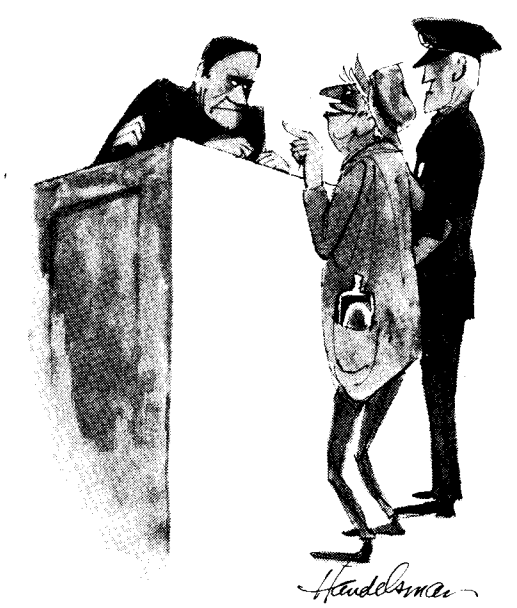
"Mr. Briggs, do you remember that ad you placed for a bright, aggressive young man on the go?"

THE ONE AND ONLY

There once was a spouse
Who never did grouse
About something being better
In his mother's house. . . .
And his name, madam,
Was Adam.

SELMA RASKIN





"Your job is arresting people. My job is being drunk and disorderly."

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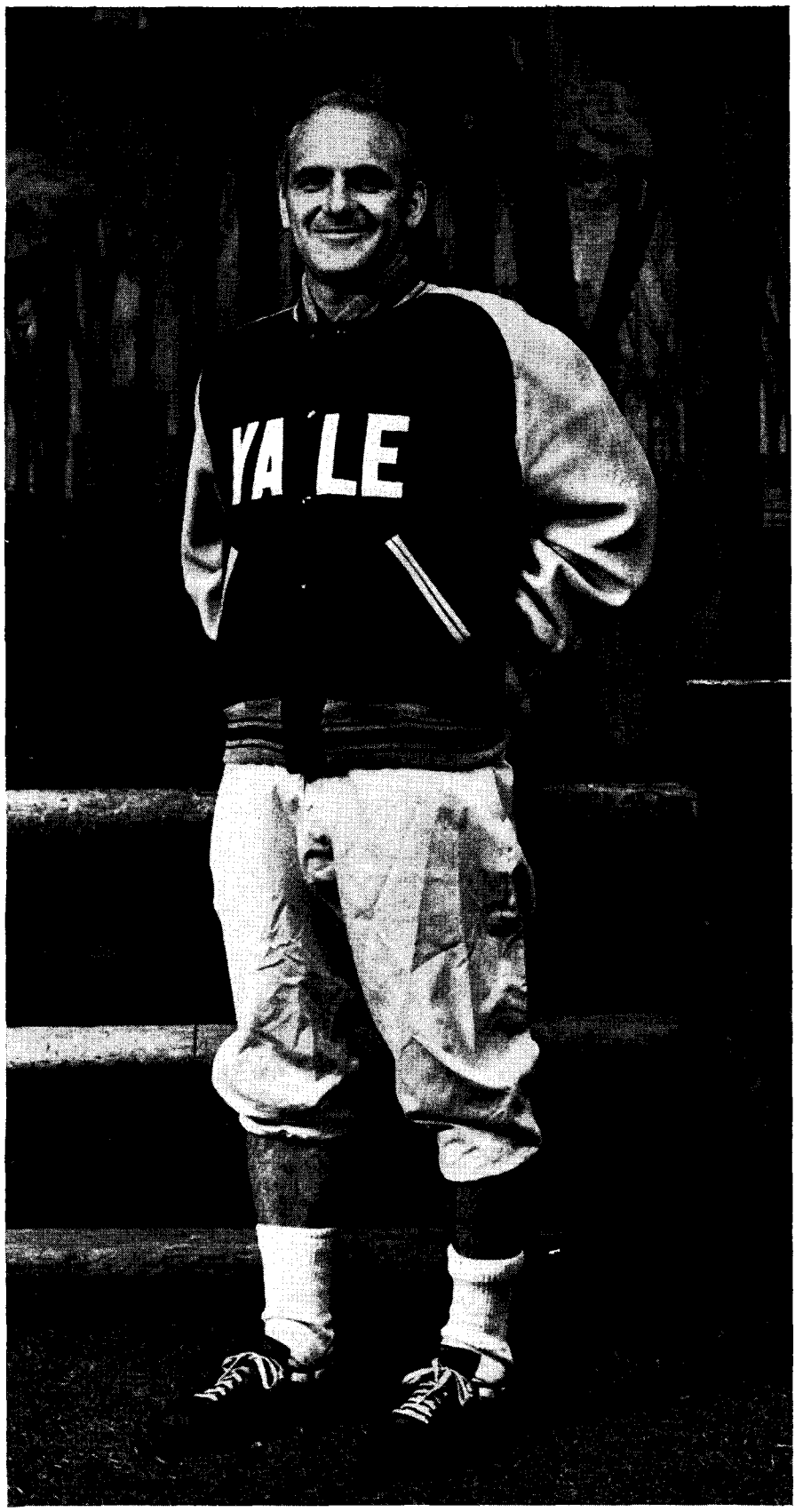
HOW THE ELIS COMPARED 88 CANDIDATES BEFORE SETTLING THEIR HOPES ON LITTLE-KNOWN JOHN PONT.

YALE FINDS A COACH

By WILLIAM N. WALLACE



In a spanking-new jacket, Pont strikes a beaming pose on the New Haven campus. Back at Miami U., under difficult working conditions, his teams had won 43 games, lost only 22.

It was a sticky situation up at Yale. The head football coach, sturdy, bald Jordan Olivar, was giving his New Haven assignment total concentration for precisely one quarter of each year. The rest of the time he sold insurance in Los Angeles, Calif., some 2,500 miles distant from The Bowl.

According to the late Herman Hickman, who was there, the head coach's job at Yale is simple: "Keep the alumni sullen, but not mutinous." During Olivar's tenure, Old Blues were both. It stayed a sticky situation until last January 28, when Jordan Olivar voluntarily walked the plank. He quit.

Result No. 1: A tempting coaching job up for grabs.

Result No. 2: Some careful thinking at Yale about what the new football coach ought to be, besides being there.

Result No. 3: Eighty-eight candidates for the job from all over the country.

Result No. 4: The hiring, last March 6, of John Pont, late of Miami, Ohio, to lead the Elis back to glory and to lead the mutinous alumni back to sullenness.

Olivar had won most of his games and two Ivy League championships. But the complaints muttered, spoken and written by alumni against him covered a wide range. He wasn't available to talk to players all year round, and thus could never get really close to them. He relied too much on seniority in picking his starters. He relied too much on his assistants. What alumni criticisms actually reflected was the belief of Old Blues that the head coaching job at Yale is one of the best in the country, and that a coach ought to realize that—and thank destiny at least once a week for his great fortune.

In point of fact, the job is something less than perfect. Football at Yale is long on tradition but short on quarterbacks. The late president, A. Whitney Griswold, was a dedicated opponent of so-called big-time football. (The Ivy League rule barring spring practice was his.) Rules on recruiting are fairly strict, academic standards are high, and, as a kind of discordant counterpoint to this, one finds the rumbling of alumni. Coaching tenures at Yale have averaged less than five seasons during the past 48 years, remarkably brief for a school which measures its traditions two or three decades at a time.

Still, it is Yale. There is The Bowl and Boola Boola and The Game. It is Yale and it is a challenge, and no sooner had Olivar departed than job applications began arriving in New Haven.

To meet its own challenge—that of choosing the suitable coach—Yale set up a selection committee. One member, John Blum, a short, intense history professor, summed up the initial approach. "This university," Blum said, "must stand for excellence. It must hire the best possible teachers. In fields like Asian history, excellent teachers may be hard to find. But not in football. With football coaches, we have a buyers' market. So our committee need make no compromise."

It also couldn't make a final decision, all by itself. Blum's group was organized to represent the four elements which play upon Yale football—the athletic association, alumni, former players and faculty—and it would recommend to the Board of Athletic Control, which would then rubber-stamp the final decision.

Delaney Kiphuth, a 45-year-old Yale graduate who is now athletic director, was the one man on both committees, and the overall plan, naturally, was his own. Why have history profs help pick a football coach? Why Old Blues? Well, a university is neither more nor less political than any other large organization, which is to say it is very political indeed. How to blend the factions? Give them a voice, put up with early cacophony, hope for later harmony.

On February 9 the six-man selection committee met to define qualifications for the new head coach. To find a man, it began with an ideal.

The Yale coach, the committee decided, must be able to teach students who are not obligated to him for either their admission to the university or for financial assistance. There are no Hessians at Yale. There are no athletic scholarships (but it doesn't hurt a scholarship applicant if he can pass a football 65 yards).

The Yale coach, the committee agreed, must understand that he is only one of many respected men in athletics at the university. Football is not a magic word. It gives him no special favored position.

He must understand and support the concept of the Ivy League—football players should be students, not gladiators.

Finally, the man must have absolute mastery of his subject, the tactics, techniques and stratagems of football.

This calculated search for perfection was a sharp departure from one tradition. Dating back to Yale's first paid coach, Frank Hinkey of 1914–15, selections had always been made by alumni committees. As one Old Blue concedes, "Grievous errors were made." This time the alumni would have nothing more than a contributory role.

The selection committee further decided to invite the 10 most promising candidates to New Haven, at Yale's expense, for interviews. Kiphuth and James G. (Gib) Holgate, his assistant who doubles

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Pont demonstrates an offensive maneuver for his players. "The part of football I don't like is recruiting players. The part I do like is teaching them."

as freshman football coach, next made their own selection of the ten and served them to the committee.

How would you pick any 10 best-qualified football coaches in America? You might logically start with the top 10 vote gatherers of the annual coach-of-the-year poll. But in that event you would have only big-time operators at big-time football colleges. Kiphuth was leery of this. "If we bring in somebody who has been successful elsewhere, in a free-wheeling football environment different from Yale's, he will want to impose his ways and means upon us. And that will create only violent friction."

Instead the Kiphuth-Holgate team followed a plot to snare the right man. They established categories and filled them with men they knew through performance records, and reputations vouched for by other athletic administrators. "Anytime you go to a football convention, you hear an awful lot of gossip. And I've been to a lot of conventions," said Holgate, a 42-year-old Michigan graduate who is in charge of Yale's extensive but heavily regulated screening of intelligent football players.

The Yale categories were: small-college head coaches; middle-size-college head coaches; big-college head coaches; assistant coaches from big colleges.

In the first category were Jim Garrett of Susquehanna University, Lee McLaughlin of Washington and Lee, and Jim Ostendarp of Amherst. In the middle-size-college group came John Pont of Miami, Ohio, and Alva Kelley, former coach at Brown and Colgate, who had come back to football at Hobart College; and a midwestern rival of Pont's. In the big-college category the committee had in mind Ben Martin of the Air Force Academy, although for various reasons he was never interviewed. The four assistant coaches were Rick Forzano, Naval Academy; Don Fuoss, Purdue; Clark Van Galder, Wisconsin, and Joseph Paterno of Penn State.

Innumerable applications had come to Kiphuth by wire, mail and telephone; but before revealing the 10 leading choices to *The Post*, he insisted that no distinction be made between men who had applied and those whom Yale directly sought. Of the 10, four had applied. "I had a hunch," Kiphuth said at the time, "that our man will not come from an application." As it developed Kiphuth's hunch turned out to be right.

On the basis of tips and his own reasoning, Kiphuth wrote four letters to athletic directors. On February 13 one went to John L. Brickels, at Miami of Ohio. It said:

> As you may know, we have lost our football coach, Jordan Olivar. In the search for a successor, I am anxious to consider John Pont. I realize that he is well situated with you, and I will not get in touch with him without your approval, of course.

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YALE FINDS A COACH

Could you call me collect at New Haven, STate 7-3131, and let me know if you approve of my writing Pont? I would also appreciate it very much if you would tell me if you think he might have any interest in the job at Yale in view of his solid situation with you.

Sincerely,
Delaney Kiphuth

On the same day, February 13, a man in Chicago wrote a letter to Kiphuth. This man was Clint Frank, a Yale All-American who in 1935 had succeeded Jerry Roscoe as passer to the great end Larry Kelley. Frank is a big man in Yale football. (A large tinted photograph of him has for years hung over the fireplace in the head coach's wood-paneled office.) And, no less significant, he is one of Yale's key talent scouts in the Chicago area. For the last 17 years Yale's Chicago scouts, headed by an insurance executive named Robert Anderson, have found and sent to New Haven each fall an astonishing number of well-qualified students who happen to be excellent football players.

Frank had two coaching recommendations for Kiphuth. The first one the athletic director dismissed. The second was John Pont. Kiphuth replied to Frank, "You can be sure we have John Pont well in mind."

An executive with the Chicago *Tribune*, Walter Kurz, had told Frank about Pont. Kurz's son Bob was the sports publicity director at Miami, so the Chicago [illegible] knew all about Pont. Kiphuth and [illegible] gate had concluded that football in the Mid-American Conference—of which Miami is a member—was of high quality. And so that was how Yale discovered its man—by a careful deduction in New Haven backed up by a letter from Clint Frank, who to so many Old Blues embodies all that has been best in Yale football.

Pont had succeeded Ara Parseghian at Miami in 1956. And the next year the number of football scholarships was cut from 20 per season to 11 by Miami administrators. Pont convinced himself and his staff that fighting these curbs on football recruiting would be useless. Perhaps the handicaps could be exploited.

"We were challenged," Pont was to tell the Yale selectors, who were delighted to hear this kind of story. "We recruited better students. We had fewer academic losses. We all worked a little bit harder; and we proved to ourselves that if you push a young man and ask more of him, he'll do a better job for you."

Pont continues to believe that Miami operates with somewhat of a manpower handicap among its conference rivals, especially Ohio University and Bowling Green. Those close to Yale football like to think the same situation exists for Old Eli as against Dartmouth, Harvard at the moment, and sometimes Princeton. So what better kind of coach could on[e] have than a Pont, a martyr whose Miami record had been 43–22–2.

On February 22, in answer to an invitation and with the consent of Miami officials, John Pont flew from Oxford, Ohio, to New Haven. He knew nothing of the qualifications Yale had established. He had no idea what to expect. But he was interested. "The first time I was in Delaney's office," he recalls, "the phone rang after a couple of minutes and a professor, Bill Emerson, asked him to go over to a showroom on Whalley Avenue, and look at a new sports car. He took me along. I don't care much about sports cars, but it was a nice way to relieve the pressure on both of us."

One hour later Kiphuth took Pont to a table down at Morey's, Yale's famous eating club, where the rest of the selection committee was gathered, and there Pont was surprised again. Last fall Miami had upset Purdue, a university which brightens football afternoons with a well-built majorette, the Golden Girl, who wiggles in an undersized gold-spangled leotard.

"Let's not talk football," John Blum, the history professor, said. "I want to hear all about that Golden Girl."

Pont wondered what kind of people these were and found himself liking them because they made the job interview so pleasant. The talk went on easily for hours. Then Jerry Roscoe, the old Yale passer, asked: "John, why in the world would you *want* to be Yale coach?"

"Consider my position," Pont said. "I realize I've had success and that I'll probably move on sooner or later. But where? If I were offered a job in the Southeastern Conference, I'd turn it down. And that might go for the Big T[en] too. Those places stress what I don't like, recruiting, and play down what I do like,

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teaching." At that instant, although he didn't know it, John Pont had won the job at Yale.

Soon afterward Pont, who is 35, went home to Oxford and told his wife Sandy that the Yale people had impressed him. "I'll take the job if it's offered," he said.

But back in New Haven, Delaney Kiphuth was not quite ready and would not be for another few weeks. There was the matter of bringing other coaches to Yale. Before Pont's arrival, Joe Paterno, the talented assistant coach from Penn State, had been the foremost candidate. Kiphuth had not stopped searching after Paterno, and he did not stop searching after Pont.

The committee had actually intended to hold no intramural discussions until all the candidates had been seen. Pont left New Haven on a Friday, and by Saturday Yale's high resolve had weakened. At cocktail hour that afternoon four of the selectors played a game. Each marked down the order of his preferences among the six men already interviewed. Kiphuth collected the ballots, and Pont's name led all four lists. In second place, also unanimously, came Joe Paterno.

With the man from Miami in mind, the selection committee met its four remaining candidates, beginning at dinner on Friday, March 1. By three o'clock Saturday afternoon the interviews were over and the committee held its final meeting. It was brief.

Kiphuth had checked into Pont. A group of Yale alumni in Dayton, which is not far from Oxford, reported that the Miami coach was "enthusiastically supported by the alumni and regarded by his players as firm but fair." A faculty member at Miami said that the coach was "a gentleman." Furthermore he had never asked the faculty for favors. Stu Holcomb, athletic director at Northwestern, had told Kiphuth that if he ever had to replace Ara Parseghian, Pont would be his man.

The selectors all had praise for Pont. "This man has great teaching qualities," said Blum, who plays a strong hand in hiring Yale faculty members. The committee and the Board of Athletic Control were of one mind.

That evening a phone call from New Haven to Oxford broke up a bridge game at the Pont home. The following Wednesday at Yale Pont signed a three-year contract. His salary was not announced but was estimated at $15,000 a year.

Gib Holgate made probably the most significant point behind the hiring. "John was the only one of the ten who talked about football's role *within* the academic structure. So many coaches believe football is *the* end, academics the means to that end. They tell a boy the reason he should study hard is so he can stay eligible to play football."

In the weeks following his appointment, Pont went on the road and spoke before many Yale alumni groups. His quiet sense of humor pleased the listeners. To a big gathering at the Yale Club in New York he said, "It's your football team. At least when it wins, it will be your team. I know when it loses you'll call it *my* team."

A newspaperman asked Pont about is Miami offense, a rather wide-open one in which the passing game played a big part. Suppose there is no quarterback on the squad who can throw the ball, the failing of Yale's 1961 and 1962 teams? Pont gently needled Holgate, the recruiting officer. "I guess I'd have to put the blame on Gib," he said.

Pont's humor is important for the care and handling of old grads. His technical knowledge, supported by his record, is important because the team with the most points wins. His understanding of the academic world is important because Yale football players are required to read books. He is not an ideal; he is a man. Both Yale committees are firmly convinced he was the best man around.

It was Knute Rockne who once said that everything in football began at Yale, and perhaps Rockne meant to include disgruntled alumni. Pont will operate full-time at New Haven, and he has no plans for television appearances or a career in insurance. However, it won't necessarily be roses all the way.

In the flurry of enthusiasm that followed his appointment and his introduction to the Yale family, one of Pont's strongest supporters injected a sobering note. Said Professor Blum, "If he is to have a successful career here at Yale, I expect he is going to have to beat Harvard and Princeton at least half the time."

THE END

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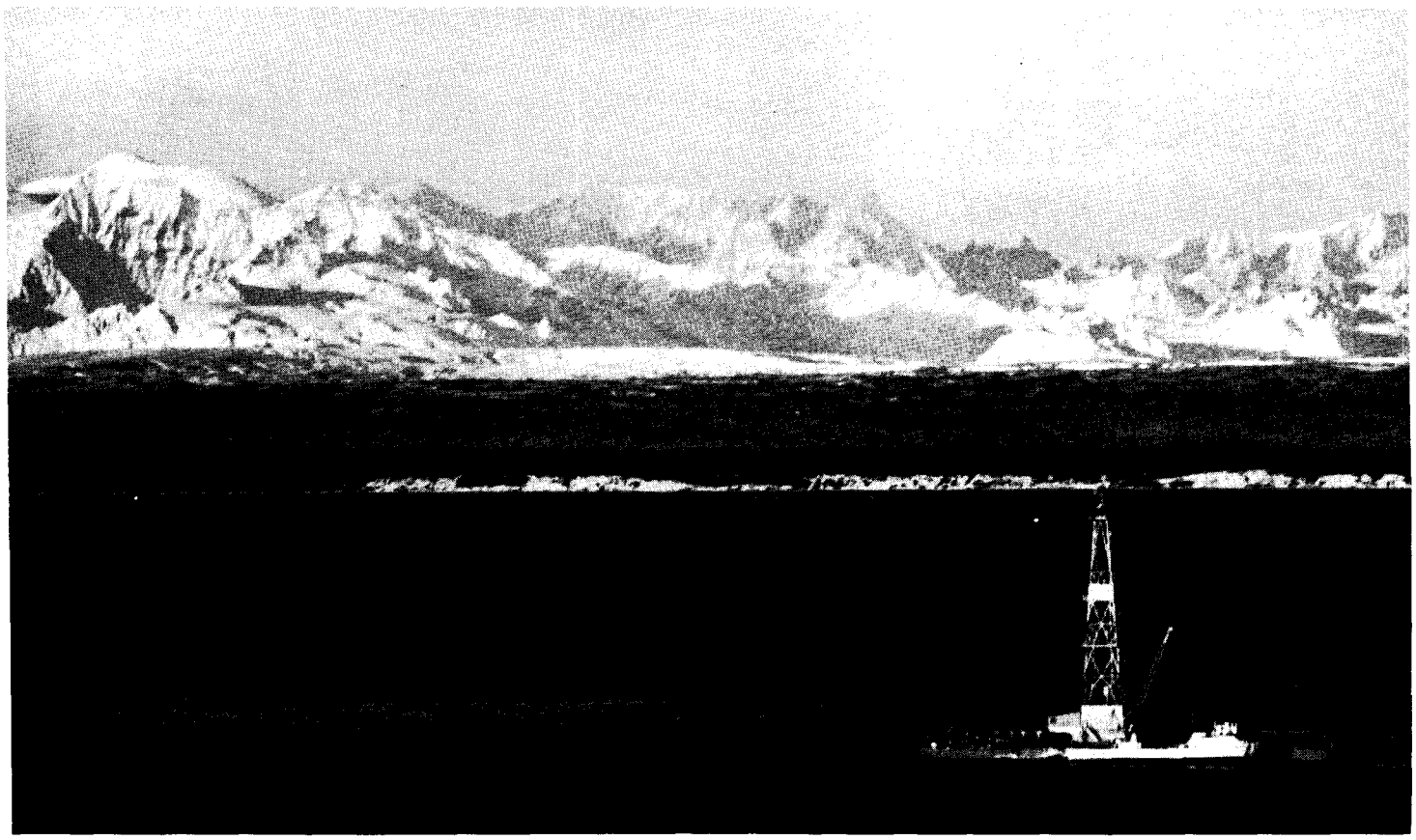
By Robert Schulman

Alaska: Can it survive as a state?

The author reports: So many problems came with joining the Union that the bottom may fall out of our topmost state.



Near Anchorage, an oil crew drills for the wealth Alaska so badly needs.

An airline executive, recently returned from a trip to Alaska, offered this summary of the 49th state: "Scenery magnificent. Hospitality tremendous. Politics puerile. Economy incredible." In eight words he said a great deal about Alaska in its fifth year of statehood.

The bonfires that burned in the streets to celebrate the coming of statehood have long since gone out. The banners proclaiming BIGGER THAN TEXAS! BETTER THAN CALIFORNIA! GOD'S COUNTRY! have come down. And a harsh question remains unanswered: Will Alaska ever pull its own weight as a state, or will it remain a mammoth undeveloped area, a state in name only?

One point is now clear. Statehood has created as many problems as it has solved. If an election were held next week, a majority of the 230,000 Alaskans undoubtedly would still vote to change from territory to state, out of pride and patriotism. But more and more Alaskans wonder if joining the "south 48," as they like to call the rest of the continental United States, was such a good idea after all. They complain that statehood has brought them higher taxes and too much bureaucracy, but no magic solution to their economic problems.

Planning has been chaotic. New highways connect remote villages, but Anchorage has no link to an important oil-producing area to the north. Although statehood has brought an amoebalike proliferation of state employees in some offices, there are still only 90 state troopers in all Alaska. From his Arctic post in Kotzebue, for example, Trooper Jim Hemphill keeps watch on a 67,000-square-mile beat of tundra and coastal villages.

In this confused state, many Alaskans who voted for statehood have joined anti-statehood diehards in looking back wishfully to the old days. "As a territory we were spoon-fed," says Martin Underwood, ex-FBI man who is now Alaska's public safety commissioner. "Our status was second-rate, static and demoralizing, but it was comfortable." Though Alaskans approved statehood by a five-to-one vote, Bob DeArmond, executive editor of the *Alaska Sportsman* and long-time statehood foe, claims, "It's hard to find people now who will tell you they voted for it." Alaska today faces enough difficult problems to make even optimistic citizens question the value of statehood.

The biggest is the Alaskan economy. At first glance it looks healthy enough. Gross business volume, which stood at $577 million in 1959, has risen to an estimated $950 million for 1963. Per capita income in 1962 was $2,610, 11 percent above the U.S. average. Enough oil has been discovered in fields near Anchorage to set off a major search throughout Alaska, a quest which brought the state a badly needed $21 million in exploration fees last year. New finds of copper and beryllium, a heat-resistant metal important to the aerospace industry, have been made. Also, 1962 was the best tourist year Alaska has ever had and the 1963 revenues look even better.

But the ruddy glow given off by these facts and figures is deceiving. Behind it are symptoms of a severely sick economy. Sixty percent of all dollars spent in Alaska this year will come from the Federal Treasury, for military and governmental purposes. No state can consider itself economically secure when it takes more money from the Federal Government than it can generate itself.

Although per capita income is high, it is offset by what Alaskans call the "F.C.L."—the "fearful cost of living"—caused by Alaska's remoteness. If an Eskimo near Nome wants to buy that legendary icebox, it will cost him almost $460 to get a box that would cost $300 in a Seattle department store. Salaries are good—as much as $6,500 for beginning teachers, $5.05 an hour for a dump-truck driver in Anchorage—but they can scarcely keep up with prices: $200 per month for an Anchorage efficiency apartment, 60 cents for a quart of milk, 75 cents for a can of orange juice.

Between 1951 and 1961 employment in construction and manufacturing dropped instead of increasing. Overall employment remained static in those 10 years, hardly a sign of a booming economy. Although oil companies are confident of finding major new fields beyond the Anchorage area, they have not found them yet. Nor has the value of the new copper and beryllium deposits been proved. With the addition of an attractive car-ferry system linking eight southeastern cities, tourism can be expected to increase. But most of the frontier touches that once lured travelers to Alaska have disappeared—some Eskimos now exact fees before posing for pictures—and Alaska is still too far away and too expensive for most vacationing Americans.

To ease the changeover from territory to state, the Federal Government gave Alaska $30 million in "transition grants," but these funds have now been spent. A bond issue has been floated, but that will not solve Alaska's long-range fiscal problems. Only development of her natural resources can accomplish this, and the prospects are uncertain. "Our annual take from bonus oil-land bids through 1968 could be $750,000, or it could be ten times that," says Phil Holdsworth, the state's widely respected chief of resources. In this atmosphere the natural-resource frenzy grows so intense that one state planner is reported to have rushed into his subordinate's office saying, "Alaska's loaded with starfish! Let's figure out what to do with starfish!"

A primary source of discontent is the enormous increase statehood has brou[ght] in the cost of government. The last t[erri]torial government was staffed by 750–8[00] people; the state now employs more than

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Angel Food

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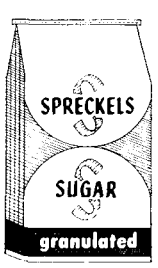

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3,000. The cost weighs heavily on a state that has only about 60,000 taxpayers.

Democratic Gov. William A. Egan points out, in justification for this rise, that the new constitution required him to establish a highway department with more than 1,000 employees, and also to create or expand most other state services. Bud Charles of the Ketchikan *News* complains, "You can't have New York City services on a clam-digging economy." Yet Alaska's economy is so anemic that businessmen in Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau can only show pleasure over the dollars circulating from construction of new state buildings and facilities.

The cost of all this is immense. The last territorial budget was only $18 million, but the 1963 budget climbed to $70.5 million, with eight million in supplemental appropriations. To support these expenses, Alaskans and those doing business there pay $156.08 in per capita taxes, fourth highest in the United States. The alcohol tax of four dollars per gallon and the gasoline tax of eight cents per gallon are the nation's highest.

Another problem born with statehood is intensified sectionalism and its inevitable partner, pork-barrel politics. Alaska's legislature is composed mainly of miners, loggers and fishermen, whose interests run strongly to such local issues as state maintenance of dog-sled trails. In the barren Arctic village of Kotzebue, 550 miles northwest of Anchorage, where native villagers still fish for tomcod through holes in the sea ice and hunt seal, Eskimo Rep. Jacob Stalker confided his deepest legislative concern for 1963: "I try to make arrangements for paving front street of village."

The most serious split among Alaskans has come over a plan to move the state capital from Juneau, the old gold-mining town in southeast Alaska, to Anchorage, 575 miles to the northwest, center of the oil excitement and, with 90,000 people, the state's biggest, slickest city. This proposal, which has dealt severe blows to Alaskan unity at three consecutive legislative sessions, is the pet project of Anchorage *Times* editor Robert Atwood.

"We've got eighty-five percent of the people and ninety percent of the activity here," says Atwood, with some exaggeration. "Why shouldn't we have the capital?" He and his paper, largest in the state, lead a campaign on the theme "Juneau's remoteness is a barrier to modern government." Juneau is portrayed as a creaking relic of Alaska's gold-mining past, while Anchorage is offered as an Alaskan New York—much to the annoyance of southeast Alaskans.

Thus divided by sectional interests, saddled with a large bureaucracy and not enough taxpayers to pay for it, and hobbled by a lame economy, Alaska the State has a sharply reduced cheering section. "Muktuk" Marston—so named for the large quantities of whale blubber he can consume—the doughty pioneer who set a torch to Anchorage's huge celebration bonfire when word of statehood first came from Washington, is still an enthusiast, but his army is growing smaller.

Don Fiess, a 38-year-old homesteader who runs a general store at Fox, 11 miles north of Fairbanks, typifies one sort of Alaskan who is sour on statehood. Fiess and his wife Ellogene came to Alaska from California to escape civilization. They worked hard to build a home on Federal scrub land and six years ago bought their ramshackle, two-story general store to provide them with a living, yet leave them plenty of time to spend in the outdoors they love. But now Fairbanks has moved out the road to meet them with signs that read, "This is North Fairbanks Heights subdivision" or "Vue-Crest: restricted homesites."

"When we came here we were really away," says Fiess. "Now all we've got are a lot of 'sites,' and the taxes keep goin' up. I don't want to leave Alaska, so I guess I'll just have to move further north."

Strict state conservation practices have also been hard for many individualistic Alaskans to take. Denny Thompson, a well-known Anchorage hunting guide, complains that game officials are too rigorous in enforcing the wanton-waste law. "They penalize us for leaving moose meat in high country it would be stupid to bring it back from. With $150,000 spent a year by hunters who come to me, each animal is worth $2,000 to the state. The state ought to be charged with wanton waste for ruining the guide business."

This could be lightly written off as die-hard grumping anywhere but in Alaska, where old-fashioned individualism still gives society the flavor of a Jack London novel. Even E. L. (Bob) Bartlett, long-time voteless territorial delegate to Congress and now a U.S. senator from Alaska, admitted, during the statehood debate, that statehood would work hardship "on people who genuinely came up here to get away from civilization."

Other statehood debunkers are pioneering Alaska businessmen who started their enterprises when Alaska was wilderness. Truckers now find themselves subject to ICC regulations, and airline operators have much more to do with the Federal Aviation Agency and the Civil Aeronautics Board than they might like. One of these is Bob Reeve, a short, spare, tough-talking 60-year-old who runs Reeve Aleutian Airways from a small office in Anchorage. "We'd be in a helluva fix if it wasn't for the oil excitement," says Reeve, referring to $21 million in exploration fees that kept the state from going into the red last year. "How long can we count on it bailing us out?" Reeve concedes that his own business has tripled since statehood, but says this was because of oil activity and an increase in the king-crab business, and would have come without statehood.

William Arnold, Juneau and Washington lobbyist for the Alaskan salmon industry, represents another group of Alaskans who dislike statehood—the absentee capitalists who control much Alaskan industry and who find the state government tougher to live with than the old territorial administration.

Arnold, a black-haired, well-fed man of 60, fought hard against statehood and has not tempered his views since. "All statehood has brought is problems and no solutions. For example, there is no skilled labor—the oil companies still have to bring in skilled men from Oklahoma and Texas."

Despite such complaints, statehood has brought distinct advantages. State government may seem inefficient to some Alaskans, but territorial government involved 54 separate agencies and commissions and, as one Alaskan puts it, "only striped-pants bureaucratic bastards in Washington could make big decisions."

With the transition from territory to statehood, Alaskans have been able to select 103 million acres of land for state control. (The remaining 272 million acres, 72 percent of all land, remain under U.S. rule.) They now have real rather than token representation in Washington—two senators and one representative. For the first time Alaskans can compete aggressively for tourists and outside capital and can benefit from the federal highway program.

This year $39 million in federal money is being poured into Alaskan roads, against a pre-statehood peacetime high of $15 million. The money is being put to good use by a crusty old road man named Don McKinnon, once highway boss in Montana, who was lured out of retirement by Governor Egan to do the same job in Alaska. His domain, one fifth the size of all other 48 continental states combined, was served, when statehood came, by less than one thousandth of the average state's road mileage. In country that yields grudgingly to the road builder's bulldozer, McKinnon has built hundreds of miles of excellent roads. "It's like Montana used to be," says the 70-year-old road boss. "You can do anything you're big enough to do."

Besides Don McKinnon's highways, Alaskans can boast of a new $10 million Standard of California oil refinery near Anchorage. Federal money has helped the University of Alaska, at Fairbanks, on its way to becoming a first-rate space-communications and northern-latitudes research center. Since statehood, Safeway, Woolworth, J.C. Penney and other chains have moved into Alaska, reducing somewhat the "fearful cost of living."

Not nearly enough outside capital has yet been attracted to Alaskan investments, but some "south 48" insurance and hotel-chain money is going into a major expansion of the Anchorage-Westward Hotel, which will soon sprout a "Top of the World" penthouse cocktail lounge. More important, Alaska Steamship Co., of Seattle, which had grown fat by controlling much of the trade between Alaska and the rest of the United States, now faces new, stiff competition from a land-sea link with the Canadian National Railroad, with resulting significant reductions in shipping rates.

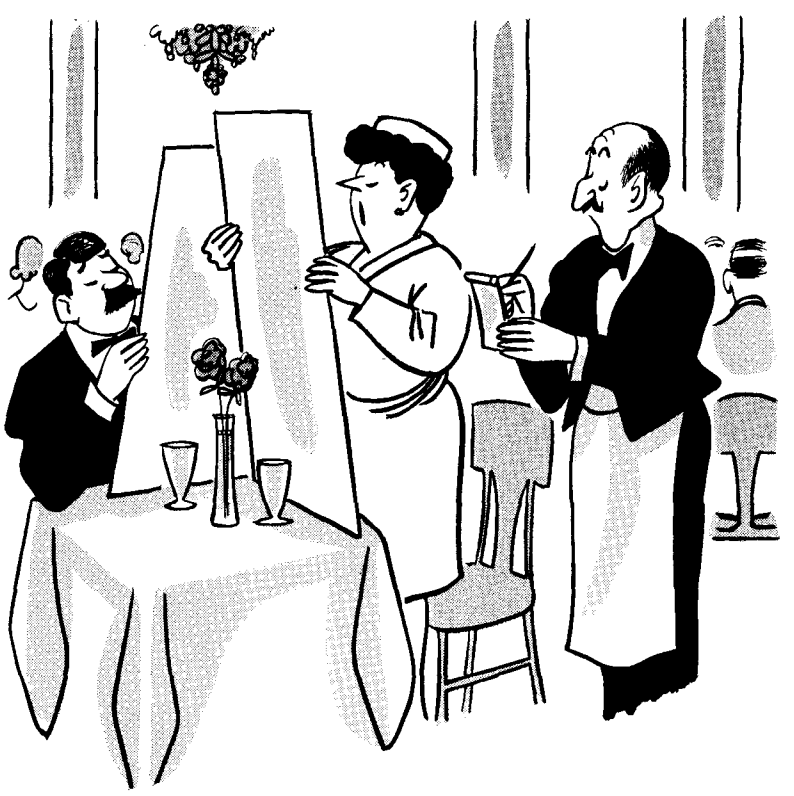
All these gains of statehood lead Sen. Bob Bartlett to conclude that the strains and stresses have been much exaggerated. "The amazing thing is that a stable foundation has been laid in only four years," says Senator Bartlett. "Five years from now you won't find any doubters."

Bartlett's Senate colleague, Ernest Gruening, glows when he speaks of the $400 million in Federal money that will be spent in Alaska this year. He does not consider this a sign of weak economy. "We've been a static fief of absentee interests, and now we are liquidating the consequences of ninety years of colonialism," Gruening declares. Gruening has pushed through the Senate an engineering-feasibility study for the proposed Rampart Dam on the Yukon River that could create the world's largest man-made lake and produce enormous amounts of low-cost electric power.

Perhaps the most passionate affirmation of statehood comes from Republican state Sen. John Butrovich of Fairbanks: "Our problems haven't made me change my mind. The people who are really going to make statehood go are young people with itchy feet, enthusiasm and a yen for the unknown. Youth is our passport, change is our course, and development is our destiny."

Rousing talk like this brings voters out of their seats cheering. But when the shouting dies, Alaskans are left with a sobering assortment of ifs. If oil royalties pour in soon; if natural gas, copper, beryllium and other resources begin to pan out; if the fishing and wood-pulp industries increase their earnings dramatically—if all these bets pay off, Alaska may attain the surging economy dreamed of by statehood boosters. If not, the state will remain an invalid ward of the Federal Government. THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.



"Fruit Cup, Cup of Mushroom . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Picture you with a kitchen extension phone, enjoying its convenience and helpfulness. And picture the chops that won't burn, the puddings that won't boil over, because you'll never need to leave the kitchen make or take a call. In fact, why stop with picturing when ordering's so easy and inexpensive? Just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man, and take your choice of kitchen phones in attractive styles and colors.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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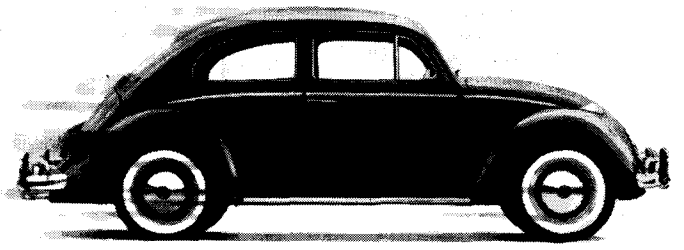
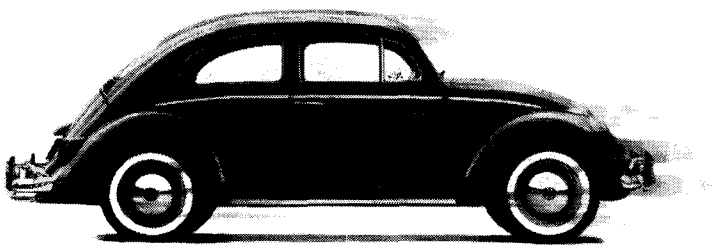
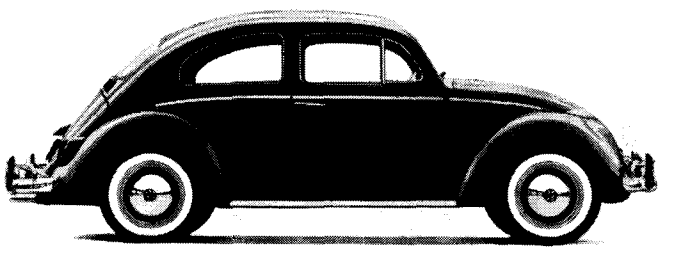


A Volkswagen can go forward

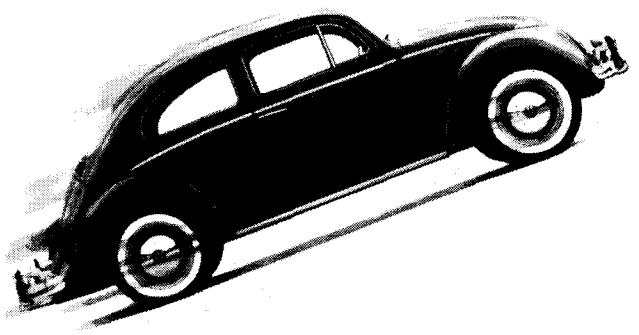


and backward.

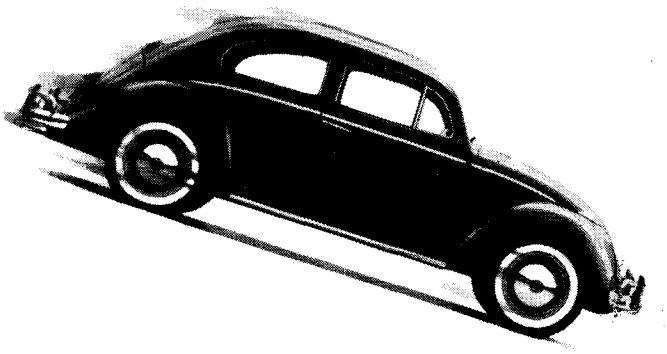
It can go fast



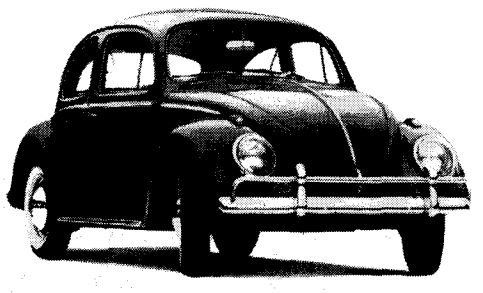
or slow.



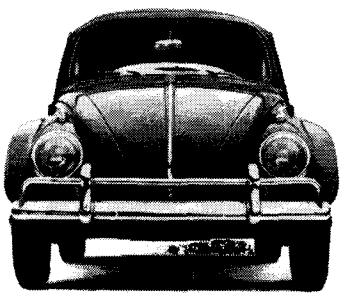
It can go uphill,



downhill



and turn around.



Isn't that wonderful?

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The search for JERRY LEWIS

By EDWARD LINN

You can deplore him or adore him, but nobody ignores the Nut Kid.

Jerry Lewis clowns for his fans outside New York theater.

Every now and then, Jerry Lewis is asked to judge a beauty contest. Unlike most celebrities, however, Lewis leaps to the challenge. "They always send you ten pictures," he says, "and it never fails that there's always one plain girl who you can see got in there by mistake." Naturally she is the one Lewis picks. "I'm only sorry I can't be there when her name is announced," he says, cackling the Jerry Lewis laugh. "Not so much to see her reaction—you can't fool her; the plain ones learn early enough what they are. But I'd like, just once, to see the faces of those other nine broads, because you just know they've been making that poor girl's life miserable all week."

The recurring theme in a Jerry Lewis picture is that the little guy who gets pushed around—the character variously known in his inner circles as The Little Fellow or The Nut Kid—will not necessarily triumph, but he will survive. Bill Richmond, who has collaborated with Lewis in the writing of Jerry's last three pictures, points out, "Jerry's theme is not Cinderella. The ugly duckling doesn't turn into a swan; he remains an ugly duckling. Jerry's theme is, 'It will be all right.' He has great compassion for the poor soul, because I think he was that in his childhood, or at least that he knew people who are clumsy, ugly, lonely."

Jerry believes firmly that he can separate himself from the character he portrays. And, professionally, sometimes he can make the division. Watching the daily rushes, he is cool and merciless. The man on the screen is always *him*, never *me*. "I got him in too much here, I got to cut some footage. He's funny here. . . . No, he's lying there. . . . No, this is a force job. . . . Look in his eyes there; he's lying. Lose that."

Photographs by William Read Woodfield

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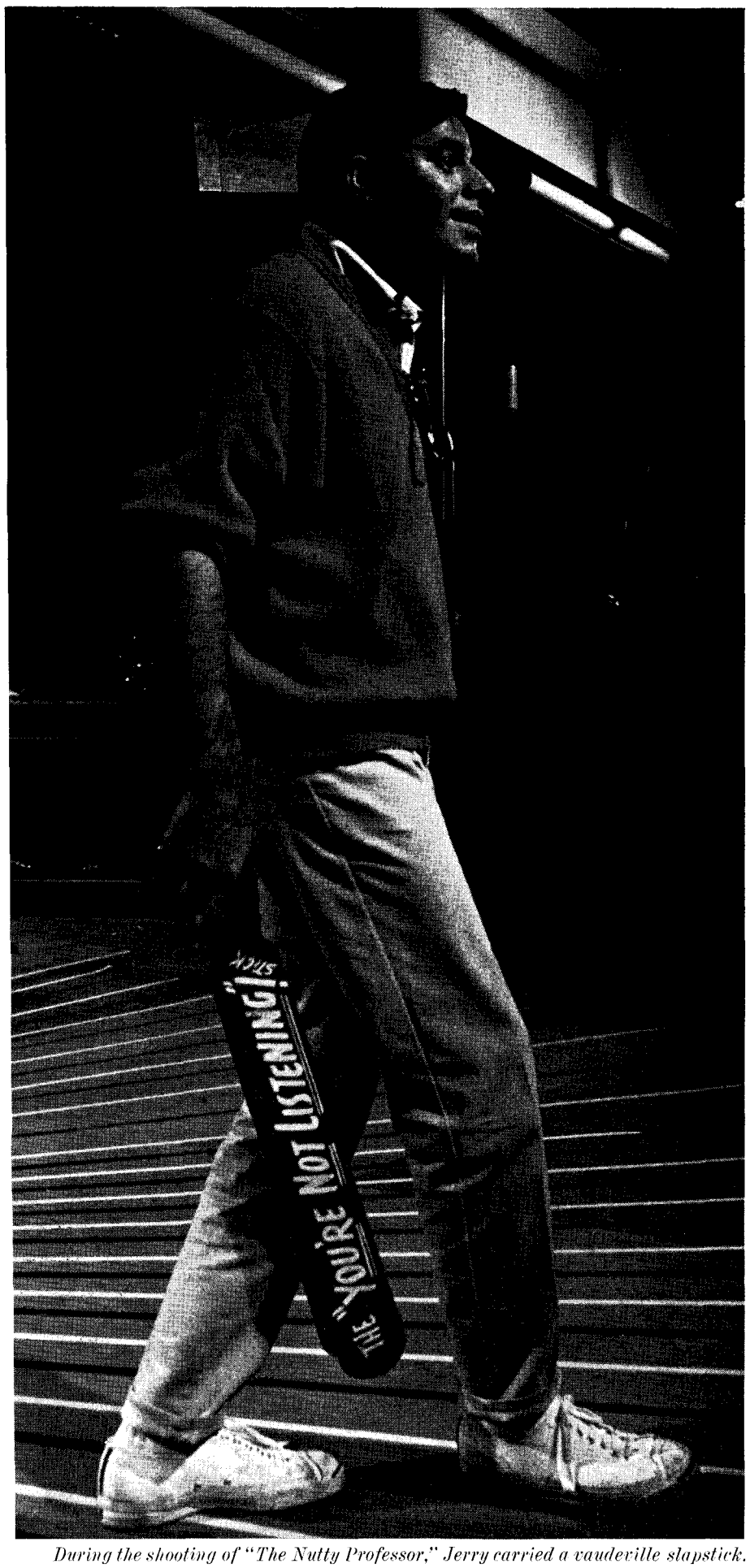
Jerry's wife runs a 31-room mansion, but saves trading stamps.



During the shooting of "The Nutty Professor," Jerry carried a vaudeville slapstick. The prop was used by director Lewis as a mock threat against performers who goofed.

But whatever he may think, he does drift back and forth between *him* and *me*, not only in his actions but in his language. "Maybe I'm incapable of handling the things that have happened to me," he will say, "but even as a kid I was always fascinated by the Robin Hood concept. I love the poor guy who's always getting beaten up. All the poor soul wants in this world is to be let alone. But the bastards got us all feeling guilty, and we let them get away with it because we're not equipped to fight back. So I butt in and I'm in all kinds of trouble for helping this guy, and he doesn't even know it. But I like myself for it and I like the rat I stepped on."

The man talking this way recently signed a five-year, $35 million contract with ABC, for a weekly two-hour television show. It was the biggest TV deal ever made. He will personally clear four million dollars a year of that sum for himself, which will bring his annual income to around $12 million. He lives in L. B. Mayer's old $350,000, 31-room home in Bel Air, the nearest thing in Movieland to an ancestral manse. In Hollywood Lewis may not be a sovereign state—yet—but he is most certainly an independent principality.

Television or movies, Jerry Lewis insists upon running his own show. He has a partnership of sorts with Paramount which calls for him to make two pictures a year, one for his own company, which Paramount distributes, and one for the studio. He has always had complete autonomy on his own pictures, and starting with his latest, *Who's Minding the Store?*, he has autonomy on Paramount's. The studio puts up the money and has been told to keep its mouth shut.

The first thing he did after signing the television contract was to buy the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, change its name to the Jerry Lewis Theatre and completely refurbish it for his new TV show. The cost came to almost a million dollars, and Jerry put up every cent. "If you borrow money," he says characteristically, "the bank is your partner, and if you have a partner you can't call the shots. I like to make my own mistakes."

Jerry is able to call his shots on TV because his record shows he has never failed to outrank his competition. It is usually said that all Jerry Lewis pictures have made money too, but Barney Balaban, president of Paramount, enters a mild demurrer. "Two of them did not necessarily show a profit," he says, "*Cinder-Fella* and *The Ladies' Man*." That, it might be pointed out, leaves 27 that did.

The paradox here—and Lewis is a maze of paradoxes—is that the product Jerry is riding shotgun on does not really seem to be that remarkable. At this stage of his career, American critics notice him only to deplore him. A typical review of a Lewis movie goes, "Jerry Lewis puts on a one-man show . . . writing, directing, producing and effectively botching the works." *TV Guide* once called him "an unfunny Milton Berle," which is clearly carrying the art of critical insult to previously unheard-of heights.

The admiration is mutual. "When it comes to critics," he says, "I discount the term *people* altogether. A critic will go to the theater and allow himself the luxury of enjoying himself, and then he'll go sit at the typewriter and write that he can't understand why the 5,000 people in the theater were guffawing. Because when he sits at that typewriter he is not a man anymore; he is playing his role as a critic. But the critics are not being dishonest. I have a great compassion for them, because that's a rough way to earn a living."

And then, as frequently happens at t end of a long "philosophical" passage, the 37-year-old man suddenly disappears and Jerry Lewis takes on his own role. The surprisingly solid, good-looking features shift into that familiar caricature—the elongated chin and puckered lips—and in that cackling, street-urchin voice, he says, "But I still think it's bull!"

There are some critics of Jerry Lewis who contend that he had a chance, at the beginning, to be the great American comedian of his time, this generation's Chaplin, and that he threw it away on The Kid character because he found it was the easy way to the sure buck. Lewis disagrees that he has thrown it away, and denies that his motives are monetary.

"Money can't really give you anywhere near the comfort of being embraced by a mob," says Lewis, "a mob waiting to touch you and hug you. That embrace is far more warm than a deposit at the bank."

Let it be said that Lewis does have the applause, and he bathes in it daily. "All my life I wanted to be a movie star; and now that I am, why shouldn't I enjoy?" he says. "But the trouble with living in Hollywood is that I'll get all dressed up and walk down to Beverly Drive to let them look on the big Jewish movie star, and some guy runs up, grabs me by the collar, and says, 'Hey, Mac, you know who just walked by? Cary Grant!' "

So when he wants to be a movie star, Jerry hops a plane to New York and strolls up and down Broadway, signing autographs and doing street bits. "And the women just want to take me in their arms and hug me and burp me," he says, "and the guys yell out of their cars, 'Jerry, rest. Why do you work so hard?' Yeah, I like the little guy better. I've never been able to get the best table at Sardi's, but I'm kingpin at the Automat."

Charlie movie star

On the rare occasions when he finds it necessary to throw a party, he and his wife Patti play a game which they call "Joe and Esther in Bel Air." (He was born Joseph Levitch and she Esther Calonico.) The only rule to the game is that each of the players must put the other in proper perspective every time they pass. "Charlie Movie-Star," she will whisper. "Big shot, huh? I remember you when you were playing Newark for sixty dollars a week."

"Hey, will you look who's living in Bel Air these days," he will say. "A rich Jewish movie star's wife."

Patti, the daughter of a Wyoming miner, was singing with the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, under the name of Patti Palmer, when they met. Jerry was 18 when they were married and she was a couple of years older. They now have five boys, ranging in age from 18 to 4. Another child is expected soon, and Jerry's slogan, repeated hourly, is Think Pink.

Mrs. Lewis, a youthful-looking woman despite her graying hair, is such an easy, pleasant person that when you meet her, you somehow picture her ironing clothes in the kitchen. It amuses Jerry that his wife lives in a mansion and saves trading stamps. "If there's a sale at Ohrbach's," he says, with delight, "she'll get up at six in the morning to be first in line."

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In contrast to Patti, a solid, uncomplicated *hausfrau*, Jerry Lewis is a walking Rorschach. Everybody studies the strange 's and intriguing curlicues of Lewis comes up with a slightly different interpretation. His publicity man, Jack Keller, a craggy, crusty, but essentially good-natured man who is widely accepted as the resident Big Brother of the Lewis organization, says, "After 18 years with Lewis, I've sworn off even trying to predict what he's going to do. With Jerry the surer you are, the wronger you are. All I know is that he digs agony. He'd be the happiest s.o.b. in the world if somebody would only crucify him."

Carol Saraceno, his secretary, sees him this way: "He's grown up in a jungle. He's fought and struggled to attain what he has, and now he's reached the point where he can live by his own code of love and honor. Sometimes I see him as a child, The Little Fellow, but most of the time I see him as a giant, a saint." To which Patti Lewis, the resident analyst, adds, "He'll never live to be as old as it takes to be half as perfect as he'd like."

Jerry, forever burrowing inside himself, says, "The most important thing is to like yourself. I've had a little difficult time of it, and I'm still not where I'm supposed to be. But I'm getting better. Once you like yourself, everything else will work."

According to rumors spread by one Sigmund Freud, the insecurities of manhood are traceable to the cradle. Jerry is the son of a show-business couple named Danny and Mona Lewis. His father sang nd his mother accompanied him on the piano. Jerry was brought up by his grandmother, whom he adored and who died when he was 11. He was shuttled from aunt to aunt while his parents batted around in the slums of show business. "I was," Jerry says, "a Care-package child."

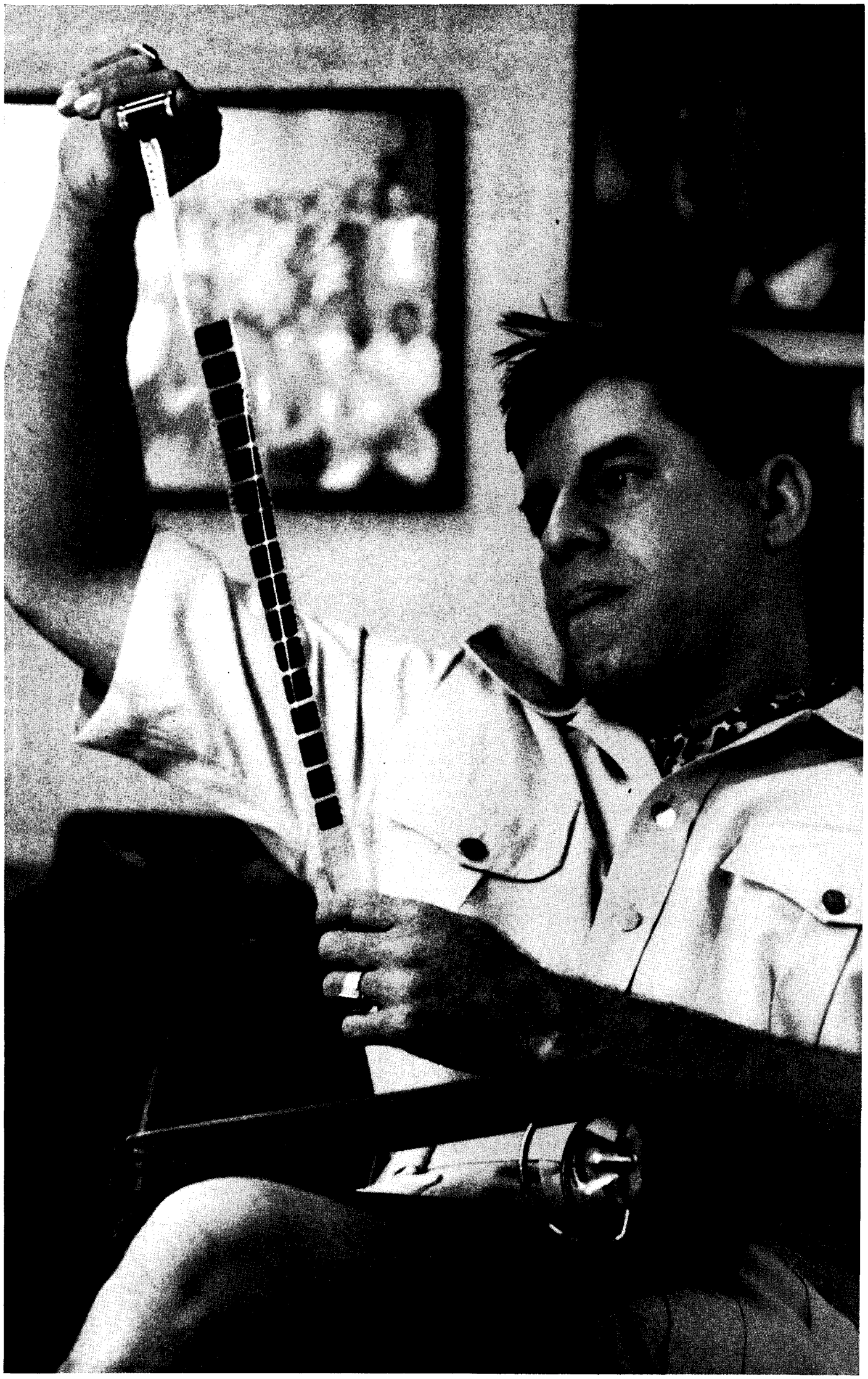
Even now a cold chill settles over the set when his father visits him. Jerry tries to be polite, but a sheet of ice slams down, his conversation turns to grunts, and he is no good for the rest of the day.

His mother is never mentioned except in one eerie way. When a show is going bad or when the audience is small, Jerry will become talkative and silly and visibly upset backstage, and just as he leaves the wings to walk back on stage, he will cry out in an agonized child's voice, "Ma! . . ."

There is in Jerry Lewis's character an essential conflict of which he is not entirely unaware. Lewis is a man who demands his due. "Even when I was an idiot kid," he says, "I always had a very strong will for what I thought I wanted to do. I could always talk other strong-willed people out of what they were thinking about because I could make my way sound like fun. I got great satisfaction out of being the center of attention. When I was a kid I remember saying, 'I'd hate to be one of the two hundred guys in the band. I wanna be the guy out in front wit' de guitar.'"

And since, with Jerry, the thought is always acted out symbolically, he does love to put a big band on the stage and lead it, loudly and exuberantly. Even with the five-piece band he takes out on tour when he's plugging a picture, Jerry will frequently grab a toy trumpet and blast away so loud that he all but drowns out the musicians behind him.

When he is on tour to plug a picture, he travels in regal splendor, flying from city



Lewis, who demands autonomy on his movies, checks the film clips of "Who's Minding the Store?" For his new ABC-TV show, Lewis bought and refurbished a theater with a million dollars of his own money. "I like to make my own mistakes," he says.

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During his lifetime Jerry has given away six million dollars.

to city in a private plane and insisting on the best possible suites in the best hotel for himself and his entire crew.

He may arrive in a city in the early morning hours, but that does not mean he is willing to sneak into town, unmarked and unremarked upon. The hotel chef must remain on duty just in case Jerry should walk in hungry (even if he is, he will rarely order anything more than a sandwich). A special California beer must be waiting for him—although he will rarely bother to drink it—plus his own brand of cognac. There also must be a basket of fruit, which he seldom bothers to break open, but which apparently makes him feel wanted.

It also warms his heart to find a cadre of loyal fans on hand to greet him, which puts a considerable strain on the ingenuity of the local exploitation men, since not even the most ardent Lewis fan finds it convenient to run out to the airport at four o'clock in the morning. The shrewder exploiteers solve the problem by carrying the welcoming placards to the airport, along with a couple of flash cameras (film is optional), and hiring the incoming shift of airline workers to hold up the placards and send up a rousing cheer.

But the moment Jerry becomes involved in personal relations—as opposed to business relations—the man of iron dissolves into a quivering puddle. Where his personal life is concerned, Jerry operates on bared nerves and raw emotion, something that will become evident to the whole nation now that he is talking about himself on his two-hour Saturday-night TV show. Jack Paar earned himself an enviable reputation for public neuroticism; but compared to Jerry Lewis, Paar is a warm cup of milk before bed. "My trouble," Jerry says, "is that I have never been able to develop a facade to hide behind. My emotions function on a separate wire. I can stand toe to toe with two oxes and never know I'm hurt until I'm picked up bleeding. But if a guy doesn't say good morning back, I can have a heart attack. I'm more than just a great movie star. I'm also a neurotic, temperamental imbecile."

Nevertheless, for those who work on a Jerry Lewis picture, life can be better than 90 days at Acapulco. His crew is always the same, and so are the bit players and extras. He insists that everybody on his set get paid more than union scale, and he spends so much time entertaining them that they're always sure of a few extra days. At the start of a new picture, each of them receives a personal letter of welcome. The women all have flowers waiting for them. The men find a small gift, like a bottle of booze. If anybody's wife or mother—or mother-in-law—goes to the hospital, Jerry sends flowers. Their children get a $25 U.S. Savings Bond every birthday, whether there's a picture in progress or not, and anybody on the set who has a birthday is entitled to a birthday cake and a small party.

As Jerry says, life is sweetest for him when he is able to play Robin Hood for his merry men and maids. He once threatened to close down a picture because the studio tried to dock the pay of a boom man who spent the morning in the infirmary. Any of his crew can thrill him by coming to him with a personal problem, and if he can solve their problem with money, his whole day is made.

One of the most organized men alive, Lewis squeezed in time during an appearance in Washington, D.C., to talk business in a limousine with manager Ernie Glucksman.

Whatever his motives, the hand Lewis holds out to all comers is usually filled with money. According to conservative estimates, he has given away six million dollars. Some of it has gone to advance the careers of people he considers talented and who end up, often as not, resenting him. Some of it has gone to support his private group of incompetents, dreamers and failures, those poor souls he identifies with so closely and protects ferociously. Jerry not only gives them his money, but gives them—being one of the most organized men alive—25 percent of his time, in order to prove to them, apparently, that they are important to him as people, not as objects of his charity.

But the flaw in his makeup is that he is constitutionally incapable of allowing anybody to give him anything back. "He almost wears a sign around his neck," Carol Saraceno says, "NO HELP WANTED."

"Nobody ever does anything except for selfish reasons," says Jerry. "I understand that. Because someone else is benefiting from what I do doesn't make what I've done less selfish. It doesn't make it as bad, that's all."

But from time to time he seems to wonder whether something darker than mere selfishness lies behind those impulses, a fear that came to the surface most strongly during the shooting of *The Nutty Professor*, a comic rewrite of Jekyll and Hyde. Jerry cast himself as a hopelessly inept chemistry professor who develops a formula that turns him into a hip, handsome and evil singer—whom he named, curiously enough, Buddy Love. Whatever the critics might think of the picture itself, Jerry's characterization of the chemistry professor is brilliant. The voice seems to come from some loudspeaker deep in the upper thorax, the beaver teeth chomp away as if he has a carrot tucked in his palate, and he chugs along briskly from disaster to disaster, like a nearsighted lamb rushing to his doom.

The villainous singer was something else again. Every time he had to shoot a scene as Buddy Love, Jerry locked himself away from everybody and suffered. For the first time in his life a sheet of ice came over him while he was actually performing before the camera. The singer didn't come out evil; he was just dull.

"I was frightened at Buddy Love," Jerry says now. "I had to ask myself, 'Am I pretending to be a nice fellow, where I'm actually like this? Beneath it all could it be that I'm really so masochistic—or is it sadistic?—that I want people to be in need of me?'"

Jerry was so troubled through it all that he not only turned Sherwood Forest into a disaster area but he also upset his wife terribly. He would come home at night, open his veins and bleed his doubt all over the carpet, until she finally had to tell him, "Please, Jerry, don't go down into Fantasyland anymore. You may like it so much down there you'll never come back."

It never occurred to Jerry that what was upsetting him was not that he might be uncovering two sides of his own character but that he was, in effect, turning the old Martin-Lewis team into Jekyll-Hyde, with himself as the hero, and crooner Martin as the villain.

The comedy team, which had achieved instant success, broke up in July, 1956—10 years after it was formed—because Martin had come to feel that he was b turned into little more than a stoo After a long siege of bitterness over what he took to be Martin's desertion, and an exchange of angry words in the press, Jerry came to understand, on the surface at least, that Dean had been forced to break away to preserve his own identity. "It was the best thing for both of us," Lewis can now say. "I never stopped loving Dean. I just stopped liking him for a while."

There *is* a dark thread running through his relationship with the people he loves most. One of the most interesting members of the Lewis entourage is Irving Kaye. They met 22 years ago, when Jerry was a busboy in the Catskills, and Kaye was working as a bellboy. Kaye, a sweet-natured and lovable man, got Lewis his first show business booking and eventually became Jerry's road manager. A few years ago Kaye decided he was getting too old for the road, and Lewis still takes care of him, keeping him on the payroll and giving him a bit part in every picture.

"I know in the morning whether to talk to him or not," Kaye says. "The other guys don't know, but I do. Sometimes he'll holler on me and I'll say, 'Why do you holler on me and not the others,' and he'll say, 'Irving, I know you the longest. I let it out on you.'"

Jerry plays a cut-up

Irving Kaye has a pagan ritual he goe through with Jerry—the Ceremony of the Cutting Off of the Clothes. "He'll take the big scissors," Irving says, "and I'm left standing there in the nude. 'You work for a big movie star now,' he'll say. 'You got to dress the part.' For a few moments I'm standing like *September Morn*," Irving says, crossing his hands in front of himself modestly. "He's got *nocchus* (pleasure) and I'm thinking, 'Go ahead, laugh,' because I know he's going to call Cy Devore, the clothier, and tell him he's got to send over five suits for Irving right away. I got six suits, $250 each, I've never even worn yet."

This is not to suggest that Jerry Lewis has a sadistic streak. But it is clear that Lewis does seem to create situations where he must forgive or be forgiven. Since Dean Martin's exit was not an artificial crisis—created and controlled by Lewis—it was not handled so easily.

As a matter of fact, any parting, no matter how trivial, is a trial to Jerry. Although the start of a Jerry Lewis picture is a joyous reunion, and the shooting one long party, he slips away at the end without a word to anybody. Even when he holds mass interviews for the press out of town, he will often excuse himself to go to the men's room, and not come back.

During the day he'll call home half a dozen times, to reassure himself, apparently, that his family hasn't been destroyed by fire, flood or plague. On a recent tour, he peppered the pregnant Patti with calls and telegrams. "Send a telegram to mamma," he said one day to his secretary as they were riding along in back of the limousine: "*Dear Mamma:* We are here in the city of Brotherly Love, b they don't know what love is until th

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meet you. Say hello to the five and the bump. Love, Jerry."

The only people who do leave him—singers excepted—are his secretaries, who have an annoying female habit of getting married. Jerry has running gags he plays on everyone who is close to him. His favorite gag with each of his last few secretaries has been to sneak up while the secretary is on the phone and Scotch-tape her to the desk—which is either rampant symbolism or an ungentle hint.

And he holds onto the events of his life with the same iron grip with which he holds onto his people. He has built a $500,000 sound studio in his home, a minor extravagance which allows him, among other things, to tape most of his newspaper and magazine interviews and keep a master tape for himself. Every performance he has ever given has also been recorded and filed away, complete with the date, the place, his salary, the cast and his own rating of the show. He now has three rooms full of tapes, all neatly catalogued and all virtually ignored.

But it goes well beyond that. The principal rooms of his house are bugged, an idiosyncrasy which is explained away as just another indication of his tremendous interest in electronics. It is rumored that his studio office is bugged too.

There is not the slightest doubt in anybody's mind that someday Lewis will end up owning his own studio. He has already bid on the old Hal Roach studio, with the intention of making not only his own pictures but other films as well.

He has moved into the production end of the business because, as successful as he is, he still feels the need of protecting himself against that shattering day when his fans desert him. "I can't sit around and wait for the public to tell me they're tired of me," says Lewis. "I'm now ready for them to tell me any time they want."

He has protected himself against the studio heads at his rear, and he has protected himself against the fans out in front. Around him, like a wall, stands a crew he has won over "through nothing but cultivation." His business life in Sherwood Forest might be called an armed citadel, except that is what Jerry already calls his home—"The Citadel."

The only trouble is that when you need that much protection, there is no protection anywhere. And nobody knows that better than Jerry. "I'll spend money on anything," he says gloomily, "because I know I can't buy what I really want."

And so with all his maneuverings, there is nothing to protect him, in the end, except his own sheet of ice.

Jerry will never retire as a comedian, of course. He will go on performing as long as audiences are around to applaud. And when Gabriel finally blows his golden trumpet to welcome him home, Jerry will whip out that toy trumpet and let loose a blast that will drown Gabriel out. The music won't be as good, but it will be at least five times louder, and it will let everybody know that Jerry Lewis is waiting in the wings. And if the choir will be quiet for just a moment we are sure he can be persuaded to deliver his well-known rendition of *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody*.

Because the only reward that Jerry wis ever really wants is a full house and a great big hand. THE END

Lewis poses with mannequin on department-store set of "Who's Minding the Store?" At the start of a Lewis movie, all the women on the set receive flowers and all the men get a bottle of liquor. Anybody who has a birthday automatically is entitled to a party.

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EDITORIALS

THE FALLACY OF NONAGGRESSION PACTS

Former Vice President Richard Nixon, in the article beginning on page 23, makes a very serious charge against the Kennedy Administration. Fresh from a trip behind the Iron Curtain, Mr. Nixon is convinced that "Khrushchev's main foreign-policy objective at this time is to keep the lid on this Pandora's box of troubles for his Communist empire." He concludes that Khrushchev hopes to accomplish this objective "by negotiating a nonaggression pact between the NATO nations and the Communist Warsaw Pact group."

Mr. Nixon charges that "there are strong pressures from within as well as from outside the Kennedy Administration" to make a deal for the freedom of 97 million Eastern Europeans.

Publicly, at least, the Administration has played it cool on the nonaggression pact. After General de Gaulle airily announced that France would not commit aggression against any other nation, the President said, "It would seem to me that it might be advisable for the other members of NATO to meet together and discuss the matter. One of our interests in a nonaggression agreement would be greater security for Berlin. . . . We should, as Governor Harriman agreed to do, take up the matter of a nonaggression pact with our allies, consider their interests and our own interests, consider, as I said, for one matter, Berlin, and then go back to the Soviet Union and see what the situation looks like."

A nonaggression pact in itself is worth very little. A nation bent upon war is not likely to be deterred by a paper agreement. The Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939 proved the point. Without precautions, an agreement could have two highly undesirable consequences. It could tend to create a climate that would make our defense arrangements in Western Europe extremely difficult, if not impossible. It could tend also, as Mr. Nixon says, to freeze the status quo in Eastern Europe and to extinguish the hope of freedom for the peoples behind the Iron Curtain.

We hope Mr. Nixon's timely warning will be heeded.

A REAL CLIP JOINT

The price of a haircut ($1.75 in our neighborhood) has long struck us as the best indicator of inflation in our experience. But there is one man, at least, who doesn't think the price is nearly high enough. He is Vincent Pace of Syracuse, N.Y., leader of an insurgent group that has been trying to gain control of the International Barbers Union. Mr. Pace announced recently that "if the barber is ever going to make a decent wage, it will mean the price of a haircut must be raised to three dollars or even three-fifty."

We expect to get clipped every time we visit the barbershop, but if Mr. Pace's demand is met, we shall buy a set of clippers and a bowl or become a beatnik. Barbers, we realize, are people who like to eat as well as anybody else, but the prospect of paying $3.50 for a haircut appalls us. Even worse is getting trimmed to the tune of $3.50 for the once-over-lightly-just-a-little-off-the-top treatment the barbers give our children. We suspect that if such a price is ever achieved, the barbers will soon be sitting around talking to themselves and giving one another $3.50 haircuts.

PRESIDENTIAL WIT

John F. Kennedy has an engaging quality that is all too rare in public men. He is a witty man who can turn a hostile question to his advantage and fend off criticism more deftly than anyone else we know.

In a press conference recently the President was at the top of his form. A reporter asked him what he thought of a book by Victor Lasky that is highly critical of J.F.K. ". . . the part that I read was not as brilliant as I gather the rest of it is, from what they say about it," the President answered. Was his appointment of John Gronouski as Postmaster General designed to capture the Polish-American vote? "I think Mr. Gronouski is a fine public servant. . . . I think we just happen to be fortunate that his grandparents came from Poland," the President said. Fidel Castro has said you are "more imperialistic" than President Eisenhower. What do you think of that? "Well, lately I have had so many things said about me . . . that I thought what Castro said was not particularly bad," said Mr. Kennedy.

A reporter remarked that the Young Democrats out West "are taking some unusual stands on Red China and East Germany, Cuba and Vietnam. Have you seen them, and would you care to comment on them?" he asked. "I don't know what's happening with the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans, but time is on our side," the President said maturely.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER CRAWLS OFF A LIMB

Gov. Nelson Rockefeller deserves a modicum of sympathy for his predicament on taxes. The governor went out on a limb during his 1962 campaign by pledging that, if he were reelected, there would be no tax increase in New York for the next four years. Now he is trying to crawl back. It is not a graceful performance.

Mr. Rockefeller might have admitted that his campaign promise was unrealistic, or he could have shattered political tradition by acknowledging that he was wrong. But the governor has contracted the presidential virus, and he chose instead to try to lay the blame at President Kennedy's door.

At a news conference Mr. Rockefeller told the press that he could no longer be bound by the 1962 campaign pledge. The reason he gave for reneging on his promise was that the nation has not achieved the rate of economic growth promised by Mr. Kennedy in the presidential campaign of 1960.

It is true that the country isn't moving as fast as Mr. Kennedy said it would, but there is one thing about Governor Rockefeller's performance that we don't understand. We didn't know that he had put so much faith in Mr. Kennedy.

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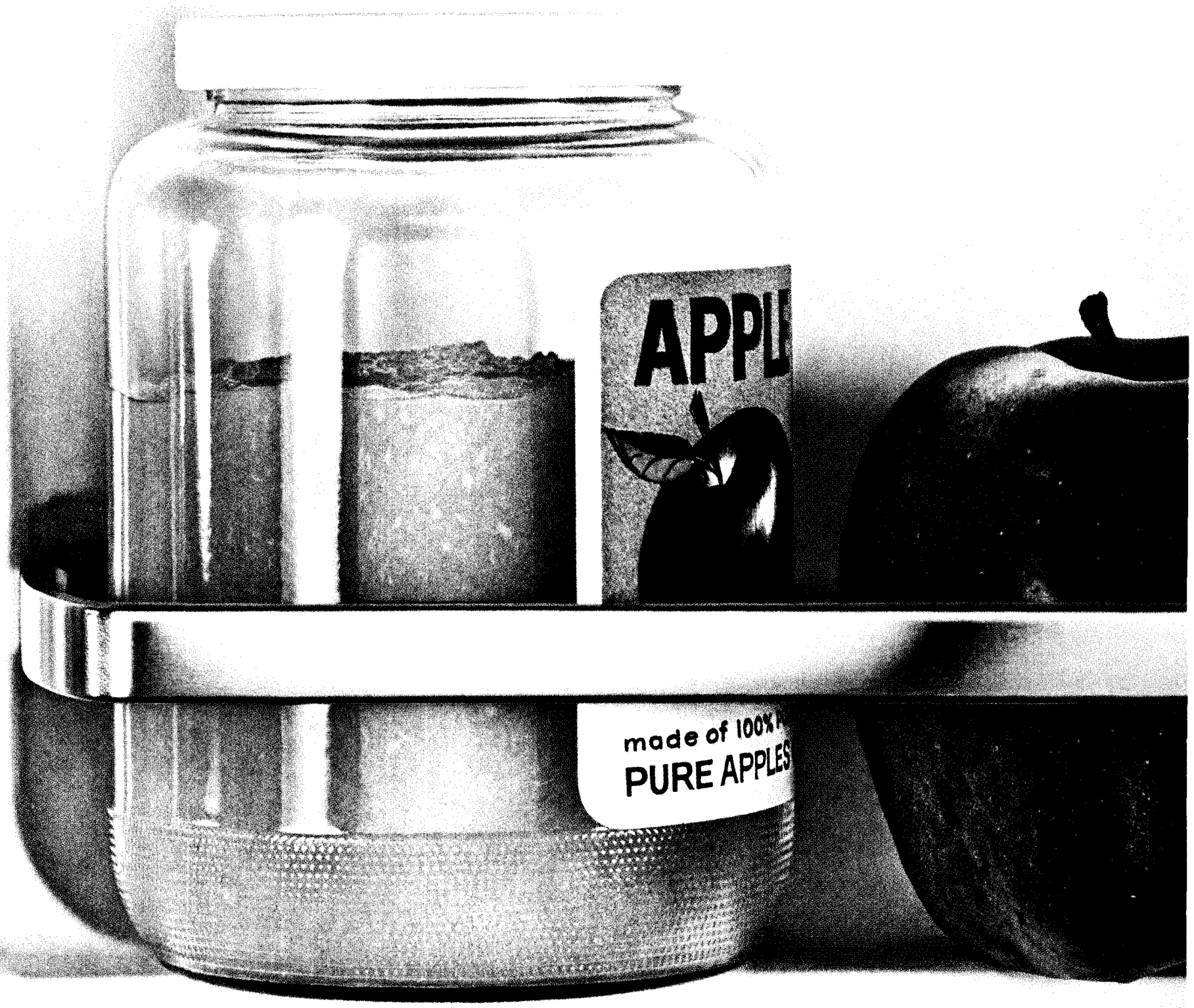

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